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THE LITTLE FISH

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SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND :

BEING AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF COUNTRIES AND
PEOPLE AT THE ANTIPODES.

With numerous Illustrations.

BY GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW ZEALANDERS ILLUSTRATED;" "SOUTH AUSTRALIA
ILLUSTRATED;" "A RAMBLE IN MALTA AND SICILY," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

DURING my wanderings on the outskirts of civilization, and among savage tribes who had never beheld a white man, I invariably noted down on the instant whatever facts and impressions seemed worth recording. "*Nulla dies sine lineâ*," was my motto; and, however much exhausted by fatigue, I never lay down to rest without having entered in my journal such observations as could not be registered by the pencil alone. My sketches have been exhibited in London and other large towns, and are being published separately; my notes are offered to the public, not without diffidence, in the following pages.

Much as has been written about South Australia and New Zealand, there yet appeared to be room for the remarks of a disinterested observer, who went to the Antipodes actuated by an ardent admiration of the grandeur and loveliness of Nature in her wildest aspect. My aim has been to describe faithfully impressions of savage life and

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SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

It was in the month of September that I left England, when the golden tints of autumn had overspread the landscape with their mellow touch. No day had ever before appeared so lovely as the one on which we embarked. There was a clear frosty morning, and the sun rose without a cloud; the summer flowers still filled the gardens, and the apples and mulberries lay scattered over the dewy grass-plats, with the early sunshine glittering upon them. I opened my bedroom window; the air was balmy and fresh, and the blackbird sang melodiously; it seemed as if everything was more beautiful than usual,—perhaps it was because I was going to leave it all so soon.

The last parting sounds from the shore were the gentle and distant tollings of the Sabbath bells. Were ever Sabbath bells so full of meaning before? They almost appeared to murmur to the parting ship—

“Thou wilt not bring us back
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth :
Many are thine no more again to track
Their own sweet native earth.”

The next Sabbath dawn rose upon us in the sunny latitudes of Portugal, nine hundred miles from our native land ; our gallant vessel speeding through the waters, dashing back the snowy foam into its own blue depths, and with not a living thing to break the boundless line of the horizon.



[Off the Lizard, the first week at sea.]

The most picturesque interior on board a vessel is the fore-castle, belonging to the seamen. The descent through the hatchway is by a steep ladder, and in the centre of the apartment hangs an old rusty lamp, fed with whale-oil, dropping a copious distillation on the shoulders of those who pass beneath it. The dim flame has scarcely strength to penetrate its furthest recesses, where dubious twilight gives scope to the fancy to supply other rows of hammocks as a continuation to those slung, like white canvass boats, from the deck above. A sailor prides himself upon his hammock: moreover, it is a snug thing; it is his constant bed, and may be, oft-times, his shroud, when his resting-place is the deep wide sea. The lower-deck, kept bright by constant scrubbing, is surrounded with a semicircle of chests of all descriptions, though varying but little in size. It is evening, and the "watch below" are assembled, pipe in mouth, without a thought of care, listening to the music of a violin. I should like Bill Wilson's mother to have seen her boy then: every inch a sailor; a brave, free-hearted, careless one; half-sitting, half-lying on his sea-chest, and drumming his fingers to the merry tune, as happy as a king. Alas, poor boy! he dreamed not of the dark and troubled future.

Lat. 33° N. The setting sun seems to add new splendours to his pavilion of glory, in the transparent atmosphere of these latitudes. Streams of molten gold have streaked half the horizon with their intense brilliancy, brighter than the glow of

ten thousand pyrotechnic fires bursting athwart the sky. There poured such a flood of living crimson around, that every blue wave changed from the hue of the sapphire to that of the amethyst, and the whole arch of heaven was full of purple light. A rainbow, like a reflex of the sun's parting smile, swept its gay colours across the eastern clouds, and the pageantry of the sky was gone; then came the calm, grey night, and the awful stillness of the ocean, as it slept beneath a shower of moonbeams. Surely if there were sea-nymphs, or green-haired mermaidens, they would have chosen just such a glorious night for their syren-singing.

The little petrels, or Mother Cary's chickens, are constantly careering about the vessel, now skimming through the sunshine, and now tripping along, gently touching the waves with their little black feet, as though they received fresh vigour by contact with the element, or fluttering, moth-like, above some object in the water. As I leant over the vessel's side, watching these ocean birds, the following stanzas rose to my mind, and I could not refrain from putting them on paper.

Bird of untiring wing,
Whence art thou wandering?
Has the broad blue sea
A home for thee
On its bosom of murmuring waters?
When the red sun is born
At the coming of day,
From the night to the morn,
Thou art round our way,
Like a spirit upon the waters.

A thousand miles and more
From our native northern shore,
O'er the broad blue sea
Wanderers are we
On the breast of the faithless ocean ;
For we seek far away
Green hills again.
But night and day
Thou art skimming the main
With thy swift and silent motion.

Where is thy place of rest ?
Where is thy moss-weaved nest ?
The broad blue sea
Will cheerless be
When its tempest winds are sweeping.
There must be a spell
In the salt sea foam,
That thou lov'st it so well
As to make it thy home,
Thou nursling of ocean's keeping.

Bird of untiring wing,
Pursue thy journeying.
The broad blue sea
Thy home must be
From the dawn to the set of day ;
For the Spirit of Power
Hath been thy guide,
From thy earliest hour,
O'er the waters wide
To teach thee thy trackless way.

On the 7th October we saw land. The sun had just risen, and darkly grey against the bright east the high peaks of Porto-Santa were defined by a sharp cutting outline. Beyond us, to the south-

west, wrapped in the mantle of fog and clouds that had been gathered during the night by the freshening wind, rose the far-famed Isle of Madeira; the shroud of vapour partially cleared away, and revealed to the sunshine this gem of the ocean. Still, masses of heavy cloud lingered around the mountain tops, and the central peak was wholly concealed. As the vessel glided along in full sail, the land on both sides presented ever-varying points of view; the crisp blue waters were crested with foam, and the bright sunshine chasing away the dull fog, lit up scene after scene of enchanting beauty. It appeared as though we had reached some paradise belonging only to the regions of fancy. It was delicious to watch the sunlight gild the rugged peak, throwing dark shadows along the mountain glen—to see the white cottages sprinkled about the valleys, and the green vineyards sloping down as it were from the bosom of the clouds.

The south-east portion of the coast is girt by stupendous cliffs and sharply pointed rocks, against which a high surf runs. Beyond these rise, till their summits are concealed by the clouds, vast mountain slopes, scattered with forests and vineyards; where we could discern, as on a miniature model, villages, cottages, and convents, and trace the paths along the winding glens, and the vivid green patches of the gardens. The effects of light and shade and mist on the landscape were surprisingly grand, and all looked gay in the morning sunshine;

grampuses bounding through the waves, and the sea-fowl skimming round, imparted life to the scene.

Three islands called Desertas lie to the south-east of Madeira ; they are high, and rise abruptly from the sea, whilst their summits are jagged and serrated in a peculiar manner. A sharp, isolated column of rock, resembling a ninepin, occurs at the extremity of the northernmost island : they all present a barren and desolate aspect.

We sighted several of the Canary Islands. On the morning of the 9th, Palma was visible, distant 15 miles ; owing to the haze, its only indication was a huge shadowy mass, scarcely distinguishable from the atmosphere, rising to an immense height from the sea. On the 11th, we fell in with the north-east trade wind in latitude 26° N. The moon rose of a deep and clear amber colour, and though now waning, flashed its powerful rays, like a second sun, from behind occasional masses of cloud. The crisp indigo-blue waves, with their moon-spangled foam, the purity of the milky way, the unusual brilliancy of the planets, and the strong yet balmy-breathing wind, are characteristic of the nights we now enjoy. More congenial than the scorching heat of noontide, with its hot and misty glare, is the reviving breath of the atmosphere after sunset, when down comes the awning on deck, and a host of bright stars gem the canopy of the sky.

On the 13th, we crossed the tropic of Cancer. Seated on the bowsprit, I have been watching our

progress through the waters. The white waves are dashing back as the vessel's prow cleaves its way through their midst; no smoky dull atmosphere is around—no chill and gloomy blast : all is light and sunshine; above, around, beyond, to the farthest verge of the horizon, the blue sky and the blue sea seem to smile at each other. Southward, a blaze of light and heat marks the noontide sun flashing his tropical splendour around; and thin clouds, like specks of wandering down—

“Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind,”

steal most gently along the sky. There are gannets wheeling on their strong pinions, in pursuit of the timorous flying fish, as they leap up to escape the jaws of the green and golden dolphin. A bird, supposed by some to be a grey parrot, settled on the fore top-gallant-yard this afternoon, but it was only a little downy owl; and since the moon rose, I have watched it flying briskly around the masts, vainly searching for the moths and bats of its own ancestral trees in Africa.

Within the tropics we frequently observe the beautiful *Phasalia* or “Portuguese man-of-war:” its transparent membrane or sail is of a bright rose colour. It is a delicate toy with which the breezes sport, yet it skims on unhurt, for it is one of ocean's progeny.

17th October.—The islands of San Nicholas and San Antonio are in sight: the more northerly of

the Cape de Verdes. Sunrise was a magnificent spectacle: rugged masses of fleecy gold, strangely hurled about the sun, were succeeded by lines and streaks of exquisite splendour, with mountains of dark cloud; and, in another hour, the might of the tropical day had chased back the morning vapours, pouring an unchecked flood of light over the sea.

It was evening as our vessel rapidly neared the rugged coast of St. Jago. One vast and lofty peak towered high above the others in the shape of a huge, irregular pyramid. All eyes were directed towards the mountains as we sailed along abreast of the land, distant from the shore not more than four or five miles. It was an enchanting sight: the irregular and wildly-broken peaks, hurled and piled in careless grandeur one above another as they stretched inland, presented a more striking outline than the heights of Madeira. There we sat in a row, mounted on the top of the longboat, feasting our eyes with the pleasant sight of land; rendered more delicious by the hope that in a few hours we might be treading those shores which now appeared to us like some oasis in the desert, or some bright dream realised. As we watched with feelings of admiration, fresh peaks, and glens, and ridges of golden green, presenting themselves in succession to our view; gradually they grew darker: the mists began to settle in the deep valleys, the outline of every mountain became sharp and cutting, and a thousand rich mellow tints of brown and purple

spread over their steep sides as the full burst of a tropical sunset flashed up its splendours behind them, leaving a background like glowing amber, above which lay masses of heavy grey clouds looking as dense as though they were charged with the thunders of a tornado. Peak after peak yielded up its parting gleam, cast from the setting sun, and melted into the repose of night so rapidly, that almost before we were aware of it, the stars shone out, and darkness surrounded us: not heralded, as in our northern lands, with the gently gloaming twilight that makes the day steal imperceptibly into the night, but sudden and impetuous, stretching like a vast extinguisher over the bosom of the ocean.

Before the first gleam of day-break I was on deck. We were at least twelve miles from our destination at Porto Praya, which lies at the southern point of the island, in a small bay. The wind was light, and I feared we should hardly reach the port before noon. Telescopes were in great request. The mountains seemed, if possible, more beautiful and inviting than they did on the preceding evening. A grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, and a few scattered date-palms, reminded us that we were approaching the climate of tropical Africa. But little cultivated ground was visible, and flats of elevated land above the shores were covered with parched grass, on which the cloudless sun poured down its withering and fervid rays. Clusters of pulga bushes sprinkled the sides of the valleys with patches of a vivid green

colour ; higher up the mountains might be discovered tracks of forest and scrubby brake interspersed with bold grey rocks ; and above all rose a conical peak like that of a volcano—which, I believe, is an extinct crater, and the highest point in the island—with thin vaporous clouds hanging round its sides, and spreading along the summits of the less elevated mountains. Indeed, the whole island presents volcanic appearances, and lava soil is noticeable in many places. Large flocks of cattle and goats were scattered over the sunny, brown-looking plains above the sea, and small clusters of thatched huts constituted the farms to which they belonged. The surf, rolled in by the north-east trade-wind, beats violently against the shore along the whole of the coast ; and, as we rounded the south-east point, the rocks assumed a bolder form, strewn at their base with black fragments, over which the surf boiled like a whirlpool, dashing up to a great height.

On rounding the point, we came in sight of the town of Porto Praya ; which is built on an eminence of rock overlooking the bay, exhibiting a row of wooden houses painted white and buff colour, and roofed with red or white tiles : to the right extended the cane-thatched huts of the Black Town. The descent from the town is steep, and leads to a fine shingle beach ; on the left the shore is sandy, where a stream of water runs into the sea. Cocoa-nut trees were scattered pretty thickly along the water's edge, till the beach terminated in barren sand-hills

with a rocky bluff, against which the angry breakers lashed with violence. In the background rose the mountains, clustered in a variety of picturesque and romantic forms. The glow of a tropical noon gilded the whole. The feathery leaves of the cocoa-trees moved gracefully in the air, large hawks hovered fearfully around us, and all had a strange and foreign air, as we cast anchor about half a mile from the shore. After an hour's delay, the Consul came off to us in his boat, under the shade of a huge umbrella, bringing with him the health and customs' officers. The usual ceremonies being over, we were permitted to land. The gig was lowered alongside, and the chair rigged for the ladies and children to go ashore. No sooner had the ship's boat pulled off towards the land than other craft came round us, with oranges and cocoa-nuts for sale, eager to convey equally eager passengers at the rate of sixpence ahead. Several of us descended into one of these boats, and were rowed safely enough till we reached the commencement of a surf, about a dozen yards from the shore. Instead of landing us at the rocks as they should have done, they pulled across to the sandy shore on the left of the town, fully a mile from the ship. A whole group of negroes were drawn up on the sand awaiting our arrival, and no sooner had we entered the breakers than we were swamped in the surf, and drenched from head to foot. In a moment eight or ten black fellows were round us, up to their waist in the foam, with no other artificial

adornment than the beads round their necks. At first we imagined that they were going to carry the boat with ourselves in it upon their shoulders to the shore, instead of which it appeared that we were to mount their backs, whilst they waded with us through the surf. In an instant we were all astride upon their shoulders, each man triumphantly bearing off his load as fast as possible. We presented a most ludicrous sight, all laughing at one another, and several were on the point of upsetting. They put us down on the hot sands that extended some little way above high water-mark, beyond which grew a trailing plant of great beauty, called by the natives *la cocoon*. It grows about eighteen inches high, with a round leaf, and a fleshy-jointed stem ligneous near the root, the blossom convolvulus-like, and displaying a disc seven or eight inches in circumference, of a brilliant lilac colour. We plucked the delicate blossoms almost instinctively, as if to admire them still further by the sense of touch, though they withered almost immediately in our hands. We met several negresses on the shore in their gay costume, consisting of a petticoat of printed blue or brown cotton, worn tightly round the hips, and reaching to the ankles in loose folds, a portion of it being twisted up at the waist, and descending on the left side like a scarf. A white body, or jacket without sleeves, and a red or yellow kerchief tied round the head, with necklaces, ear-rings, and silver bracelets on one arm, completed their dress. Goats'

skins are an article of trade here with America, and bundles of them lay on the sands ready for exportation.

On reaching the stream we directed our course inland, following its banks amongst the luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nuts and bananas, with a profusion of *la coccoon* blossoms starring the surface of the ground. We hired one of the negro boys called "Jokim," who accompanied us as a guide, promising his services all day, first for three shillings and afterwards for one. But it was useless hiring a single lad: we were fated to have them all for our guides, whether we liked it or not, to the number of seven. One carried my insect-net, another the forceps, a third the collecting box, a fourth my sketch-book, and so on; thus escorted, we sallied forth with our negro phalanx. The stream, which here empties itself into the sea, is the residue of a mountain torrent, after the greater portion of it has been led off for the use of the town; where it is received into a tank or fountain—a deep translucent basin, brimming with the cooling element—whence the damsels of Porto Praya dip their water, in calabashes and jars, which they carry on their heads. Brilliant tropical butterflies floated swiftly through the sultry air, now sporting like spirits of light and beauty round the tops of the palm trees, and now chasing each other amongst the broad leaves of the banana and the plantain. Other species were hovering about the pulga bushes, or expanding their gay wings on the mimosa thorn, or the drooping leaf of the sugar-

cane. There had been recent heavy rains, and in some places the ground was exhaling moisture, and cracking on the surface with the heat of the sun. The musquitoes along this glen were numerous and troublesome; the stream was stagnant in places, emitting unwholesome exhalations; huge sows wallowed in the mire with their numerous litters; and wasps and other noxious insects were buzzing about us continually.

Wishing for some cocoa-nut milk we knocked at a garden door by the wayside, leading through a shed into a luxuriant garden of rich black soil, filled with lofty cocoa-nut trees, bananas, tamarinds, papaws, mammees, and other fruits. Presently a little black fellow, in a state of nudity, climbed dexterously up a cocoa-nut tree, clinging with arms and legs round the tall trunk of the palm, when down came the heavy green nuts bump upon the ground. Beneath the shade of a spreading fig-tree, we rested ourselves on some felled dates, whilst our young guides were busy dashing the nuts against the stone wall to break the green husk; they pricked a small hole in each, and pouring the colourless milk into a calabash gave it to us to drink. Behind us grew a plantation of millet, and vines were trained along over bamboos, but they bore nothing but unripe grapes. Seeing a fine goat and her kid outside the hut, we explained to the old negro man that we wished for some milk, when two boys laid hold of the udder and commenced milking her into an old

teapot without a spout, whilst the man held her by the horns. The teapot was filled with froth, and the difficulty now remained how to get at it, for the rim rendered it next to an impossibility; however it was too great a treat to refuse, and though the teapot had evidently been used for every purpose except the right one (for tea is not drunk here), and the milk had flowed through the little black hands, still we enjoyed the draught as a luxury after our sea voyage. We next tasted the bananas and the papaws, which they gathered off the trees; the latter fruit resembles a soft pumpkin, being of a reddish or yellowish-green colour, about six inches long, and grows in clusters at the top of a high stem, above which branch out the leaves, something like those of a gigantic mallow. This fruit is anything but pleasant; a soft juicy pulp surrounds a mass of globular seeds, like mustard-seed, very hot and disagreeable; the pulp is the part eaten, but the skin has a fetid odour which pervades the whole. The blossom resembles yellowish wax, is of a jessamine form, and grows out of the top of the trunk, without a stalk; it emits a faint primrose-like scent. The back part of the town overlooks this valley of vegetation, and the owners of the gardens sit at their doors and look down beholding all that goes forward there. The negro who sold us the fruit pointed to his master who was sitting in a distant verandah upon the cliff above. A well of clear water stood near the entrance of the garden. It was thatched

with canes, and the water was raised by means of a large wheel set round with red earthen jars, placed one after another, so that as the wheel revolved they kept coming up full.

We followed the course of the stream till we reached another large well, where several negro women were engaged in washing. They beat the clothes with a baton as the continental Europeans do. The gay bright hues of their cotton dresses imparted a liveliness to the scene, which was here very picturesque and pleasing. This valley runs a long way inland, the vegetation marking its course by a belt of richer green that mingles with the golden brown of the hills on either side. As we advanced, troops of locusts rose up from the ground at every step, reminding me of the multitudes of these insects I had encountered when crossing the arid plains between Syracuse and Catania in Sicily; then old Alosco was my escort, now I had Jokims and Johnies, Marsalins, Vincents, Penas, and many more—an army with which one might have penetrated into the opposite forests of the shores of Senegambia. We ascended a steep winding path that led back to the town, by the side of which stood a wooden crucifix, supported by a rude heap of stones.

As the island belongs to the Portuguese, the prevailing religion is the Papist faith; though but few priests, or in fact any other visible demonstra-

tion of their creed are to be seen, excepting a chapel, and the wooden crucifix.

About two leagues inland lies Trinidad, where the Governor resides. In its neighbourhood oranges and lemons, for which the island is famous, are cultivated; as are also most of the articles which supply the market of Porto Praya. We now reached the commencement of the huts or cottages of the coloured population. They are chiefly square, substantial-looking sheds, built of rough stone one story high; but few contain a second or third apartment; a screen of canes being used as a partition. They are thatched with the leaves of the date palm, or with dried reeds. Inside there is no plastering; a hole in the wall serves for a cupboard, and the windows are merely square apertures, closed at night by a board that fits in as a shutter. The back door is usually opposite the entrance, so that in looking through the open doors of the cottages overhanging the glen, the eye is feasted with the refreshing sight of leafy bananas and cocoa-nut trees, shutting out the view. The streets consist of rows of these low cottages, varying but little in outward appearance; some are detached, but they are mostly built close to one another. Not a single wheel-carriage, cart, or conveyance of any description is to be seen in the streets, which have a dull and deserted appearance. The only beasts of burden are mules and asses, slung with paniers; and in this way the fruit, sugar-canes, poultry, and vege-

tables brought from the interior are conveyed to the market.

We saw but one mode of travelling that was at all distinct from the plebeian style; an officer was riding out, seated on a mule, whilst a slave ran behind him, holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the rays of the sun. The shops consist of stores of various descriptions, but they are neither commodious nor well supplied. At one end of the town is the square, and in the centre of it stands a stone column, not very ornamental, nor classical, nor useful either. The houses surrounding it are in some instances two stories high, with large verandahs, and constitute the residences of the Portuguese inhabitants. The soil is a parched barren earth, scattered here and there with tufts of scanty grass. Porto Praya itself looks like a deserted village, through which some plague has swept its blighting influence; especially when the coloured people are lying asleep on stools outside their doors, or taking a siesta on the floor, while a solitary formal-looking Portuguese in military uniform is the only being that struts along the grass-grown streets during the heat of the mid-day sun. The women lay basking on narrow benches, apparently too indolent to turn their heads to obtain a view of the English strangers, and contentedly raising their eyes just during the moment of passing; though they were evidently inquisitive, still it was too much trouble for them to move, and the lazy eyeballs just

rolled round mechanically from one corner of their orbits to the other, and all they did not take in during their revolution was probably to become a subject of speculation or nightly gossip. We visited the Portuguese inn, which they had the face to call an hotel; the room *pour l'étranger* was furnished with a table, a sofa, and a few crazy chairs, and the walls were hung with English and Portuguese prints of rather ancient dates; there was a picture of Mary Queen of Scots landing at Loch Leven Castle, and another of a monstously stout Queen of Portugal. On one side was a door opening into a kind of store-room, filled with a confused medley of bottles, jars, bundles, &c., where probably the old Portuguese landlord kept his dollars hid away in some sly corner. Opposite this was the bedroom, with a mattress in each angle of the apartment; the rest of the floor being strewed with immense oranges. The landlord was evidently a character—a short dark Portuguese, dressed in a long frock coat, with a navy cap and a gold band—and he looked at us, all the while thinking to himself how he could make the most of us. He could not speak English himself, but his interpreter, a knavish-looking boy about twelve years old, was as expert a rogue as the other. This little creature was lank and sallow, with very sharp black eyes; not like the mild love-speaking black eyes of the beautiful Sicilian, fringed with long shadowy lashes, but rolling like ripe sloes, and every glance was cun-

ning. His dress consisted of an old white cotton garment with large red flowers upon it, something after the fashion of a dressing-gown; made, I imagine, out of his grandmother's skirt. At the window stood an intensely black slave, and near the door, playing a slow, melancholy air upon a guitar, sat a placid-looking Creole: he was perfectly blind, and the nails of his hand with which he touched the strings were half an inch long. We took a slight refreshment, for which they charged most exorbitantly. I asked them what they would require for a night's rest on the sofa, when the urchin here completed his roguery by asking us ten shillings. After telling him pretty plainly what I thought of him, we rejoined our guides, who were laughing and talking in a body under the passage-way leading from the road. A fine turkey that I had seen sitting on the wall, was to form part of a feast that afternoon; and the little interpreter, in the flowered dressing-gown, caught it with a fish-hook and line, hooking it in the fleshy part of the throat. A novel method of catching turkeys.

Leaving others to feast on the turkey, we roamed along in the glory of an afternoon's sunshine; descending a steep ravine to the shore, through a brake of pulga bushes, aloes, and other plants, the names of which were unknown to us. The delicate trumpet-shaped blossoms of the stramonium grew amongst the bushes, and many of the native grasses were exceedingly curious. The sea-sands were like

emery, scattered over with purple echinidæ and small crabs. Some remarkably brilliant blue and orange spiders, with backs resembling mosaic work, were busy weaving their webs amongst the fleshy leaves of a small species of spotted aloe. A large and fruitful plantation of bananas extends from the sea up a valley: apparently, in the rainy season, the channel of a watercourse; madder, spurge, and many curious creeping plants grow along the sands. On each side of this valley the cliffs rise precipitously, scattered with straggling and stunted date palms jutting from their rocky declivities, and the vulture wheels in slow steady circles high above their summits. Bushes of naked grey thorns of enormous size were clothed with creepers, and on the topmost spray the brilliant jacamar sat like a feathered king, conscious of the beauty of his own gay plumage. The sun was rapidly sinking, and aware of the few moments of twilight that would elapse before night came on, we turned our steps homewards. Not choosing to visit the Portuguese hotel, we agreed to take up our quarters at Jokim's house; he promising to make us beds, and prepare us some coffee and cakes of Indian corn; so we traversed back through the dark streets, serenaded by the barking of the lean hounds that rushed out as we passed the open doors of the negro cottages.

We now arrived at Jokim's dwelling, taking by surprise his mother, a respectable looking negress who rose on our approach. There were ourselves, Jokim, now filled with vast importance in the cha-

racter of our host, Marsalin, a pretty Moorish boy, Johnny, a lazy rascal, whom one could not help liking withal, Vincent, Pena, and little Antonio. Our guides here left us, and whilst our hostess prepared the supper, I had time to survey our novel habitation. It was a substantial stone cottage, with two apartments; the inner one being the sleeping-room of the family: this inner room too formed the repository for all manner of household utensils, articles of cooking, fruits, onions, &c. Here my sketch-book and other articles were carefully deposited by Jokim's mother. As there are no fire-places or chimneys in the houses, the cooking goes forward in a small round hut outside the back-door—a very snug and picturesque little place. We discovered the one in which a negress was preparing our coffee. There was no aperture but the entrance; the floor was sunk partly below ground, and in the centre, over a charcoal fire, raised on a triangular iron-stand, supported by three round stones, stood an earthen pipkin, holding our coffee; the cakes were baking in the embers, and a semicircle of drowsy turkeys, apparently enjoying the warmth of the place, stood with their tails to the fire—not unlike some old commercial gentlemen one has sometimes seen in the coffee-room of a country hotel on a frosty morning. Struck with the primitive appearance of this hut, and the habitual composure of the row of sleeping turkeys, I at once made a sketch of the scene by the dim light of the central fire.



[Negro Cooking Hut, Porto Praya.]

The chief apartment of the house contained but little in the shape of furniture. Some of the utensils were formed of red clay, of unique and not inelegant proportions—far more shapely than the generality of English jugs. Above the table, occupying a small niche in the wall, stood a little rag virgin, like a six-penny doll, with a string of beads round her neck, and a piece of blue printed cotton fastened down the wall beneath. The window was closed to keep out the night air, our hostess set our repast on the table, and we ocean wanderers were comfortably seated at the humble, yet inviting board of a negro cottage, cheered by the light of a brazen lamp, with long protruding beaks. The night was remarkably sultry, a piece of matting was laid on the earthen floor, and some sheets, beautifully white and clean,

were spread out for us. The grasshoppers in the thatch above, sung loud and long, till the time of the rising sun, and the troops of lean and miserable dogs that rambled up and down the streets during the night, howled most dreadfully. A little before daybreak we were stirring. Jokim opened the back door, and we beheld a sky, half the breadth of which glowed with rose colour and pale saffron, freckled with myriads of small scattered clouds. Presently all was gilded with the sun, and we walked abroad in the first blush of a tropical morning. It was delightfully cool, with a fresh north-east breeze blowing; the negro women were stirring briskly about, balancing large calabashes and earthen vessels on their heads with the utmost grace and ease; some were milking the cows and goats into these vessels, from which the milk was immediately put into glass bottles and corked up for the market. This takes place at six o'clock in the morning, and is held in the square at the end of the Rua direita de Pelorinho. The skin panniers are taken off from the backs of the mules and placed promiscuously about, together with calabashes of hens and guinea-fowls' eggs, bottles of milk, fish, bananas, cassava, sacks of oranges, and heaps of limes, cocoa-nuts, and onions, all displayed on the ground.

We now made preparations to return to the vessel. We were favoured with a second ride through the surf, and again narrowly escaped being swamped by the rolling in of the breakers. Some hours elapsing

before we fairly got under weigh, we busied ourselves in stowing our fruit to the best advantage in our cabins. I found it rather puzzling to make room for anything more. When I had finished, it presented something the appearance of a garden, at least I thought so; and I was fain willing to cherish the idea, for to pluck the fruit off the trees in one's own garden is always pleasant. Bunches of bananas hung suspended by rope-yarns; pine-apples, dangling over the wash-hand stand, sent forth a fragrant smell; cocoa-nuts and limes were stowed in various snug corners; some tall sugar-canes branched up from behind my black trunk; and oranges were everywhere pervading the vessel, from the forecastle to the stern. Whilst thus engaged, two large intelligent eyes, with whites upturned, suddenly stared in upon me through the port-hole. Unaccustomed to a vision of the "human face divine" in such a situation, I started up, and gave a more strict survey of the intruder's face. It was quite black; the eyes were fixed on me; and a grinning mouth, revealing a row of pearly teeth, was stretched by a most interesting smile, two-thirds astonishment and one-third recognition. Who could it be? It was no less a personage than Jokim himself, who was in his boat cruising about the vessel, and had just discovered me through my port.

We now bade adieu to St. Jago. Our white sails were filled by the swelling breeze, and the island quickly receded from our view, as we hastened fast

to the southward. Before dark, a wildly broken line of misty grey, appearing above the horizon, was all we could discern of the island. After sunset a waste of sweeping waves, and countless stars gemming the canopy of night, with the arch of the milky-way stretching across the clear heavens, bespoke us on the solemn sea once more. There is something in the sight of the gay and smiling land that is peculiarly charming to the eye, weary of the expanse of the wide ocean—of the blue and level plain stretched all around to the distant horizon—that desert of waters, now dashing in huge ever-varying masses of surge, and anon deep slumbering, like a weary monster sunk to rest. The vexed and troubled billow, and the glassy calm of the smooth sea, are portraitures of human mutability; they are as a mirror, in which we see reflected the fluctuations of sunshine and shower, the tempests and calms of life. It was with reluctance that we returned to our rocking ship, and settled ourselves contentedly down for a still longer voyage within the limits of its wooden walls.

Away, away—let visioned scenes
Of other lands elate thee,
Nor vainly cling to those behind
While brighter ones await thee.

Though many a thousand weary miles
Of ocean are before thee,
The beacon-star of hope shall shed
Her cheerly influence o'er thee.

Onward—still onward—comes the day
When smiling shores shall meet thee;
Thy beacon-star reposes there,
And hopes fulfilled shall greet thee.

Nothing is now to be seen on deck but oranges. Every one I meet is eating an orange; every one's pocket is filled with them; orange-peel and orange-pips are a real nuisance. Oranges are being eaten in vast quantities: one of the boys consumed thirty yesterday. We eat them in the day, the captain eats them in the night, and the men are always eating them. Poor Symes has a vast supply: he says he is squeezing them to make Scotch marmalade. One of the steerage passengers is surfeited, and he lies extended on the water-casks, with a broom for his pillow. Snap can eat no more; and little Harry's two hundred have disappeared miraculously soon.

In lat. 8° N. we lost the trade wind, and fell in with the "variables," and for a whole week we had squally unsettled weather; sudden gusts of wind, and equally sudden calms. The heavy tropical rains poured down with a violence unknown in more temperate climes, and the vertical sun rendered it very oppressive; added to this, the upper-decks were so leaky, that several of us were compelled to sleep in our Macintoshes.

During the sullen calms in the neighbourhood of the line, we were frequently surrounded with numerous sharks, and some were caught by hooks

baited with pork. A blue one was secured, that measured eleven feet in length; but its struggles were so violent that it became unmanageable, and breaking both ropes and harpoon, it escaped in a mangled condition. Its colour was of an intense blue, with the belly silvery, and the satanic expression of its eyes was truly dreadful. A shark is a horrible monster: it has a cold, calculating look, full of treachery; and it is the only one of God's creatures I enjoy to see slain.

In 5° N. lat. we spoke the "Roseanna" of London for Pernambuco; we supplied her with some necessaries, and as her boat's crew pulled off they were pelted with showers of oranges by our men. After this, we saw no more strange faces till we arrived at our destination.

Speaking a ship at sea is a moment of excitement to all: a welcome break in the weary hours. Every soul on board, from the captain to the cabin boy, is on deck surveying the stranger with eager eyes.

On the 2d November we crossed the line;—many of the passengers looking very pale at the mention of the awful rites of Neptune.

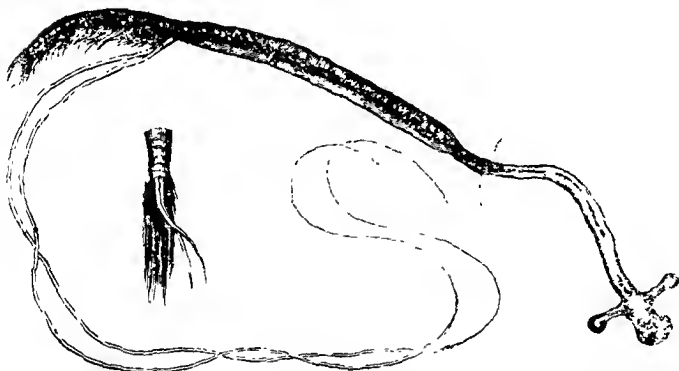
The colours of the sky at sunrise were exquisite: tints of light blue, green, rose-colour, brilliant purple and violet, with all the various shades of amber, yellow, orange, and red, were blended in beautiful and harmonious contrast; while the light and flickering clouds overhead assumed every variety of playful and fantastic form, too fleeting to repre-

sent, and too full of light and glory to be approachable by the pencil.

November 9.—We are sailing on through a region of perpetual summer, breathing the balmy air of the southern hemisphere; whilst, probably, in our native land, cold sleet, and dismal fog usher in the day; the crackling furze blazes high on the cottager's hearth, and the chill breath of the nipping frost makes the little ones blow their rosy fingers and gather closer round the sparkling embers. And, perhaps, in an atmosphere of yellow fog, through which thousands of lamps twinkle feebly from the shops and streets of mighty London, the busy crowd are crushing on the city pavement to gaze at the civic procession on Lord Mayor's day. But we have witnessed an ærial pageant surpassing the most regal of earthly splendours. The clouds, that had all day wandered along the sky, rested at eventide, forming a ridge as of vast mountains along the horizon. Specks of cloud, radiant and glowing as molten copper, were scattered like dark lustrous garnets against the dazzling brightness of the setting sun; then, huge storm clouds rose up and spread themselves in smoky wreaths against the light. No sooner had the sun gone down behind them, in a bed of gold and vermilion, than broad rays flashed up around, and the most exquisite tints of colour pervaded the sky; while these glorious hues yet lingered, in the centre of the amber space but just left by the sun, the planet Venus shone forth as a sparkling brilliant set in jewels; shedding

her mild rays for the first time to us in the Southern Hemisphere, as an evening star. Constellations that never rose on England spangle the heavens. The "Southern Cross" and the "Magellan Clouds" are nightly visible.*

* In lat. $11^{\circ} 54' S.$, long. $27^{\circ} W.$, I found a new and remarkable parasite belonging to the genus *Penella*, subsisting on the body of a dolphin (*Coryphæna*); it was buried in the fish near the gills, as far as the junction of the neck with the abdomen.



I am favoured with the following description of it by my friend Dr. Baird, of the British Museum:—Class, Crustacea; Division, Entomostraca; Legion, Siphonostoma; Order, Lerneida; Family, Lerneocerida; Genus, *Penella*; Species, *P. Pustulosa*. Baird.—Head rounded and furnished with small fleshy projections of a light red colour. Two fleshy prolongations at its base, short and obtuse, terminating at the tip in a small round knob. Neck long and slender, and as well as the head transparent, showing the intestine and red blood. Abdomen of a very dark purple colour, and studded all over with small whitish pustules. Plumose appendages simple. Oviparous tubes very long and slender. Length four inches. Hab. on the *Coryphæna*. Lat. $11^{\circ} 54' S.$, long. $27^{\circ} W.$

Nov. 14.—We crossed the tropic of Capricorn. It was an angry, tempestuous-looking night, with a wild stormy sky, and the sun set in grandeur. Alas! it set for ever to one who was intently watching it from the vessel's deck. Wilson, the sailor-boy, a noble, generous fellow, stood looking over my shoulder, as I made a hasty sketch of the evening sky. It was the last sunset of the tropic, and the black clouds seemed to portend the outburst of a tempest. Poor boy! he knew not that that sunset was to be his last; that he should no more watch it sink over the blue horizon; that before the morrow dawned, his fair forehead should be laid low in the dark and stormy sea; and that the sun should shine upon his grave—a silent, unknown place of waters—as the ship held on her way, amid the glories of its next setting. About midnight he was ordered aloft to stow the royal.

Presently the cry of “a boy overboard!” broke the solemn stillness of the night. It was a wild and fearful cry: one to be remembered through a lifetime. They pointed towards the spot where he fell. The Pleiades were shining above it like a cluster of diamonds, and the waning moon silvered the edges of the dark clouds as they hurried past.

“He oft by moonlight watch had tired mine ear
With everlasting stories of his home
And of his mother.”

I can feel for that mother. What will be her anguish when they tell her that her boy—her only boy—is



not? And his little sisters—will they not look up mournfully, and ask why he comes no more back again to play with them?

In these latitudes I have several times observed the very singular effect of a perfectly *green* sky after sunset, looking like a vision of some celestial meadow in the fairy regions of cloudland.

In the southern ocean we fell in with some heavy weather, with strong gales from the south-west. It was very cold, with frequent hailstorms; though

nearly midsummer in this hemisphere. The waves are occasionally magnificent ; and it is extraordinary, considering their vast size, all breaking into sheets of foam, how easily the vessel rolls along over them. Around us is a wide waste of solitary waters : all is drear and desolate ; and the dim horizon but shuts out more distant tracts of wild breakers that foam and surge unheard by human ear.

The albatross has long since joined us. These noble birds soar along with plumage of dazzling whiteness, looking as pure and unspotted as the stainless air through which they sail. I have watched the albatross taking his nocturnal flight over the moonlit waters : now skimming on the breast of a half-seen wave ; anon mounting in mid air, and wheeling his steady course in one vast sweep, till he appears in bold relief against the unclouded moon. Wandering, with silent and majestic flight, over the desolate waters of the ocean, thousands of miles from land, the giant albatross has an appearance in keeping with the lonely grandeur of the scene.

We had a violent gale ; the mainsail was stowed, and little Charlie, one of the lads, after vainly endeavouring to hold on, was sent on deck by the men. The captain threatened to beat him, and as he turned away there was an inward struggle to conceal the rising tear. I could guess his thoughts : they were of home—the home he had so lately exchanged for a life of hardship amongst strangers ; and then he

thought of the boy who had bade farewell to all his troubles, and maybe, for the moment, envied him his calm and quiet resting-place.

I delight in watching the sea-fires rolling in the wake of the vessel at night as she dashes onward : they are the stars that light the unfathomable abysses of ocean, gleaming upon many a cold seaweed bank and many a coral cavern ; they sparkle along the dolphin's path, and dash back as the grampus cleaves his way through the briny waters, begemming the crest of every surge above which the wandering albatross sweeps with silent pinion through the nights of the southern ocean : aye, and they sparkle, too, like dim tapers, over many a grave, and burn and glow with their green phosphorescent light amidst the multitudes of dead that are there.

It is Saturday night, and we are drawing nearer to our destined port. All is gay, and somehow every one appears in good spirits ; flutes are sounding on the quarter-deck, and the sailors are dancing on the forecastle ; the poor German is blowing his French horn, exalted high on the top of the long boat, and the children are playing at horses up and down the deck, in the clear cold twilight.

Eight hundred miles from Cape Lewin, we fell in with a violent south-westerly gale. The scene, when the storm was at its height, was truly magnificent. The extreme fury of the wind beat down the sea, which appeared as one mass of boiling

surge, the spray drifting along like smoke; whilst all beyond the abyss we were descending, and the side of the next sweeping mountain, that seemed as though it would bury us in foam at its approach, was obscured by an impenetrable mist.

Christmas-day.—A merry Christmas and a happy New-year to all we love far away! May the Yule-log blaze brightly, and a gleam of sunshine smile through the frosty air; and may there be a merry gathering of glad faces around the social board!

Christmas brings thoughts of frost and snow, and nipping wind—of bare trees and grass strung with sparkling icicles—of blazing hearths, ruddy faces, breath like steam in the keen pure air—of merry schoolboys and holiday sports—of swift skaters and muffled sportsmen—of windows decked with evergreens, and church-aisles garnished with bright holly—of good old English cheer, roast-beef and plum-pudding. But of all these associations, we wanderers of the ocean have only one present—it is the last. We have *our* Christmas cheer—mince-pies, and plum-pudding; aye, and our wassail-bowl also: it is the captain's blue wash-hand basin full of punch, with a wreath of lemon-peel swimming in the midst. And that the enjoyment may be universal, little Charlie is feeding the cat with fresh meat, and making a currant-dumpling for the monkey's Christmas-dinner.

We are all beginning to feel, more or less, that excitement which the prospect of a release from a

long sea-voyage necessarily must produce. We are anticipating the joy of once more rambling over hills and along green valleys, with other scenes around us than the horizon of blue, broken only by the wandering albatross; and we can sympathise with the impatient schoolboy as he peeps through the faded green curtains of his school-room window at the blue and sunshiny sky and the green meadows, and counts the days and hours to his holidays.

The moon off the New Holland coast is exquisitely clear, and the mackerel sky most beautiful; it reminds one of a brilliant gem reposing on a cushion of the whitest and softest wool. The stars are twinkling out at every break in the spotted clouds that steal like downy flocks along the upper regions of the atmosphere, with the cool night breeze for their shepherd.

At two p.m. on Friday the 29th of December, the joyful cry of "Land ahead!" was echoed along the deck, and many a strained and anxious gaze was directed towards the distant blue line of land on the water's rim. There it lay stretched along, a level streak, just discernible above the horizon, but growing every hour more and more visible. It proved to be the westernmost coast of Kangaroo Island. It was an evening of pleasant memories: we had reached the Australian shores, and had had a glimpse of the land of promise; the sun went down magnificently in red and purple, and the

land shone golden in its lingering rays. The reflection on the rippling sea made the waves also appear of a rich purple colour, and the fragrance of the land breeze came balmy and sweet across the water, from the acacia woods that clothed the hills, like the odour of a summer copse on a dewy morning : reviving recollections of the green woodlands of our own distant homes.

The cliffs of Kangaroo Island are in some places 300 feet high, of a whitish colour, and rising abruptly from the sea. The general appearance of the land is that of swelling rounded hills clothed with thick scrub and clumps of trees. At a place called Western river, we saw smoke ascending from some sealers' huts. There are no native inhabitants on the island.

Next morning as we lay becalmed in Investigator's Straits, numerous brown sharks came round the vessel. One was caught measuring nine feet long : it was a droll sight to observe one of the sailors over the bows of the vessel, with his head and shoulders just peeping above the jaws of the monster, and his arms round its body, whilst the men were hauling him in with ropes. The circumference of the creature was as large as that of a good-sized innkeeper—a tun-bellied Boniface. His head and tail were cut off, and knives were soon operating in all directions on his tough skin ; the jaws were preserved by the sailors ; the carpenter took the backbone to convert into a walking stick ;

a piece of the liver was cut up for young "Tim," the kitten—so called after old "Tim," who perished mysteriously at St. Jago—and the pigs savagely fed on the viscera, and glutted their foul snouts in the blood of the dying shark.

The last day of the year proved, singularly enough, the last of our voyage also; and we commenced a new year in a new land. At daybreak we saw the red sun come up from behind the darkly-purple hills. How gloriously it gilded the land of our hopes! We gazed on South Australia: that high jagged ridge was Mount Lofty; yonder the mouth of the Onkaparinga river; and before us was Holdfast Bay. At last the buildings of the City of Adelaide were descried glittering in the sunshine, and a shout of joy rose from the vessel's deck.

As I stepped into the boat that conveyed the mail to the shore, I gave a parting look at the gallant ship, with her tall masts and her white sails, and felt I was taking leave of something to which I was unconsciously, yet irresistibly attached. I thought of the bright sunny day when we bade adieu to our native land, and left the white cliffs of Albion behind us; and of the changes that had taken place since then.

"They left their native land, and far away

Across the waters sought a world unknown;

Yet well they knew that they in vain might stray

In search of one more lovely than their own."

Before us lay spread out a shore of white daz-

zling sand, rising into a scrub of evergreens, like a shrubbery of strange vegetation. In a few moments the boat's keel scraped the smooth sand, and we trod on the shores of South Australia. Shells lay scattered along the beach; star-bright and new flowers peeped up from the soil; the *Banksia*, the *Euphorbia*, and the *Casuarina*, lent a peculiar character to the foliage, and all presented a strangely foreign air. To feel the firm ground once more beneath our feet, to pluck unconsciously the simple blossoms studding the sand, and to hear the notes of the parroquet and the wattle bird, were indeed pleasant and joyful sensations.

Yet a strange charm binds me to the ocean; and whenever I take my farewell of its eternal bosom—so grand and beautiful, yet solemn and terrible—there are many high thoughts, and many memories, sad yet sweet, that will ever mingle with its remembrances.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO THE MURRAY, THE LAKES ALEXANDRINA
AND ALBERT, AND THE SHORES OF THE COORONG.

Soon after my arrival at Adelaide, I started for the lake country, in company with Messrs. Giles and Randall ; their object being to select fresh sheep and cattle runs for the South Australian Company, and my own to examine the aspect and productions of that district. A light cart was sent forward with a tarpaulin, to serve the purpose of a tent, and a supply of flour, tea, and other necessary provisions. Mounted upon our horses, each with a tether rope slung round its neck, we might have been seen very early one bright morning in January, crossing the plains to the eastward of the city of Adelaide. The sun was already scorching. We soon commenced a gentle ascent towards the hills, and pursued our way along the great eastern or Mount Barker road, which suddenly enters a winding romantic pass between abrupt hills, scattered over with gum trees ; this is

Glen Osmond. At the entrance of the pass is the only turnpike in the colony, and further up the glen there stood the picturesque little tent of Poole, the surveyor,* appearing at an angle of the road, amidst a cluster of red-blossomed castor-oil trees.

A rustic bridge and embankment add to the romantic effect of the glen, and the steep declivities of the hills on each side, and the zigzag character of the pathway, are varied by scattered gum trees, grouped in ornamental and picturesque positions.

The road becomes very steep as it ascends the Mount Lofty range, and on gaining the heights, a stupendous and magnificent scene presents itself. Looking back, the plains we had recently left were stretched out far beneath us, extending to the shores of St. Vincent's Gulf; the hazy blue of its calm bosom being discernible to its whole extent, and the faint outline of the opposite coast of Yorke's peninsula bounding the horizon. From this point the scenery on all sides is enchanting; and whoever the settler may be who has perched his habitation amidst these mountains, he has certainly shown his taste in selecting one of nature's loveliest positions, commanding some of the finest views in the colony. The port and the creek, with its tortuous windings, are seen like a map below; and the vast extent of the Gawler plains, separated by the river Parra

* Mr. Poole has since perished in the interior of Australia, on the expedition with Captain Sturt,—a martyr to the toils and fatigues of so arduous an enterprise.

from those of Parra and Adelaide, extend northwards till they melt away in the remote distance.

We now pursued our path through the leafy shades of the "stringy-bark" forests that clothe these mountainous ironstone ranges. They consist of tall primeval trees of a kind of *eucalyptus*, their erect and massive trunks blackened, in many places as high as fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, by the tremendous fires that sweep through these forests, and continue to blaze and roll along, day and night, for many miles, in one continuous chain of fire. These conflagrations usually take place during the dry heats of summer; and frequently at night, the hills, when viewed from Adelaide, present a singular and almost terrific appearance: being covered with long streaks of flame, so that one might fancy them a range of volcanoes.

The leaf of the stringy-bark is darker and broader than that of the gum-tree, and the texture of the bark is tough, fibrous, and easily convertible into a species of cordage, for which purpose it is employed by the Mount Barker natives. Amongst the low flowering shrubs, the bulrush-like heads of the grass-tree (*xantharea*) impart a singular character to these Australian forests; and from the deep ravines to the topmost summits, shutting out the glare of daylight, rise belt upon belt of noble trees, towering to the elevation of from eighty to a hundred feet.

A great quantity of the timber of the stringy bark is used for fencing, "shingles" for roofing

houses and other purposes. The men who prepare the wood are called "splitters;" and occasionally in some deep glen in the mountain forest there is suddenly revealed a group of busy workmen, with their gipsy-like encampment around them scattered with felled timber and planks on all sides, while the sharp sound of the axe rings echoing through the solitude, proclaiming the dawn of civilization and industry. These men get good wages; and a free and crusoe-like life amongst the "tiers," as they call these successions of hills and valleys, is their favourite mode of existence. After the rainy season is over, the brushwood is a mass of tangled flowers; and even during the hottest weather some species of *epacris* and everlasting are still to be seen in blossom.

These ironstone ranges retain moisture for a long time; from which circumstance, and partly also from the shelter and shade afforded by the trees, the grass looks green and verdant through the summer; whilst on the plains, in the months of January, February, and March, it is sere and yellow from the scorching heat.

The singing of the *cicada*—an insect belonging to the order *Homoptera*—was loud and incessant throughout the whole forest, interrupted by the occasional notes of the musical magpie, whose shrill pipings are known to every Australian settler. The "laughing jackass," too, sends forth his hoarse laughter from the bare and solitary limb of some stricken tree.

On approaching Echunga springs, the land becomes undulating, and is less densely wooded. The she-oak (*casuarina*), the blackwood (*acacia*), and the vivid green of the *exocarpus*—the native cherry of the colonists—with the elegant *Banksia*, covered with tall cones, form a change in the character of the foliage. The “native cherry” somewhat resembles an “arbor vitæ,” and the fruit, from which it has obtained its name, is a small red berry, with the stone or kernel *outside* attached to the end of the fruit. I would observe, by the way, that all the indigenous trees of South Australia, in common with those of other parts of the Australian continent, and also of New Zealand, are evergreens. Though this perpetual verdure has the appearance of one eternal summer, yet English trees and shrubs introduced into the soil shed their leaves as usual; reminding us, by their bare branches, of the varied seasons of the north.

The picturesque little township of Macclesfield is situated on the river Angas. This stream has its source in some clear bubbling springs near the township that gush up from the earth, shaded by mimosa trees, supplying a running brook of delicious water that is never dry. Macclesfield is a pretty spot: the white cottages and tents of the settlers, intermingled with corn-fields and gardens, and groups of cattle reposing under the shade of the gum trees, bespeak the nucleus of a future town. Its native appellation is Kangooarinilla. Here

some of my shipmates have taken up their abode, and exchanged the scenes and turmoils of busy London, for the calm and peaceful recesses of this sweet solitude—

“ The pride to rear an independent head,
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ;
To see a land from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
To skirt our homes with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children’s heritage in prospect long :
These are the hopes—high-miuded hopes, and strong,
That hekon England’s wanderer o’er the brine,
To lands where foreign constellations shine.”

The distant thunder, that had commenced its rumbling over Mount Barker, drew nearer, and shortly after torrents of rain began to descend ; in a couple of hours it cleared off, the evening sunlight gilding the vaporous mists that still hung over the hills ; the ground sent forth a sweet fragrance from the moisture, and all nature looked fresh and revived.

From the summits of the Bugle range, the eye wanders over crowded hills, thickly sprinkled with wood, in all the beauty and grandeur of their primeval state. The rich purple of evening had settled over them, and the rolling mists lay wrapped as a mantle around their sides ; the grasshopper chirped briskly ; and at the brimming pools, left by the afternoon’s shower, the parrots might be seen slaking their thirst ; whilst the air was filled with that

aromatic fragrance, so frequent in the woods of Australia, arising from the young shoots and blossoms of various trees. The long grass-like foliage of the *casuarina* now appeared as though it were strung with diamonds, every tuft glittering with thousands of rain drops, that fell off in little showers as we brushed past them on horseback.

The night was dark and sultry, without moon or stars; the extreme stillness of the woods was interrupted only by the melancholy cry of a small owl (*athene boobook*), the native cuckoo of the settlers. It was a memory of home—strange, yet pleasant—to hear the song of the cuckoo, sounding at intervals, like some spirit's voice through the gloom, in a lone forest of the Antipodes. Unlike the gay, cheerful note of our spring harbinger, its cry was sad and plaintive, and better suited for the solemn hours of night.

We found, to our dismay, that the horses were no longer pursuing the track; and, without a ray of light or even a star to guide us, we groped for some hours amongst rocks and brushwood, anticipating the pleasures of a night in the bush, with neither fire nor food to cheer us, and no other resting-place than the wet ground. At last we regained a path of some kind; for the tread of our horses' feet sounded more hollow, and in less than an hour we saw a light twinkling amongst the trees: its friendly ray bespoke a settler's cottage, and we found ourselves not far from Strathalbyn. Instead of our

anticipated night in the damp woods, we here found good cheer of household fare, and sofas whereon to rest.

The country between Strathalbyn and the river Murray is flat, with a poor and sandy soil. We crossed the river Bremer, which is here a chain of pools, between high, steep banks. These deep channels are a peculiar characteristic of the smaller rivers of Australia; though frequently almost dry in the hot season, a mighty flood rushes along during winter: as is shown by the residue of sticks, scum, and grass, left in the branches of the gum trees that line their course, for many feet above the supposed ordinary height of the stream. The bed or ravine of the Bremer is full of large blue gums, many of them appearing blackened and bare from the ravages of a recent fire, that has swept across the river, leaving a black and withered track to mark its progress. After these fires, a sweet and luxuriant grass springs up, and the other vegetation sprouts with new luxuriance during the rainy season. Hence the reason why the roots of the shrubs and plants are in many places so large; being frequently burned off above, whilst the original vigour of the root below the surface continues unimpaired.

On the banks of the Bremer I found one of those singular scaly lizards (*trachydosaurus asper*), lying curled round; its speckled brown and yellow sides, at the first glance, conveying the idea of a snake.

On being disturbed, it assumed a most threatening aspect, raised itself higher on its legs, elevated its neck, and opened an enormously wide rose-coloured mouth, from which a black tongue was protruded: it seemed a dragon in miniature. Knowing it to be a sluggish and harmless animal, I took it up by its round blunt tail, and carried it to the opposite bank of the river; it stood perfectly still, all the while displaying its throat and tongue, until it imagined us gone, when it began most cautiously to look round in every direction, and descended the bank with measured steps, making straight for its former hiding-place.

Beyond the Bremer is another creek, with fine gum trees, and then commences the great *eucalyptus* scrub, which extends nearly to the river Murray, and runs northward for a considerable distance. The "scrub" is one of the characteristic features of an Australian scene; belts of it frequently intersect the good country, and many miles are covered with it, extending almost like a blue and level sea towards the horizon, unbroken by an object of any magnitude. The gum bushes, of which this scrub is composed, rise from 3 to 10 or 12 feet high, and grow close together, forming one vast copse; and the soil is little better than a loose light sand. The road lying through it to the Murray has been formed by bullock drays constantly following the same track, and is full of the stumps of the gum tree roots, which stick up from

the sand, and render travelling for the horses unpleasant.

Northwards, beyond the line of the scrub, Mount Barker, with its saddle-backed summit, forms a conspicuous and interesting object ; and, indeed, for many leagues in the interior, *béyond* the Murray, this mountain forms a landmark for overland parties from New South Wales, by which they steer for the settled districts of this colony. Still further to the north, the Barossa heights are seen faintly jutting above the clear blue line of the horizon.

Half way through the scrub, a herd of wild cattle rushed past us ; probably making their way through this parched and inhospitable region to the water-holes and pastures of the Bremer.

The scrub gradually changes to a sandy heath, scattered with she-oak trees and occasional groups of pine. White and yellow everlasting flowers grow abundantly over these plains, which continue all the way to the Murray river ; and a parasitical plant, not unlike the mistletoe in its growth, ornaments the she-oak trees, bearing bright scarlet flowers, tipped with pale green.

The she-oak is generally considered indicative of an inferior soil ; whilst, on the other hand, the presence of the blackwood tree denotes a rich and good country.

It was a bright, sultry day, with brilliant clouds scattered over the sky ; and we frequently rested beneath some tree that afforded a small spot of shade.

Salt lagoons are scattered over these heathy plains, in considerable numbers: some extend for half a mile, and others are no larger than a moderate sized pond. They yield a vast supply of pure salt, which lies encrusted on the surface, when the power of the sun has evaporated the water which held it in solution, and imparts a singular appearance to this desolate region; the white salt glittering like snow over their shallow beds.

The ground is covered with a variety of salsalaceous plants, amongst which the Hottentot fig (*Mesembryanthemum*) is the most abundant. The berry, which is one of the few indigenous fruits of Australia, is eaten by the natives, and tastes not at all unpalatably. During spring, the plains resemble a crimson carpet, from the profuse and beautiful blossoms of these salsalacidæ.

It was plainly indicated, by the numerous birds enlivening the bushes, that we were not far from the Murray: their varied notes sounded cheerfully, after the stillness of the inhospitable desert we had crossed.

Suddenly we came in sight of the river: the noble Murray, half a dozen miles above its junction with the lake, was flowing gently beneath us; its deep blue waters meandering through a vast extent of reeds, the vivid green of which was truly refreshing to the eye. Its course was so gentle as to be barely perceptible: deep, and broad, and smooth as a glassy mirror, it flowed tranquilly and majestically

onwards in silent grandeur to the ocean. Rising from the snow-fed sources of the Australian Alps, it waters, for 1200 miles, vast districts of the interior, and then enters Lake Alexandrina, where it is rendered unapproachable from the sea, for vessels of any size, by its sandy and dangerous mouth.

Gazing on this noble river for the first time—a river, till within the last few years, unknown to the civilized world—one cannot forget that little band of bold and adventurous men, who, headed by Captain Sturt, were the first Europeans to explore this river. They cast themselves fearlessly upon its bosom, and were borne down for 1000 miles, through savage tribes and desert regions, until they traced its junction with the lake, and arrived at the shores of the southern ocean.

Overlooking the banks of the river stands the station of mounted police, generally known as "Mason's Hut:" the only dwelling that marks the site of the Utopian "City of Wellington." Mason, who is a corporal of police, has lived for some years on the Murray, possesses great influence amongst the natives, and speaks their language better than any other individual. Mason's hut was built by himself, and is truly a Robinson Crusoe-like tenement. The sides and roof are formed of the long reeds of the Murray, and the doors of sheep-skins stretched upon wooden frames. All within is kept in the nicest order: fire-arms, cutlasses, and culinary utensils are arranged round

the walls; and stretchers, with opossum-skin rugs, supply the place of beds. The humble board, set out with bright tin plates and pannikins of hot tea made in the kettle, a piece of salt mutton or some fish, with an enormous "damper" just out of the ashes, affords a welcome sight to the hungry traveller; who is sure to meet with hospitality at the hut, unless he be a bushranger, or a runaway convict from the other colonies.

Through the kindness of his Excellency the Governor, Mason had orders to accompany me to the Lakes and the Coorong; and with such a guide, armed and mounted, I went fearlessly onwards, to visit the tribes of Milmandura and Lake Albert.

The neighbourhood of the police-house is the grand rendezvous of the Lower Murray natives; and, owing to the judicious treatment they have received—kindness and protection, blended with the strictest discipline—they are generally peaceable and harmless. The mounted police are regarded by the natives as belonging to the highest order of white men; and, indeed, when first seen by the tribes higher up the Murray, they were supposed to form a part of the horses on which they rode, and were regarded with terror as fearful centaurs.

Three or four native boys were sitting round one of their small fires, outside the hut, roasting a sheep's foot in the embers, and besmearing their bodies with some of its fat. These little creatures,

all in a state of nudity, fetch wood and water, go after the horses, and make themselves generally useful about the station. The men were out fishing in their canoes, and the women and girls being busily employed in gathering bulrush-root for supper, they did not arrive at their fires until after sunset. I crossed the river in one of their canoes; which are made merely of a sheet of bark from the blue gum-tree, warped up at the sides by the application of moisture and fire, and stopped at the ends with strong clay. They are paddled by means of a long spear, having a sharpened kangaroo-bone fixed at one end, for spearing fish. The spear is held in both hands, and the paddler wields it standing; preserving the most delicate balance, which a breath of wind is sufficient to upset. During cold weather a fire is invariably carried in the canoe, raised on a small platform of clay, supported by wet weeds and mud; and by these fires they frequently cook a portion of their fish whilst on the water. Two, or, at the most, three individuals, can be conveyed in these frail shells of bark.

Floating islands, covered with reeds, are frequently to be seen on this river. These masses of earth, originally detached from the banks by floods or otherwise, are frequently drifted from side to side, and not a few find their way to the lake. A species of stinging nettle grows abundantly amongst the reeds; and, especially in times of scarcity, it is

eaten by the natives, who bake it between heated stones.

Very deadly are the large black snakes that conceal themselves amongst the long sedgy grass, on the margin of the river. Several native women have died, in consequence of bites received on their naked feet, whilst seeking for bulrush-root amongst the reeds; Mason also was bitten in the hand, whilst tethering out his horse, and would, in all probability, have fallen a victim to the fatal poison, had he not had the presence of mind to cut out the part instantly.

The fresh-water mussels found in the muddy flats of the river are much sought after by the natives, who cook them by burying them in the ashes of their wooden fires. The shells are used to scrape the fibres of the bulrush-root, after it has been well chewed, for the purpose of making cord for their mats and baskets.

The simplicity and sharpness of the native children is often amusing. They were particularly struck with the appearance of one of our party, who was inclined to be rather corpulent; and they danced about their fires, singing, in their broken English, "He berry big man—he plenty tuck out:" imagining my friend's size, like that of their own distended paunches, arose from too plentiful a "tuck out" of green and juicy diet.

Corporal Mason kindly gave me up his stretcher for the night; but, unfortunately, myriads of that

scourge of all warm climates, the parasitical flea, had been introduced with a neglected sheep-skin, and I was driven out of the hut by my tormentors, to enjoy the splendour of the moonlight reflected on the calm surface of the Murray. The air was perfectly still, mild, and balmy, and the distant fires of the natives, along the opposite banks of the river, were visible for many miles.

The native plum is a bushy shrub, growing in sandy places, on the margin of the Murray and the neighbouring lakes; it is also found amongst the scrub of the sand-hills, and on the salt and barren shores of the Coorong and the sea-coast. The whole plant appears of a salsalaceous character. The fruit, when ripe, is about the size of a sloe, growing in clusters at the end of the branches, with a flavour partaking at once of salt, acid, and sugar. The fruit is first green, then amber, afterwards red; and, when fully ripe, of a deep, semi-transparent, purple colour, containing a long slender stone.

At a place called Wirrum-wirrum by the natives we met with a day's detention, in having to cross the river Murray. Here tolerably firm ground extends to the water's side, and the reedy flats on the other bank are very narrow. After taking the cart to pieces, and stowing it in a boat, we had to swim our horses across, one by one; which was a tedious undertaking, as they continually got bogged in the mud, amongst the reeds at the water's edge.

A fine view of the river is obtained from the high ground on its opposite bank, from which spot the eye may trace it winding in the most graceful sweeps, between "fields of living green." The hills rising from the valley or basin of the Murray are clothed with belts of pine, and beyond is the extensive country of scrub. Mount Barker, deeply purple in the shades of evening, shuts out the view to the westward. A few scattered gum-trees grow along the water's edge; and these are the resort of multitudes of black shags, or the less numerous white ibis, which roost on their decayed branches. The cry of spur-winged plovers feeding along the soft soil, and the flutter of an occasional bronze-winged pigeon coming to the river to drink, frequently broke the quietude of night. The musquittoes around our fire were a plague; and large ghost-moths fluttered into the embers, in such quantities that the natives made a capital supper on their scorched and roasted bodies. Wrapping myself up in my blanket I lay down near the fire, beneath the clear starry sky, till dawn.

The country along the right bank of the Murray towards Lake Alexandrina is a limestone tract, with level plains of desert-like appearance, covered with salsalaceous plants and salt lagoons. Our horizon eastward was bounded by the blue and unknown hills of the Tattayarra country.

A graceful broomlike tree, bearing clusters of yellow blossoms, grows amongst the reeds; and

bushes of the *Polygonum*, with its leafless and juicy stems, through which the brilliant blue wrens are constantly fluttering like blossoms, occur plentifully not far from the banks of the Murray.

In this district the natives were very numerous, their encampments being scattered along the narrow strip of ground between the limestone cliffs and the water's edge: there they find plenty of food from the fish, mussels, crayfish, bulrush-root, and other products of this large river. We frequently came upon their ovens or cooking fires, resembling kilns, beneath which the roots of the bulrush were being steamed between heated stones. The women at our approach ran into the reeds; the sounds of their low jabbering voices becoming less distinct as they sought their hiding-places.

Whilst encamped in a pine forest, we were approached by a droll-looking fellow: a tall, muscular native, perfectly naked, armed with a wirri and a spear, and having the hair of his beard, whiskers, and other parts of his body most carefully plucked out. From the crown of the head to the waist he was copiously plastered with red ochre and grease, which dripped from his long matted ringlets; and his hair was ornamented with kangaroo teeth, fastened into it with clay, which hung down over his forehead. He had just passed through those ceremonies of his tribe which consist of initiatory rites into the state of manhood; and he held in one hand a branch of *eucalyptus*: the green bough

being symbolical of his situation, according to the "rain-makers" or wise old men. This stately fellow came up to us in the most gentlemanly manner possible, stating that he was "berry good black fellow;" and as he had no card, he gave us his name, 'Tom Ugly.' Another young man, who had undergone similar rites, and rejoicing in the English appellation of 'Jack Larkins' also made his appearance. Both these gentlemen fetched in a supply of water, and then sat down to assist us with our meal.

An elderly native, who called himself "Mr. Mason," ran up to us in great haste, greeting the corporal with all the demonstrations of the most cordial friendship. This old man had exchanged names with Mason, as a proof of his brotherly feeling: a distinction amongst his tribe of which he was not a little proud. The name given in return was "Mooloo," by which title Mason was generally known amongst the surrounding tribes. "Mr. Mason" introduced us to his *lubra* or wife Charlberri, who was wrapped in a round grass mat, which supported her picaninny at her back: the little creature was chewing the favourite bulrush root, a large net of which was suspended from its mother's shoulders. Beside her stood her son, a fine little boy, about four years old, called Rimmel-liperingery; also chewing a long piece of bulrush root, and looking up at us intently with the largest, darkest, and most penetrating eyes I ever beheld:

had not their whites been deeply tinged with yellow, and the long lashes been matted together with a mucous discharge from the eye, they might have been called beautiful. Rimmelliperingery is the pride of his tribe, and wears the upper mandible of the black swan round his neck; which is regarded as a *gunwarrie* or wizard charm.

As we journeyed on, about sunset, our attention was attracted to a dark-looking object between the forked branches of a casuarina, or she oak-tree; on examination, we found it to be the dried and shrivelled body of an old woman, carelessly pushed up into the tree, there to remain till the bones fell asunder, demanding an interment below the sand by the nearest relative. As the bodies of the old and infirm are considered unworthy of the trouble bestowed on those of young and favourite warriors, they are frequently put into trees in this way; without enrolment in mats and netting, or the careful covering of boughs, which distinguished the latter, whose sacred mummies are carefully deposited on an elevated platform of posts. Near this spot we noticed a circular hollow in the limestone rock, about twelve feet in diameter, and upwards of twenty in depth.

The low flats adjoining the junction of the Murray with the lake, bear evident marks of having once formed a part of the bed of the lake itself. The natives themselves concur in this; and motioning, with a sweep of their hands over the plains,

towards the blue hills to the eastward, signify that it was formerly all "big one water."

The shores of Lake Alexandrina looked bleak and desolate : a chill south wind was blowing strongly across its dark bosom, ruffling the water into short white breakers. We met several native women and girls, heavily laden with mussels, in net bags made of bulrush fibre, which they had procured from the mud of the adjoining lake. These mussels form one of their chief articles of food, and are cooked by being placed edgewise in the sand, close to the fire, and covered with heated embers. Heaps of the refuse shells lay scattered about, in immense numbers, along the neighbourhood of the water, throughout this thickly populated district.

During the night we had rain ; our tarpaulin was converted into a tent, by being stretched across a pole from the back of the dray, and we encamped at the foot of some low sandy hills, covered with casuarina, about half a mile from the lake. Two natives started to fetch water, and a blazing fire of she-oak wood invited us to rest and partake of our evening meal, under the shelter of a spreading juniper tree. The night was fragrant with the perfume of blossoms, arising from a shrub now in full flower, somewhat resembling the white lilac of Europe ; and the air was cold after the rain. About fifteen natives had encamped near us, sitting round their fires, chattering and cooking their mussels in the bright embers.

The natives were gathered in considerable numbers next morning, to witness us at breakfast; sitting before us in rows so close as not to be very agreeable, loudly vociferating and chattering. They were mostly in a state of nudity; one man however wore a round jacket, but nothing else, and a little girl was perfectly natural with the exception of a pair of old boots, that she had obtained at the Murray. The girl persisted that her name was William: probably derived from the donor of the boots; and a facetious fellow, on our inquiring his name, proudly told us it was "split-sixpence."

We frequently met with that large and beautiful straw-coloured amarryllis, the Murray lily; the perfume of its blossoms frequently betraying its locality, at a considerable distance.

From the woody hills about Point Malcolm, we gained a view of Lake Albert, which is connected with Lake Alexandrina by a narrow outlet; forming a considerable peninsula between it and the shores of the Coorong. The country around Lake Albert consists of light soil, covered in many places with fine kangaroo-grass, and scattered over with she-oaks, banksias, and tea-tree. The grass-tree and the elegant *corea*, a plant somewhat resembling a fuschia, with its scarlet bells, grow amongst the patches of underwood.

Wombats are numerous here, and their burrows intersect the rocky tops of the undulating hills in every direction.

We discovered several ambushes belonging to the natives, carefully concealed by she-oak branches, interwoven with grass. These are for the purpose of watching larger game, such as the emu and kangaroos, which they spear as they approach the water-holes to drink, at sunset.

We encamped one day at Bonney's water-holes, and in the evening the lake natives performed some singular dances. One, the dance of the frogs, consisted of a number of men painted and armed with wirris, which they beat together, singing all the time; then, squatting on the ground, they leaped along one after another in circles, imitating the actions and movements of a frog. In another dance they go through the performance of hunting the emu; one man imitating the voice of the bird. Their last amusement was that of sitting cross-legged round a fire, in a circle, singing and beating time with spears and wirris; suddenly they all stretched out their right arms as if pointing to some unseen object, displayed their teeth, and rolled their eyes in a dreadful manner, and then jumped on their feet with a shout that echoed for miles through the stillness of the night.

On the shores of Lake Albert plenty of fresh water is to be obtained by digging. We opened several wells, and found sweet and limpid water at four feet from the surface. As at times the lake is brackish, from the influence of the wind and tide,

mingling its waters with those of the salt Coorong, these wells will be invaluable.

Pelicans, black swans, and ducks of various species abound on these lakes; affording capital sport to a good marksman, with his rifle.

From a bleak hill at the southern extremity of the lake, a grand and extensive view is obtained, looking over the surrounding country; with the barren sand-hills of the Coorong, that loom like mountains in the distance, tinged with a rosy hue at sunset. The sullen roar of the Southern Ocean, as it breaks on the opposite side of those sand-hills, was heard by us distinctly all night; though we could not be less than twelve miles distant from its dreary shores.

The people inhabiting the margin of the lake, build for themselves winter huts, resembling bee-hives, to protect them in these exposed situations from the cold south and west winds, that prevail during that season. These huts are composed of turf and mud, over a framework of sticks, and have a small entrance on the leeward side. Along the shores of the Coorong they cover these huts with sand and shells, so as to form a hollow mound, impervious to the wind, beneath which they creep in stormy weather.

We encamped for two nights on the margin of the Coorong; which it may be well here to explain, is a back-water inlet from the sea, commencing at

the mouth of the Murray and the lake, and running parallel to the coast for 90 miles ; being divided from the ocean only by a ridge of stupendous sand-hills, varying from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth. It was on the inner shore of this water that we pitched our tent ; and, though frequently surrounded by more natives than were agreeable, we found them tolerably civil, bringing us fish, and monterries, or native apples. This fruit is a little berry, the production of a running plant that grows in profusion upon the sand-hills. These berries are precisely like miniature apples, and have an aromatic flavour, which is not unpleasant. When the monterry is ripe, the natives disperse themselves over the sand-hills in search of them, returning in the evening, with their baskets filled, to the camp. \Mason had made good use of his rifle at Lake Albert, and we supped on ducks and fish, in true bush style around our fires : the ducks were roasted upon a stick that served as a spit, and the natives for a small piece of tobacco, brought us a basket of excellent mullet.

The Coorong is truly a wild and desolate place ; and the loneliness of the scene is heightened, rather than otherwise, by the occasional rude huts, and the naked forms of the savages. Instead of inspiring the traveller with confidence, and the feeling that he is amongst others of his fellow-species, these dark and treacherous beings, quivering their merciless spears, with their hands lifted against every man,

seem to complete the inhospitable picture, and fill him with apprehension and constant dread.

The natives belonging to this portion of the Coorong, are known as the Milmendura tribe: the people by whom the passengers and crew of the "Maria" were murdered, when that unfortunate vessel was cast away on this part of the coast a few years since.

The recollection of so sad a tragedy lends a melancholy interest to the dreary region. Those who accompanied the party that went in search of the shipwrecked passengers and crew, tell me that such as escaped from the dangers of the reef near Cape Jaffa, where the vessel struck, after subsisting on roots and shell-fish, toiled along the shore for 90 miles—men, women, and children—in the burning sun, hungry and thirsty and barefoot, till they arrived at the Milmendura tribe. Two more days' march, they trusted, would bring them to the sea mouth of the Murray, where the Encounter Bay natives had communication with the whalers; and they there looked for an end to their sufferings. But these terminated only in death: the savages stripped them of their few remaining garments, and deliberately murdered them as they came up in straggling parties; knocking out their brains with wirries, or chasing them with the spear. Many of the bodies were found buried in the sand; some pushed into wombat burrows, and others were never found at all. The fingers of some of the ladies had

been cut off with shells to obtain the rings that adorned them; and one of the saddest sights was to see the linen of the children, all stained with blood, lying about in the huts of these cruel wretches. Beneath one of the she-oak trees, in the neighbourhood of our encampment, was found a torn letter, which had been written by a young lady, one of the sufferers, to her friends in England, describing these very savages, who had since murdered her. Several watches were discovered in the native huts, concealed in an incredible number of wrappers; the savages probably imagining them to be alive, or possessing powers of sorcery. Sovereigns also were passed in barter to the Encounter Bay natives, of whom the whalers obtained them for shirts and tobacco. The party in search of these ill-fated voyagers, scoured the country in every direction; burnt the native huts to the ground, and succeeded in capturing two of the murderers; who were hung amongst the sand-hills, as an example to the rest.

The sealers and whalers from Kangaroo Island formerly used to come across and land upon the coast. They would surprise a small encampment of natives, kidnap the women, and, conveying them to their boats, return to the island.

Leaving the Coorong, our party proceeded to make a survey of the peninsula running up between it and Lake Albert. The country is here undulating and grassy, scattered over with she-oak and banksia trees. We observed narrow native paths in

all directions leading towards the water, and heaps of empty shells constantly denoted their camping places. The blacks on the Peninsula were so wild that they immediately took to the reeds; the women and children swimming to an island in the centre of a lagoon. Several tall fellows came running through the trees, holding up the right arm as a sign of peace; which salute we returned, and galloped towards them to learn the situation of the native wells; but they took to their heels and disappeared. We met with some fine kangaroos on the Peninsula, and wombats appeared to be in great quantity, from the numerous burrows we met with, and the abundance of their bones and skulls lying around the native encampments. The natives have a method of catching the wombats by stopping up all the entrances to their burrows, and lighting a fire of green wood at the aperture: the animal is suffocated, runs in vain to the entrance of his hole, and there dies. The wombat is about the size of the badger, and, like most of the Australian animals, is seldom visible but on moonlight nights.

The natives around Lake Albert and the adjoining portions of the Coorong use the skulls of their friends as drinking vessels. After detaching the lower jaw, they fasten a handle of bulrush fibre to them, and carry them, whenever they travel, filled with water; always putting in a twist of dry grass to prevent the contents from upsetting.

On our return to the Coorong, over which the

yellow sun was setting, we made our encampment a few miles higher up the beach towards Encounter Bay. Whilst sketching, accompanied by Mason, from an elevation overlooking the water and the long ridge of sand-hills towards the ocean, we were surrounded by about thirty of the wildest-looking natives imaginable. They had been gathering monterries on the opposite shore ; and after examining my clothes and taking a fancy to a pannikin we had with us, they filled our pockets and handkerchiefs with the fruit, and pursued their way back to their encampments. A number of natives had been prowling around our tent all day, to the great terror of the two men we had left in charge of the dray ; but the axe and guns, which they took care constantly to exhibit, proved a sufficient protection for themselves and property.

The natives catch the ducks here in a very clever manner. They swim along with their heads covered with a mass of sea-weed or grass, and, when near their prey, suddenly dive beneath the birds and catch them by the leg.

At night, whilst sitting round our fire, listening to the distant roar of the ocean, the demon-like shouts and wild chanting of the natives performing their corrobory amongst the opposite sand-hills, and the almost unearthly howl of the wild-dog, broke on our ears at intervals. All night these wild-dogs lingered about the encampment ; approaching to within a few yards of the fires :

their yells were responded to by those in the distance ; and from the noise they made in every direction they must have been very numerous. These Australian wild-dogs are exceedingly destructive to the sheep in some districts, and I have known them so daring as to eat off the tails of the bullocks, when those animals have been knocked up after a long march.

We proceeded from the Coorong across the extremity of the limestone country covered with scrub, known as the Desert, towards Bonney's water-holes. From these limestone hills, the entire surface of Lake Albert is seen, forming a landscape peculiarly Australian. Numbers of the brush-kangaroo (*Halmaturus Greyii*) were put up constantly, and though our dogs took after them, these elegant little kangaroos always outstripped them from their extreme swiftness. This new and beautiful species, named after his Excellency Captain Grey, who procured the first specimen, is remarkably local in its distribution ; being exclusively confined to the desert-scrub bordering on Lake Albert and the north-west end of the Coorong.

The *Mus Australasicus*, a singularly-variegated species of rat, burrows in the plains close to Bonney's water-holes ; but this animal only moves at night.

Several elevated native burying-places may be seen along the margin of the Lake Alexandrina. The wind makes dirge-like music amongst the reeds

Figure 1. A black and white photograph of a person in a field, possibly a farmer, with a large tree in the background. The person is wearing a hat and is standing in a field with some crops. The tree is large and has many branches. The person is looking towards the camera.



where these tombs stand, and blows chill across the dark and dreary lake ; conveying a perfect idea of solitude and desolation and death.

The accompanying plate represents an elevated tomb at Myponga ; in connection with which I have been favoured with the following beautiful passage from the pen of my friend Mr. Miles of Sydney :—

“ Saw you the sedgy waters of the pool, gloomy and deep as death ?

“ Saw you the old trees scathed with age, whitening to each day’s sun and to the storm and wind ?

“ Saw you the whitened branches stretching into the air, with a blue and happy sky beyond ?

“ Saw you the little floweret on the bank of the deep and gloomy pool, blooming in its beauty ?

“ Heard you and saw you the tall reeds around the sedgy waters, waving in the wind—reeds of a mournful tone ; when all around was silent, when the roaming savage was far away, for the living dread the dead ?

“ Heard you and saw you the flesh-feeding bird, screaming and shrieking, hovering high in air over this lonely spot ?

“ Heard you and saw you the wild dog yapping impatiently, and wailing where the dark birds feasted ?

“ This is the solitude of the wilderness.

“ The deep and sedgy waters tell of Lethe. The old tree tells of withering age ; and the thin white branches upward raised, tell of withered arms in suppliant prayer, with a bright and happy light beyond. The humble floweret tells of fleet and fading joy. The tall reeds chafing in the wind, where all is desolate and silent, hymn forth a funeral dirge.

“ ’Tis the wild bird feeds ; ’tis the wild dog eyes the corpse that rots. ’Twas here a tribe have placed a chieftain in his once canoe ; he rests the sleep of time on the branches of minor shrubs flowering in their beauty, on the land which the white man has left uncursed by misery, slaughter, and corruption, to the savage in the wild.”

Returning to the Murray, we fell in with a small party of the natives from the Tattayarra country—a tribe unknown to Europeans, and dreaded by the natives upon the river, who describe them as cannibals. These people make periodical visits to the Murray, bringing with them various articles of barter, the production of their district in the interior beyond the desert. Their baskets are of exquisite workmanship. From their fine figures and superior physical appearance, I should be led to judge that they occupy a fertile country; only making excursions into the desert at certain seasons of the year in search of kangaroos, roots, or the sweet manna of the scrub. One of the men we saw was an individual of noble bearing: he trod the soil as though he were its possessor. There was no fear—no begging for flour or tobacco—no crouching to the white man: he stood before us in all the dignity of the savage—tall, erect, and strong. Tchadkai, a fine youth, was at his side, with his long black hair streaming in the wind, and his neck surrounded with ornaments of reeds strung upon the sinews of the kangaroo. This child of the desert looked at us with wonder. He put his wild-dog across his shoulder, and pointed with his spear towards the east, signifying that his home was there. The Tattayarras speak of a “great water” to the eastward, and of bark canoes upon a lake: which is probably Lake Hindmarsh. As to their being cannibals occasionally, there appears to be but little

doubt. According to the people of the Murray—who themselves kill boys for the sake of their fat, with which to bait their fish-hooks!—these natives devour their children in times of scarcity. One man was pointed out as having destroyed two children for that purpose; and none of them deny having recourse to so dreadful an alternative when pressed with hunger.

In connection with the subject of cannibalism amongst the New Hollanders, I would remark that a Moravian missionary amongst the tribes at Moreton Bay, on the east coast of New South Wales, who was an eye-witness to the occurrence, informed me that it is a custom for parents to partake of the flesh of their children after death, as a token of grief and affection for the deceased!

The wild-dog, or *dingo* (*Canis Australasicus*), is tamed by the Tattayarras, who carry these animals through the desert, as a last resource for food, when other means fail. An intoxicating root is also frequently used by them: it grows in the scrub, and when taken has much the same effect as opium. The Tattayarras are peculiarly expert in spearing the emu and the kangaroo. This they accomplish by sneaking behind a screen made of bushes tied together, which they carry in one hand, so as to conceal the figure; they then steal along, in a crouching attitude, silently towards their prey, until within a proper distance, when they suddenly start up, quiver the spear, and, when it flies from

throwing-stick, it seldom misses the heart of the intended victim.

On reaching the upper crossing-place of the Murray, on our return, a busy scene presented itself: 3000 sheep, belonging to Messrs. Macfarlane, were being conveyed on rafts across the river, in order to take them to the new pastures near the lake; and as but few sheep could be placed in the pen upon the raft at one journey, the conveyance of so great a number becomes necessarily a tedious process.

Flights of the white cockatoo are continually on the wing, or sporting amongst the branches of the gum-trees along the banks of the river; and occasionally, when feeding on the ground, searching for seeds and insects amongst the soft soil, they completely whiten the surface for a considerable extent, so numerous are these birds in this portion of Australia.

After recrossing the river, we came suddenly upon several native encampments: the men were out hunting and fishing; the younger women and children had gone into the reeds in search of bulrush-root and mussels; and none were left around the embers of the morning-fire save two old women, who presented the most humiliating spectacle of human existence possible: extremely old, haggard, shrivelled, and naked; having limbs clothed only with loose and pendulous skin—blind, and tortured with loathsome vermin and disease—there they sat in the ashes, at death's door, beneath a rude shelter of boughs, looking scarcely human: soon perhaps to be

thrown out as food for the raven and the wild-dog ; for their bones are old, and hence unworthy of the rites of savage sepulture.

Near these decrepit old women, we met with another gloomy picture of the lowest grade of our species,—a woman, and a mother, wandering in search of roots, with her digging-stick in her hand. She was almost naked, and her dark limbs were thin and poor ; yet she carried a heavy load at her back. Night and day she bore her burden onwards, without complaint, though it was a loathsome and decaying corpse that she cherished. It was the dead body of her son, a child of ten years old ; and she had carried it for three weeks in her bundle, as a tribute of her affection. Oh ! how strong is a mother's love, when even the offensive and putrid clay can be thus worshipped for the spirit that was once its tenant. She begged some flour, and then passed on into the wilderness—a dark and solitary mourner, beneath the bright sky.

At night-fall we regained Mason's hut. On the top of the hill near the river, there is a grave : its place was once marked by a mound of sand, though it has since been almost obliterated by time. It is the grave of a bushranger : a lawless, yet a brave man, who had escaped from New South Wales, and, after combating with the dangers and toils of the desert and the scrub for hundreds of miles, was drowned in attempting to swim across the Murray. Mason found his body, and at the setting of the sun

buried him in the sand. The natives look on the spot with dread; and at night they avoid it, as they say the white man's spirit still lingers there.

An old native, who calls himself "William," has been made an assistant of the police, and resides at Mason's hut. This old man is clothed in a left-off uniform of the force, and has proved a most faithful auxiliary to them. He is of great service in tracking offenders amongst the native tribes, and in keeping peace between them and the white settlers. Not long since, Mason had occasion to proceed, on a special errand, to Adelaide, without being replaced at the station by another policeman. In this emergency, the whole of the stores, and the keys of the hut, were entrusted to the care of "William," who was desired to draw his own rations for one week from the supplies. So faithfully did this poor native discharge his office that, although Mason was detained beyond his expected time of absence, "William" had not continued to supply himself with rations from the stores, but had dined on fish and bulrush-root with his family; guarding the property placed under his care, with scrupulous fidelity, from the importunities and threats of several hundred natives.

It was the Sabbath-day when we were again at Macclesfield, on our return to Adelaide; there was bright sunshine all around, the cottages of the settlers peeped from between the groups of tall spreading gum-trees under which the cattle were

sheltering themselves, and the blossom of the mimosa smelt fragrantly. A white tent was pitched on the grassy flat near the brook, whilst the tall trees threw their shadows so as to protect it from the direct and powerful rays of the sun, and a gentle wind stole playfully by, making the white canvass of the tent to flap in its refreshing breeze. There seemed to be a gathering around that tent: small groups of children, and a few solitary individuals, were wending their way towards it, each one bringing his seat or camp-stool in his hand; others came on horseback from across the hills; and when the hour fixed for Divine service had arrived, there was a motley and pleasing group congregated to listen to the preacher in the wilds. Their song echoed sweetly along the valley—for it was a calm and glorious day—and the hymn of the emigrants worshipping their God in a new and adopted land; harmonized with the Sabbath of nature which was around them. Then the voice of the preacher succeeded to the notes of praise. It was a well-known and startling voice: I had heard it amidst the roar of the ocean; I had heard it when the vessel lay becalmed beneath a burning sun; and I never shall forget hearing it, one dark tempestuous night on that vessel's deck, when by the dim light of the lantern, and with a voice battling with the elements, that devout man proclaimed, in solemn tones, the words "Prepare to meet thy God:" for it was the sea-boy's funeral sermon.

CHAPTER III.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS
OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The Natives of the Lower Murray and the Lakes of Moorundi—
The Scrub Natives—The Parnkalla and Nauo Tribes to the west-
ward of Spencer's Gulf.

THE aboriginal inhabitants of South Australia, like those scattered over other portions of the vast continent of New Holland, are divided into numerous tribes, each speaking a different language; and, though resembling one another in physical appearance and in the general character of their usages and customs, there are still certain habits and observances which are peculiar to a single tribe, and are totally unknown amongst their neighbours. Locality, the kind of food produced in particular districts, and other causes, are calculated to occasion these peculiarities; to which I shall refer separately, under their respective heads.

The South Australian natives are generally rather

below the average stature of Europeans; the women are disproportionately small, and their limbs are not so well formed as those of the men. Although I have met with men who measured six feet in height, and others stout and robust in the extreme, these are exceptions to the mass; who frequently exhibit limbs that are much attenuated, and forms extremely slight and thin.

The tribes on the sea-coast, and the people inhabiting the banks of the Murray and the lakes, are more athletic and better made than the individuals who seek a scanty sustenance amongst the scrub and on the hills of the interior; the former feeding chiefly on fish and wild-fowl, whilst the latter devour snakes, lizards, roots, and the gum of the wattle. The limbs, especially of the young people, are often disproportionately slender amongst these ill-fed tribes, and the stomach becomes so distended by the frequent use of juicy and green food, as to appear unsightly. The true colour of the skin is so disguised by dirt, ochre, and clay, as to be hardly discernible; it is of a purplish copper tint, and in some individuals is no darker than that of the natives of the Figi Islands. Their hair is black, or very dark brown, coarse, generally in curls, but never woolly; the beards and whiskers of the men are strong and abundant, and the whole body is often covered with hair, to a greater or less degree. Their eyes are universally of a dark reddish hazel, with very black lashes, and deep overhanging brows,

and the whites are tinged with yellow, which gives a degree of savageness to their appearance. Their heads are not wanting in the perceptive faculties, though in the reflective they are deficient. The skulls of the women are worse than those of the men; they are elongated and very narrow, the development of the intellectual organs being remarkably small. The cheek-bones are high, and the brows projecting; the nose is broad and depressed, with little distance between the eyes; the mouth is rather large, but it frequently displays a set of regular and beautiful teeth; the jaw-bone is narrow, and the chin diminutive and retiring. Independently of their want of cleanliness, there is a perceptible odour about them which is offensive, and often rendered more intolerable by the use of shark and whale oil, with which they anoint their bodies. As almost every tribe has a language, or at least a dialect, peculiar to itself, so that they frequently cannot hold intercourse together, difficulties present themselves in the acquirement of the native tongue; which is considered to be of Malay origin: many of their words are remarkably liquid and musical. It is stated that in the interior of some of the Eastern islands there is existing at the present moment, a race, whose physical appearance, manners, and language strongly resemble those of the Australians; which corroborates the theory of their having sprung from Western Asia, and crossing Torres Straits, spread

themselves over the wide continent of Australia. The New Zealanders, on the other hand, appear to have come from the eastward, bringing with them the arts and intelligence of the ancient races of Mexico, and, according to their traditions, peopling various islands now inhabited by the light-coloured tribes of the Pacific. Hence we can account for two distinct races, so different in manners, customs, and physiological character, inhabiting countries only one thousand miles apart.

The population of the native tribes inhabiting South Australia is not considerable. Constant wars and quarrels between the tribes, polygamy, and infanticide are amongst the causes of this. Their mode of life, too—not cultivating the ground, but seeking a scanty and precarious subsistence by wandering over large tracts of country in search of food, when the soil naturally produces but little comparatively for the support of the human race—necessarily causes their numbers to be limited. On the banks of the Murray, and about the lakes and Encounter Bay, the natives are numerous; but for days together districts may be traversed in one direction without meeting with a single native. Their places of encampment are always near the water, and the banks of a large fresh-water river like the Murray must offer inducements to them which few other localities afford.

Families are usually small; three or four children by the same parents may be considered as an ave-

rage proportion. When the boys arrive at a certain age they undergo initiatory rites, which vary amongst tribes. Some practise circumcision; others knock out the front tooth, as is the custom with the natives of New South Wales.

Tattooing is performed amongst all the tribes. They do not mark the face like the New Zealanders, but raise large protuberances upon the back and shoulders, and cut deep incisions longitudinally across the chest, which they fill with clay, rendering them hard and horny, resembling tubes of gristle.

There does not appear to be any distinct ceremony of marriage amongst them. In battle the successful warriors endeavour to possess themselves of the young women of the opposite party; and it generally happens that the old and experienced men obtain the youngest and most comely women, whilst the old and haggard females are left for the more youthful portion of the opposite sex.

One of the surest marks of the low position of the Australian savage in the scale of the human species, is the treatment of their women. The men walk along with a proud and majestic air; behind them, crouching like slaves, and bearing heavy burdens on their backs, with their little ones astride on their shoulders, come the despised and degraded women. They are the drudges in all heavy work; and after their lords have finished the repast which the women have prepared for them, these despised creatures contentedly sit at a distance, and gather

up the bones and fragments, which the men throw to them across their shoulders, just as we should throw meat to a dog.

The natives have no cultivated food; their garden is the waste, and their plantation the trackless forest. They go forth to the chase armed only with a slender spear and a short stick; depending more on their own subtlety and acuteness, when in pursuit of wild animals, than on the efficiency of their weapons. At one season of the year they live chiefly on roots and vegetable productions. During the spring, eggs and young birds, guanos and small lizards, snakes, and the larvæ of white ants and other insects, are sought after by them. They are especially fond of the caterpillar of a large species of moth; which, like the *Cossus* of the Romans, is regarded as a delicacy: it is a fleshy grub, of a cream-colour, about three or four inches long, and is found in the decaying wood of the *Eucalyptus*. The natives are very expert in discovering the retreats of these insects, and draw them out by inserting into their holes a thin twig, at the end of which a wooden hook is attached; this instrument is worn behind the ear of the men, and is called *pileyah*, or *pirri*. The kangaroo, the opossum, and the emu are taken in various ways. The scrub natives, to the northward, go out in large parties, and surrounding their game, drive them towards large nets, in which they become entangled. I have seen single nets of this kind forty feet in length, and curiously

manufactured out of the fibre of the bulrush-root. In other parts they steal upon their prey from amongst the bushes, when the animals come down at evening-time to the water-holes to drink ; and when sufficiently close they throw their spears, and then despatch them with the *wirri*. The wombat, and other burrowing animals, are either dug or smoked out of their holes ; and rats upon the Murray are caught in grass snares, baited with food. The natives can tell with astonishing precision whether an opossum has recently ascended or descended a tree ; the light scratches made by its claws upon the smooth bark disclosing the circumstance. As the gum-trees frequently run up to thirty feet without a branch, and the circumference of their trunks is too large to be encircled by the arms and legs, they have another mode of ascending. With a small stick, pointed and hardened by fire, they make a hole in the bark large enough to admit the toe, then, reaching as high as they can, they make another, and thus ascend from hole to hole ; their only mode of holding on being the insertion of the pointed stick into the bark, and the nail of the great toe, with which they cling as with a finger.

The women dig various roots, particularly those of the sorrel (*Oxalis*), and the smaller species of *Xanthorrhoea*, or grass-tree ; for which purpose they use a stout pointed stick, about five feet long, called a *katta*.

Both sexes use but little clothing ; especially in

summer, and when in pursuit of game, fishing, or engaged in any kind of exercise. A cloak of opossum-fur, or a piece of kangaroo-skin, is worn by the women of the Mount Barker and Adelaide tribes. Those on the Lower Murray manufacture round mats of grass or reeds, which they fasten upon their backs, tying them in front, so that they almost resemble the shell of a tortoise. In the loose portion of these circular coverings the mothers carry their children astride round the shoulders; the sharp eyes of the little creatures just peep over the edge of the basket, and if alarmed they suddenly pop down, and nestle beneath its shelter.

On grand occasions—such as at a fight, or during a corrobory or dance—the men adorn themselves with the feathers of the emu, the pelican, and the cockatoo, and ornament their bodies with stripes and spots of red and white ochre. Bunches of the leaves of the gum-tree also enter into the decorations of their persons, at such times, amongst several of the tribes.

Like other savage nations, they practice various games and amusements. Sham-fights take place amongst the young men, in which they display remarkable dexterity. The game of ball, and throwing with small blunted spears, called *matamoodlu*, at a given object, or at one another, are also their common pastimes.

The only animal which they cherish or domesticate is the dog. Every warrior in the chase is attended

by several of them; and it is frequently dangerous to approach a native encampment, unless armed with a stout stick, to repel the sudden attack of a horde of lean and half-starved dogs, that rush out with the utmost fury to worry the intruder.

The sick are either entrusted to the care of sorcerers, or "wise-men"; or they are left to pine away in the encampment, amongst dirt and filth, unable to help themselves, and unaided by medical treatment. Old age and disease fall with aggravated weight upon uncivilized man; and it is heart-rending to witness daily, amongst these poor creatures, men and women tottering on the brink of the grave, and wasted away by European disease.

The dead, amongst the Lake tribes and those on the Coorong, are, as I have before stated, raised upon elevated platforms, and covered with rushes. To the northwards they bury in a sitting posture, and form small tumuli above the graves. At stated times the mourners, who are women, come to the tombs, and with their *kattas* dig up the ground about them, and put the place in order; this they accompany with the most violent howling and lamentations. Near the north-west bend of the Murray the widows shave their heads, cover them with a netting, and then plaster them with pipe-clay; forming, when dry, a skull-cap, or cast of the head, upwards of an inch in thickness, and weighing several pounds. These singular badges of mourning were found by Sir Thomas Mitchell high up

the Murray, lying scattered about near the native burying-places; and their appearance then caused numerous conjectures as to their origin and use.

Their habitations are extremely rude and simple. In the summer time, a few green bushes broken off from a neighbouring tree, and stuck in a semicircle in the ground, constitute their only shelter from the wind. At other times they construct huts of the branches of trees, open on one side, and about four feet high, somewhat resembling a beehive. As permanent residences are unknown, they bestow but little labour on these frail habitations, which, when deserted, are soon scattered abroad by the winds of heaven. In the open forest country the women frequently make little retreats of bark and decayed wood; building them amongst the roots of fallen trees, and in retired places, where they may remain unobserved during the absence of the men. The tribes meet on certain occasions, when they all come together and encamp in one neighbourhood. At such periods as these, their nocturnal dances take place on a large scale; numerous fires glimmer in all directions through the woods, whilst the air resounds with the tremendous and demon-like yells of their savage performances.

Their weapons and other works of art (if the term may be allowed) are rude and primitive; yet many of them display great ingenuity in their adaptation to the purposes for which they are constructed. Their carving seldom advances beyond a few lines

or angles, which ornament their *wirris* and wooden shields.

The native tribes have no distinct form of government; each man joins in the common hostility against his opposite tribe, and the men of most influence in matters of importance are the old and successful warriors. The possession of the soil is claimed by them, each tribe having its own hunting-ground or fishing locality, and the infringement upon these rights frequently leads to war amongst them. Their battles usually take place at daybreak. The two tribes meet on an open plain, naked and painted, with their spears and shields in their hands; a bunch of Emu feathers fastened at the end of a spear is sent as a challenge to the opposite party, and then raising themselves to a dreadful pitch of excitement—using contemptuous language, and uttering horrid shouts and yells—they quiver their spears and rush on to combat. When one man is slain the fight generally ceases, though many others meet with severe wounds inflicted by the spears and *wirris*.

They appear to have no religious observances whatever. They acknowledge no Supreme Being, worship no idols, and believe only in the existence of a spirit, whom they consider as the author of ill, and regard with superstitious dread. They are in perpetual fear of malignant spirits, or bad men, who, they say, go abroad at night; and they seldom venture from the encampment after dusk, even to

fetch water, without carrying a firestick in their hands, which they consider has the property of repelling these evil spirits. They impersonate death as a man of a short, thick, and ugly appearance, with a disagreeable smell. They place great faith in sorcerers; who pretend, by charms and magic ceremonies, to counteract the influence of the spirits, to cure sickness; to cause rain and thunder, and perform other supernatural actions.

The sun and the moon are believed by them to have once inhabited the earth. They say that the moon is the man, and the sun his wife; several of the planets are dogs belonging to the moon; the constellations are groups of children, and the meteoric lights are supposed to be orphans. The Magellan clouds are regarded as signals of disease, and an eclipse is considered to bring with it destruction and death.

•The following remarks apply more particularly to the tribes of the Lower Murray, and are the result of my researches amongst them.

The staff of their existence is the bulrush-root, which the women gather amongst the reeds: it is to them what bread is to the European. It is cooked upon a heap of limestones, with wood laid over the top; fire is then applied; the roots are placed on the stones; another layer of heated stones is put over them; wet grass is used to create steam, and a mound of sand is then formed over the oven. Kangaroo and the flesh of the emu and the wombat

are cooked in a similar manner, between heated stones.

After the bulrush-root is chewed, they spit out the fibrous part in the shape of small quids or pellets, heaps of which lie round their eamping places. These fibres, after being well chewed, are converted into rope, of which they manufacture their fishing-lines, and nets for hunting and fishing.

A mussel, a species of *anadon*, is also constantly sought after, and is eaten with the bulrush-root. The women dive for them in the deep water of the Murray, with a net round their necks, which they bring up full, after remaining under the water for three or four minutes. On Lake Alexandrina the women go out upon rafts, constructed of layers of reeds, to the beds where these mussels abound. Eight or ten females will occupy one raft, and propelling it with a pole about twenty feet long over the bosom of the lake, will venture several miles from the shore. On this raft they will sit and cook their food, over a fire elevated upon wet sea-weed and sand; every now and then they dive off in search of the shells, and come up with their net-bags loaded with mussels. For eight months in the year they gather crayfish, which they catch with their toes, and immediately crush the claws, to prevent being bitten; they then roast them in the embers of their charcoal fires.

A windy day is chosen for snaring ducks, which are taken in this way:—One man, having a long

slender rod, with a noose at the end, goes into the water and swims towards the ducks, his head being carefully covered with weeds, so that the fowl mistake it for something floating on the water ; he then slips the noose over the head of one, drags it under water, breaks its neck, and fastens it to a girdle round his waist. Another and another are thus quietly despatched, until his girdle is filled with the spoil. Upright sticks are placed in the water, at a short distance from the shore, in such situations as shags and cormorants are known to frequent, and whilst the birds roost upon these sticks, the natives swim towards them and snare them in the same manner as the ducks. So expert are these people in stealing upon their prey, that I have known them approach pelicans whilst swimming, dive underneath the water, and catch them in their arms as they rise, breaking their legs and wings to prevent escape. During dark nights they drive out the shags from the trees in which they are accustomed to roost, and climb into those where the frightened birds take shelter, catching them in their hands as they settle. In this sport they frequently receive severe bites from the shags upon their naked limbs.

In the summer-time, when the fresh-water turtle of the Murray leave the river to lay their eggs in the sand, these sharp-sighted savages track them to the sand-hills, and seldom fail in discovering their retreat. Turtle's eggs fried in the hot ashes form a palatable article of food.

The cod of the Murray, and a fish in the lake resembling a salmon, are taken with rude hooks. A small cat-fish called *pomery* is speared from their canoes, in the shallows amongst the weeds ; and the golden perch are driven out of the rushes near the banks and struck with the fishing-spear.

Tadpoles are fried upon grass. Of the entrails of the pelican they make sausages, by filling them with fat ; when heated to the consistency of oil, an orifice is made at one end, and the delicacy is then handed round, each member of the family sucking out a mouthful of the fat.

The sharp edge of the mussel-shell is used as a knife, and the women crop their hair by this means ; Another shell, found in the reeds, serves the purpose of a spoon.

The Lower Murray natives derive their names either from the spot where they were born, from some trivial occurrence, or from a natural object seen by the mother soon after the birth of the child ; for example:—*Peroocoont* (centipede) ; *Murrunmeille* (make haste) ; *Chembillin* (chewing the bulrush-root) ; *Rolcoorolca* (the noise of the emu) ; *Roncoomoodther* (the barking of the dog) ; *Ungoontah-ungoontah* (stamping of the emu) ; *Peetpeerim* (the whistle of a bird).

Their chief ornaments are kangaroo-teeth fastened into their hair ; a bone through the cartilage of the nose ; and the down of the musk-duck and the black swan : this they twist into fillets and bind round

the head. They are also partial to small bunches of reeds or feathers, which, being tied upon sticks, they attach to the hair, so as to be continually dangling at every movement of the head.

Although the weapons and utensils belonging to the various tribes are many of them similar in appearance, they are often designated by totally different names. The round mat of the Murray is called *paingkoont*; the basket *taingkil*; the kangaroo skin *wernkoont*. A net three and a half yards long, which is worn as a charm round the waist during sickness, and is beautifully manufactured of the fibrous bulrush-root, is termed *mintum*. The boomerang is not known amongst them. They have three kinds of spears in general use; the large barbed spear (*woornd*), made of the blue gum wood; the tea-tree spear, which is tipped with the light stem of the grass-tree, and barbed with sharp quartz or glass, cemented by means of the resin from the pine that grows on the sandy hills near the river, or by grass-tree gum and sand, of which they form a kind of glue; and the reed spear, which is like an arrow, and pointed with wood hardened by fire. The throwing-stick, for projecting the smaller spears, is called *yeracool*, and a short wirri for striking, *puhr*. Their summer habitations of boughs are termed *munum*, and the winter huts *pulgum*.

They have a custom of offering their wives to their friends when they visit them; it is also regarded as a mark of respect to strangers. Many

of the men possess four wives ; the old men securing the greatest number. A sister is exchanged for a daughter, and if a young man has several sisters he is always sure of obtaining wives in return. Should the ladies object, or become obstreperous, they are mollified by a shower of very sharp blows on the head with a *wirri*. They are kind to their children, and never beat them ; if they are displeased, they take them up and throw them to a distance.

When an individual dies, they carefully avoid mentioning his name ; but if compelled to do so, they pronounce it in a very low whisper, so faint that they imagine the spirit cannot hear their voice. The body is never buried with the head on, the skulls of the dead being taken away and used as drinking-vessels by the relations of the deceased. Mooloo, the native whom I met near the junction of the lake, parted with his mother's skull for a small piece of tobacco ! Favourite children are put into bags after death, and placed on elevated scaffolds ; two or three being frequently enclosed beneath one covering.

The bodies of aged women are dragged out by the legs, and either pushed into a hole in the earth, or placed in the forked branches of a tree ; no attention whatever being paid to their remains.

Those of old men are placed upon the elevated tombs, and left to rot until the structure falls to pieces ; the bones are then gathered up and buried

in the nearest patch of soft earth. When a young man dies, or a warrior is slain in battle, his corpse is set up cross-legged upon a platform, with its face towards the rising of the sun; the arms are extended by means of sticks, the head is fastened back, and all the apertures of the body are sewn up; the hair is plucked off, and the fat of the corpse, which had previously been taken out, is now mixed with red ochre, and rubbed all over the body. Fires are then kindled underneath the platform, and the friends and mourners take up their position around it, where they remain about ten days, during the whole of which time the mourners are not allowed to speak; a native is placed on each side of the corpse, whose duty it is to keep off the flies with bunches of emu feathers, or small branches of trees. If the body thus operated upon should happen to belong to a warrior slain in fight, his weapons are laid across his lap, and his limbs are painted in stripes of red and white and yellow. After the body has remained for several weeks on the platform, it is taken down and buried; the skull becoming the drinking-cup of the nearest relation. Bodies thus preserved have the appearance of mummies: there is no sign of decay; and the wild dogs will not meddle with them, though they devour all manner of carrion.

When a friend, or an individual belonging to the same tribe, sees for the first time one of these bodies thus set up, he approaches it, and commences by

abusing the deceased for dying: saying there is plenty of food, and that he should have been contented to remain; then, after looking at the body intently for some time, he throws his spear and his *wirri* at it, exclaiming, "Why did you die?"—or "Take that for dying."

If a man is sick, his women rub excrement over their heads, which they imagine will cure him; reminding us of the ancient Jews who were accustomed to sit with ashes upon their heads in times of distress. The women, when mourning, singe off their hair with a small fire-stick; the men remove theirs with a mussel-shell; they also blacken their faces with charcoal, and scratch their nose until they fetch blood. They conceive that sickness is caused by the evil spirit of some person who had a spite against them when living; and that the sickness is inflicted by the spirit gently touching the individual with a kind of *wirri* called *millin*.

An elegant species of fly-catcher, of a black colour, which continually hovers about in search of insects, performing all manner of graceful manœuvres in the air, is regarded by them as an evil spirit, and is called *mooldtharp*, or devil. Whenever they see it, they pelt it with sticks and stones, though they are afraid to touch or destroy it. An earthquake and a whirlpool are also termed *mooldtharp* by them. They have a tradition that a very long time ago a big black fellow, whom they style Oorundoo, came down in his canoe, and commanded

the water to rise and form the river. The same Oorundoo is supposed to have made the bulrush root, and stocked the river with fish. His two wives proved untractable, and ran away from their lord; and to punish this unwarrantable behaviour on their part, Oorundoo very properly made two lakes to drown them, which correspond with the lakes Alexandrina and Albert.

They also say that after death the spirit wanders in the dark for some time, until it finds a string, when this same Oorundoo pulls it up from the earth.

The natives around Portland Bay, and at the south-eastern extremity of South Australia, burn their dead, by placing them in hollow trees in an erect position, and covering them with leaves and dry sticks, and then setting fire to the whole. During the ceremony the women make a dismal noise around the blazing tree, uttering shrieks and dismal howls that echo through the woods. Amongst the tribes of the Murray, and those to the northward and westward, the practice of consuming the dead by means of fire appears to be totally unknown.

I shall next proceed to offer a few remarks upon the Moorundi natives, who inhabit the banks of the river about 180 miles higher up than the Lower Murray tribe, towards the great north-west bend of the stream.

The natives of this locality believe in the existence

of a water spirit, which is much dreaded by them. They say it inhabits the Murray; but though they affirm that its appearance is of frequent occurrence, they have some difficulty in describing it. Its most usual form, however, is said to be that of an enormous star-fish.

When a boy arrives at the age of fourteen or sixteen years, the initiatory rites of manhood are celebrated. Two or more boys of the tribe being selected and caught by stealth, a friendly man seizes each one by the arms, and the operators commence by smearing their bodies all over with red ochre and grease. The women come up crying, lamenting, and cutting their own legs in the most dreadful manner with mussel-shells, until they bleed profusely. The boys are then led up by their relatives to a place where two spears are set up, inclined towards each other, and ornamented at the top with bunches of feathers. The boys lie down, with their heads towards the spears, and preserve silence during the whole ceremony. The *Weearoos*, or pluckers, who are persons selected from a distant tribe, come gently up and commence plucking out the hair from their bodies; at the same time, the spectators stand round carefully watching the operation. When this is finished, the friends gather green gum bushes, and place them under the arm-pits, and over the *os pubis* of the boys, who then walk away with much solemnity. The lads thus initiated, are entitled to wear two kangaroo teeth, and a bunch of emu

feathers in their hair. They are likewise allowed to possess themselves of wives, to join in the exercises of the chase, and to go to battle with the warriors of the tribe.

The scrub natives, who are called Wirramayo, and occupy the vast scrub country to the north-west of this part of the Murray, have a different method of initiating the boys into the privileges of manhood. The boy is brought by an old man to the encampment, and laid upon his back, with an opossum-skin bag put over his face, and five fires are lighted around him, each being composed of three firesticks, placed together in a triangle. The *witto* *witto* (a mysterious instrument, formed of an oval piece of wood, fastened to a string of human hair) is then whirled round, with great rapidity, over the fires, producing a loud roaring sound, which they consider has the effect of keeping away the evil spirits. With a sharp flint, the old man cuts off the foreskin, and places it on the third finger of the boy's left hand, who then gets up, and with another native, selected for the purpose, goes away into the hills, to avoid the sight of women for some time. No women are allowed to be present at this rite.

The emu and kangaroo are caught in very large nets, twenty yards long, and five feet high, which are here made of the roots of the marsh-mallow, baked and chewed, and then spun. Several natives will watch the emus as they go to drink at the lagoons, having heard the birds whistling, and set

their nets in readiness; they then drive the emus towards the nets, where other natives are lying in ambush; the birds get frightened and entangled, the natives rush upon them, and when in the net seize hold of them and kill them with spears and wirris. They catch the wallaby with nets about fifteen yards long, and two feet high: parties go out and set these nets across the paths which the animals take when they come out of the bush to feed, and women are sent round to the farther end of the thicket, where they make a loud noise, and drive the wallaby into the nets. Before they go a-hunting, they make a practice of smoking their nets, imagining it will give them better sport. In the narrow channels, connecting the back-water lagoons with the Murray, nets for ducks are hung suspended across from the trees: a native holding the lower rope on each bank; a third native, with a triangular piece of bark, imitates the whistling of the duck-hawk, and throws the bark into the air, when the ducks, under the impression that it is really their enemy, the hawk, fly rushing into the net. In this way great multitudes are taken. Poles with nets are also put up in the passages leading to the water, and when the bronze-wing and crested pigeons come at dusk to drink, the nets are let go as they fly past, and sand is thrown at the birds to prevent their escape, or to make them alter their course into the net.

Fish are caught by diving with a long wooden

spear, with which they are transfixed beneath the water: one man will dive near the roots of an old tree, where a cod (*ponkoo*) is expected to lie, making noises to frighten out the fish, which, as it darts out, is speared by a semi-circle of natives, standing all in readiness to strike it.

During night, several bark canoes will go out upon the river, one keeping the middle of the stream, and the others on either side. In the stern of each of these frail boats is a round piece of bark, and on the bark, stuck upright in a coating of mud, are several pieces of *kordkoo*, the wood of a tree producing manna, which are lighted. A native stands with his back to the light, and as the fish rise he strikes them with the *mugaroo*, or fishing spear. Large nets are also used by the Moorundi tribes for the purpose of capturing fish.

Besides the produce of the chase, and the fish with which the river abounds, these people eat turtles, carpet-snakes, the larvæ from the ant-hills, and the eggs of the lipoa, or scrub pheasant: which makes a nest in the sand thirty feet in circumference. The roots of the bulrush, and of a triangular species of grass or reed, called *poolilla*, and the fleshy leaves and fruit of the *mesembryanthemum*, or Hottentot fig, are also articles of food. Higher up the river, towards the Darling, a root called *pou* is much eaten by them, and is prepared by being bruised on large flat pieces of sandstone.

Their dances are rather different from those of the

south. The Rankpareidkee people, twenty miles beyond lake Bormey, have brought down a dance with them which is much practised by the Moorundi natives. It is performed by a number of natives ranged in a line, having their bodies gaily decorated with stripes of red ochre; the women beat time in a group together, and the dancers, who are all men, commence dancing and singing, with their arms extended, shaking their fingers in a peculiar manner, and beating violently on the ground with their left feet.

The canoe dance of the Rufus is one of the most graceful of these savage amusements; both men and women join in this dance, and are painted with white and red ochre. The performers are ranged in a double row, each one with a stick placed behind their arms, and move their legs alternately to the time of the song, according as it is fast or slow. Suddenly and simultaneously they all remove the sticks from behind their arms, and hold them up in front, and then commence swaying their bodies alternately from side to side, in the most elegant manner, imitating in all their movements the paddling of their bark canoes.

The Kuri dance is practised by the scrub natives to the northwards, and is thus described by a friend who has frequently witnessed its performance:—

“Of the many corrobberies played in the vicinity of Adelaide, when the annual meeting of the different tribes takes place, not one, in point of

uniqueness and dramatic effect, equals the Kuri dance.

“ But here, as with everything else connected with the aborigines, there seems to be a great deficiency of order and system; for the play of the Kuri with all its movements can be lengthened, shortened, or diversified according to the caprice of the players themselves; so that no general rules can be given, either respecting its *duration* or its *movements*: out of four or five times that the Kuri was performed, each differed from the other in many respects; therefore the description of one must suffice as an example for the whole.

“ But first, the *dramatis personæ* must be introduced and particularly described.—The performers were divided into five distinct classes; the greater body comprising about twenty-five young men, including five or six boys, painted and decorated as follows:—In nudity, except the *yoodna*, which is made, expressly for the occasion, with bunches of gum leaves tied round the legs just above the knee, which, as they stamped about, made a loud switching noise. In their hands they held a *katta* or *wirri*, and some a few gum leaves. The former were held at arm's length, and struck alternately with their legs as they stamped. They were painted from each shoulder down to the hips, with five or six white stripes, rising from the breast; their faces also with white perpendicular lines, making the most hideous appearance: these were the dancers.

Next came two groups of women, about five or six in number, standing on the right and left of the dancers, merely taking the part of supernumeraries; they were not painted, but had leaves in their hands, which they shook, and kept beating time with their feet during the whole performance, but never moved from the spot where they stood. Next followed two remarkable characters, painted and decorated like the dancers, but with the addition of the *palyertatta*: a singular ornament made of two pieces of stick put cross-wise, and bound together by the *mangna*, in a spreading manner; having at the extremities, feathers opened, so as to set it off to the best advantage. One had the *palyertatta* stuck sideways upon his head, while the other, in the most wizard-like manner, kept waving it to and fro before him, corresponding with the action of his head and legs. Then followed a performer, distinguished by a long spear, from the top of which a bunch of feathers hung suspended, and all down the spear the *mangna* was wound; he held the *koonteroo* (spear and feathers) with both hands behind his back, but occasionally altered the position, and waved it to the right and left over the dancers. And last came the singers—two elderly men in their usual habiliments; their musical instruments were the *katta* and *wirri*, on which they managed to beat a double note; their song was one unvaried, gabbling tone.

“The night was mild—the new moon shone with a faint light, casting a depth of shade over the earth,

which gave a sombre appearance to the surrounding scene, that highly conduced to enhance the effect of the approaching play. In the distance, a black mass could be discerned under the gum trees, whence occasionally a shout and a burst of flame arose. These were the performers dressing for the dance, and no one approached them while thus occupied.

“Two men, closely wrapped in their opossum-skins, noiselessly approached one of the *wurlies*, where the kuri was to be performed, and commenced clearing a space for the singers; this done, they went back to the singers, but soon after returned, sat down, and began a peculiar, harsh, and monotonous tune; keeping time with a *katta* and a *wirri*, by rattling them together. All the natives of the different *wurlies* flocked round the singers, and sat down in the form of a horse-shoe, two or three rows deep. By this time the dancers had moved in a compact body to within a short distance of the spectators; after standing for a few minutes in perfect silence, they answered the singers by a singular deep shout, simultaneously: twice this was done, and then the man with the *koonteroo* stepped out, his body leaning forward, and commenced with a regular stamp; the two men with the *palyertattas* followed, stamping with great regularity, the rest joining in: the regular and alternate stamp, the waving of the *palyertatta* to and fro, with the loud switching noise of the gum leaves, formed a scene highly characteristic

of the Australian natives. In this style they approached the singers, the spectators every now and then shouting forth their applause. For some time they kept stamping in a body before the singers, which had an admirable effect, and did great credit to their dancing attainments; then one by one they turned round and danced their way back to the place they first started from, and sat down. The *palyertatta* and *koonteroo* men were the last who left; and as these three singular beings stamped their way to the other dancers, they made a very odd appearance. The singing continued for a short time, and then pipes were lighted; shouts of applause ensued, and boisterous conversation followed. After resting about ten minutes, the singers commenced again; and soon after the dancers huddled together and responded to the call by the peculiar shout already mentioned, and then performed the same part over again: with this variation, that the *palyertatta* men brought up the rear, instead of leading the way. Four separate times these parts of the play were performed with the usual effect; others followed the concluding one as follows: after tramping up to the singers, the man with the *koonteroo* commenced a part which called forth unbounded applause; with his head and body inclined on one side, his spear and feathers behind his back, standing on the left leg he beat time with the right foot, twitching his body and eye, and stamping with the greatest precision; he

remained a few minutes in this position, and then suddenly turned round, stood on his right leg, and did the same over with his left foot. In the meanwhile, the two men with the mystic *palyertatta*, kept waving their instruments to and fro, corresponding with the motion of their heads and legs, and the silent trampers performed their part equally well. The *koonteroo* man now suddenly stopped, and planting his spear in the ground, stood in a stooping position behind it; two dancers stepped up, went through the same manœuvre as the preceding party with wonderful regularity, and then gave a final stamp, turned round and grasped the spear in a stooping position, and so on with all the rest until every dancer was brought to the spear, so forming a circular body. The *palyertatta* men now performed the same movement on each side of this body, accompanied with the perpetual motion of head, leg, and arm, and then went round and round, and finally gave the arrival stamp—thrust in their arm and grasped the spear; at the same time all sank on their knees and began to move away in a mass from the singers, with a sort of grunting noise, while their bodies heaved and tossed to and fro; when they had got about ten or twelve yards they ceased, and, giving one long semi-grunt or groan (after the manner of the red kangaroo, as they say), dispersed. During the whole performance, the singing went on in one continued strain, and, after the last act of the performers, the rattling accom-

paniment of the singing ceased, the strain died gradually away, and shouts and acclamations rent the air."

The Parnkalla and Nauo tribes inhabit the country around Port Lincoln and to the westward of Spencer's Gulf, beyond Coffin's Bay. During my visit to these people, I obtained some interesting and curious particulars connected with their customs and modes of life; especially through my friend Mr. Schurrmann, a Lutheran missionary, who has for some time past been endeavouring, but in vain, to instruct these wild and savage tribes: they appear less tractable than those on the Adelaide side of the gulfs.

They believe in the immateriality of the soul; yet the residence of the shades of the departed Nauos is said to be upon the islands in Spencer's Gulf; whilst the ghosts of the Parnkallas are supposed to take their departure to the islands of the westward, towards the Great Australian Bight. They have an idea, universally prevalent amongst them, that after death they change to white men; and there are several Europeans at the settlement at Boston Bay, whom they believe to contain the spirits of some of their deceased relatives, and actually call them by the names of the deceased.

Of the general origin of things they have no definite idea; and many of the wonders of creation and remarkable natural objects are accounted for by them in a way that exhibits their gross ignorance

and grovelling ideas. For instance, three stars in one of the constellations are said to have been formerly on the earth: one is the man, another his wife, and the smaller one their dog; and their employment is that of hunting opossums through the sky.

In the vicinity of Coffin's Bay, there are hills of white sand 100 feet in height, extending a long way inland. The natives have a tradition that a raging fire broke out along the west coast, and in order to quench it two of their ancestors raised these sand-hills, which effectually buried the flames beneath them.

They affirm that the Nauo tribe was once entirely cut off by a great and powerful warrior, styled "Willoo" (eagle-hawk). This formidable individual attempted to possess himself of all the women, and destroyed every man except two, who escaped by climbing into thick trees. Their names were, "Karkantya" and "Poona" (two smaller species of hawk). Willoo climbed after them, but they broke off the branch upon which he sat, and he fell to the ground; that instant a dog deprived him of his virility, when he immediately died, and was transformed into an eagle-hawk. A small lizard is supposed to be the originator of the sexes. The men distinguish it by the name of *ibirri*, the women call it *waka*: the men destroy the male lizards, and the women the females.

Should an individual happen to die without any

apparent cause, they imagine that a great bird (*mar-ralya*)—which is, in fact, a man of a hostile tribe who assumes that shape—pounces upon the sick person, squeezes together his ribs and causes him gradually to expire. A short time since a Parnkalla woman was bitten by a snake, but as no blood had issued from the wound it was not considered mortal; nevertheless, the woman died in a few hours. Her husband maintained that her death was not caused by the bite of the snake, but by the influence of an enemy of his who had assumed the form of the bird *marrakya*; and, thirsting for revenge, he sought out his enemy and speared him: this caused a desperate war between the two tribes. These people also believe in apparitions, which are termed *purkabidni*; and at night when they go to fetch water they always provide themselves with a spear, in case of meeting a spectre.

They have various ways of attempting to cure disease. The most usual is that of pressing the wounded or diseased part with the hands, and repeating certain incantations over it. To cure fever, they take water in the mouth and with it sprinkle the patient all over; and in cases of diarrhœa, the leaves of the juniper tree are heated upon the fire and used as a fomentation. For the headache and some other disorders, they bleed the patient underneath the arm, below the elbow, using for the lancet a piece of sharp quartz. They are extremely careful that no blood is wasted, and they sprinkle it over

each other, under the impression that it makes young men grow, and adds to their strength. Women are not allowed to be bled, nor to have any portion of blood sprinkled upon their bodies. The doctors or sorcerers (*mintapa*) pretend to perform cures by sucking the stomach or other parts affected; and are supposed to draw out the disease in the shape of a hard substance.

The dead of the Parnkallas and Nauos are buried, in a bent posture, in a circular pit about five feet deep: sticks are placed horizontally across the top, leaves and grass are then strewn over them; and finally, a mound of earth, like an ant-hill, is raised above the grave.

Their weapons are the throwing-stick (*midlah*), which is made of the she-oak wood, larger and more clumsily shaped than that of the Adelaide tribes, and having no knob of grass-tree-gum at the extremity; the spear, usually with a single barb; the *wadna*, for striking fish; and the *wirri*. They carry in their wallets surplus barbs, which they attach to the spears by means of kangaroo sinews bound round them. These barbs are formed of very hard wood, scraped to a sharp point with pieces of quartz. With these spears they strike fish with extraordinary dexterity; and sometimes the fish may be seen swimming about with the barbs sticking in their backs, making it appear as though the spears were dancing upon the water.

It is a singular fact that these western tribes have

no means of kindling fire. They say that it formerly came down from the north; and the women, like the vestal virgins, always preserve it carefully, carrying it about with them in fire-sticks or between pieces of bark. Should the fire happen to go out, they procure it from a neighbouring encampment.

The roots of the grass-tree in the scrub are much eaten; and burning the grass for game during summer is practised. From January to April, their principal vegetable food is the fruit of the *mesembryanthemum*. Snakes, lizards, and the grubs from the ant-hills are also eaten; these latter they winnow from the rubbish of the cells in pieces of bark about three feet long, called *uta*, and devour them in large quids wrapped up in dry grass.

For hunting kangaroo-rats in the low scrub, each man is provided with a spear, having a bunch of feathers at the top. When one of the party surprises a rat, he immediately sticks his spear into the ground, at which signal the others all rush up and surround it.

They hunt fish in shoal water, by going in companies with bushes in their hands, and contriving to get outside the fish, which they drive on to the beach by throwing them up with the bushes. At the mouths of creeks, weirs of brushwood are constructed to catch the fish left by the receding tide. They frequently go fishing during the night, each man carrying a torch, which is replenished by a bunch of inflammable wood slung across his shoul-

ders ; the light attracts the fish, which, as they rise, are struck with the *wadna* or the spear. Sea-fowl are killed at night with sticks, which they throw at them whilst the birds are asleep.

Infanticide is commonly practised immediately after birth ; girls being the most frequent victims to this horrible custom.

Families of children have numerical names bestowed upon them : The first, if a male, is called *Peri*, if a female, *Kartanya* ; the second, if male, *Wari*, if female, *Waruyau* ; the third male, *Kuni*, female, *Kunta* ; fourth male, *Muni*, female, *Munaka* ; fifth male, *Marri*, female, *Maruko* ; sixth male, *Yarri*, female, *Yarrunta* ; seventh male, *Milli*, female, *Mel-luka*.

Before the young men can be admitted into the privileges and distinctions of manhood, they are compelled to undergo three distinct stages or ceremonies of initiation. At the age of twelve or fifteen, the boys are removed to a place apart from the women, whom they are not permitted to see, and then blindfolded. The men who accompany them set up a loud shout of *herri, herri, herri !* swinging round the *witarna*, a mysterious instrument used in incantations ; and then proceed to blacken the boys' faces, enjoining them to whisper. For several months the boys remain in this first stage, with blackened faces, and continuing to whisper, until released ; when they are again permitted to speak aloud. The place where the whisperers (now called *Warrara*)

have been thus initiated, is carefully avoided by the women and children.

The second ceremony takes place two or three years afterwards, when the lads become *Partnapas*. Their hair is tied up in a net upon the top of their heads, and not allowed to be cut. While in this state they do not whisper. The *glans penis* is slit open underneath, from the extremity to the scrotum, and circumcision is also performed. They then wear a bell-shaped covering, like a fringe, made of opossum-fur, spun, and called *malbirrinye*, which is continued to the third stage. At the conclusion of the second period, the *Partnapas* are permitted to take a wife.

In the third and last ceremony the young men are styled *Wilyalkanye*, when the most important rites take place. Each individual has a sponsor chosen for him, who is laid on his back upon another man's lap, and surrounded by the operators who enjoin him to discharge his duties aright. The young men are then led away from the camp, and blindfolded; the women lamenting and crying, and pretending to object to their removal. They are taken to a retired spot, laid upon their stomachs, and entirely covered over with kangaroo-skins; the men uttering the most dismal wail imaginable, at intervals of from three to five minutes. After lying thus for some time, the lads are raised, and, whilst still blindfolded, two men throw green boughs at them, while the others stand in a semicircle around,

making a noise with their wirris and voices combined, which is so horrible that the wild-dogs swell the hideous chorus with their howlings. Suddenly one of the party drops a bough, others follow; and a platform of boughs is made, on which the lads are laid out. The sponsors then turn to and sharpen their pieces of quartz, choosing a new name for each lad, which is retained by him during life. These names all end either in *alta*, *ilti*, or *ulta*. Previous to this they have borne the names of their birth-places; which is always the case amongst the women, who never change them afterwards. The sponsors now open the veins of their own arms, and raising the lads, open their mouths, and make them swallow the first quantity of blood. The lads are then placed on their hands and knees, and the blood caused to run over their backs, so as to form one coagulated mass; and when this is sufficiently cohesive, one man marks the places for the tattooing, by removing the blood with his thumb-nail. The sponsor now commences with his quartz, forming a deep incision in the nape of the neck, and then cutting broad gashes from the shoulder to the hip down each side, about an inch apart. These gashes are pulled open by the fingers as far as possible; the men all the while repeating very rapidly, in a low voice, the following incantation:—

“ Kanya, marra, marra,
Kauo, marra, marra,
Pilbirri, marra, marra.”

When the cutting is over, two men take the *witarnas*, and swing them rapidly round their heads, advancing all the time towards the young men. The whole body of operators now draw round them, singing and beating their wirris; and, as they reach the lads, each man puts the string of the *witarna* over the neck of every lad in succession. A bunch of green leaves is tied round the waist, above which is a girdle of human hair; a tight string is fastened round each arm, just above the elbow, with another about the neck, which descends down the back and is fixed to the girdle of hair; and their faces and the upper part of their bodies, as far as the waist, are blackened with charcoal. The ceremony concludes by the men all clustering round the initiated ones, enjoining them again to whisper for some months, and bestowing upon them their advice as regards hunting, fighting, and contempt of pain.

All these ceremonies are carefully kept from the sight of the women and children; who, when they hear the sound of the *witarna*, hide their heads, and exhibit every outward sign of terror.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTES OF AN EXPLORING JOURNEY ALONG THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, IN COMPANY WITH HIS EXCELLENCY, CAPTAIN GREY.

The Coorong—Lacepede Bay—The Desert—Rivoli Bay—The New Country—Mount Shanck and Mount Gambier, with their Volcanic Lakes.

April 10th, 1844.—His Excellency's party consisted of Mr. Burr, the deputy surveyor-general, Mr. Bonney, the overland traveller, Mr. Gisborne, and myself; five of the mounted police force, two men belonging to the detachment of sappers and miners, with servants and bullock-drivers, made us about eighteen in number. A couple of drays and a light two-horse cart conveyed provisions for two months, with tents, bedding, instruments, and other articles necessary for a journey through the wilds. The drays proceeded in advance of us to the Bremer, where our place of rendezvous was appointed, and whence we were to start together for the Murray.

The 10th of April was a sultry day; the ranges to the eastward of Adelaide were to be crossed; and it was not till late in the afternoon that we mounted our horses, at Mr. Burr's residence at Greenhill Creek, and proceeded on our way up those steep and romantic hills that I have described in a former chapter. Burr, Bonney, Gisborne, and myself, all in "bush" costume, with tether-ropes and pannikins slung to our saddles, jogged on through the winding paths and beneath the rich shadows of the stringy-bark forests, till long after the last rays of the setting sun had flashed up from beyond the blue waters of the gulf, that lay bathed in red and purple glory to the westward. From these mountains, it is a sight inconceivably grand to watch the day and the sunshine ebbing away over that gulf. The cicada had ceased to chirp, and the merry voices and ringing laughter of my agreeable companions broke the intense stillness of the forests at eventide. We reached one of those peaceful and secluded glens, where a clearing amongst the trees bespoke the hand of industry to have been at work, just as the last declining rays of the sun were struggling with the twilight of the forest. Several wooden cottages were scattered about; the splitters had left their work, and were eating their supper upon the fallen logs; a crystal stream of very sweet water murmured along the valley, shut out from the sight by tea-tree and mimosa bushes; and the aromatic fragrance of the cool evening breeze was peculiarly

refreshing, after the heat of the plains at mid-day. Yet in this tranquil spot there were signs reminding us of mortality and decay: death, with his swift and silent steps, had visited this Australian valley; and two picturesque graves, railed in with a wooden fence, occupying nearly the centre of the open space, remained to remind the traveller that no seclusion, however remote, can escape this visitation.

The night was dark, sudden gusts of wind amongst the stringy-bark trees raised whirlwinds of leaves and dust, and the crash of fallen boughs re-echoed through the woods. On our reaching Mount Barker, we found the settlers busy beating out a fire that was running furiously along the dry stubble of a corn-field, and had threatened to extend to the fences and buildings of a neighbouring farm. The effect of the fires glaring through the trees in the distance, and the dark figures seen in strong relief against the vivid light, beating down the flames with boughs, produced a strange wild scene, viewed in conjunction with the storm and the darkness of the night.

That genuine hospitality, so characteristic of the "bush" of South Australia, was not wanting amongst the settlers at Mount Barker. We passed the night with our respective friends, who gave us good cheer and a hearty welcome, and in the morning we all met at M'Farlane's station. The Mount Barker district is rich and beautiful, the soil very fine, and

the climate cool, and adapted for all kinds of English fruits ; many of which do not thrive in perfection on the plains, on account of the heat. The apples of Mount Barker are equal to any in Europe.

The site for the new township is selected on a fine undulating open spot, near the banks of the Bremer, scattered here and there with blackwood trees, and possessing a rich dark soil. Mount Barker itself is an imposing feature in the landscape : its summit rises 1681 feet above the plains, and is broken into two abrupt conical peaks. Undulating hills, thinly wooded, extend northwards towards Mount Crawford and the Barossa ranges ; while to the eastward the level line of the scrub, showing an horizon like the sea—Lake Alexandrina and the dimly distant hills just visible towards the interior, with here and there a column of smoke, denoting the course of the Murray through the scrub—presents a remarkable and extensive prospect, sublime in its vast expanse, when viewed from this elevated position.

We fell in with the bullock-drays close to Harriott's sheep-station, on the Bremer, where we encamped for the night. It was a bleak-looking place: all the grass had been eaten up by the sheep. There were two large pools of water, and on the margin of one of them stood a shepherd's hut. The unexpected arrival of so numerous a party had quite taken this miserable hut by storm ; and although half the roof was off, and one of the two apartments had no covering but the heavens, it now

formed a very acceptable shelter for a motley group of policemen, bullock-drivers, shepherds, bushmen, and others, who were gathered round the log-fire, beguiling the hours of night with "bush" talk and tales. Though half the roof was wanting, the party looked extremely snug by the blazing and cheerful fire-light. Across the hut there stretched a beam, or rather the trunk of a she-oak tree; and a sheep, just skinned and slung across it, formed a depending centre-piece. Bags, sacks, and bundles, resorted to by those who desired repose, were huddled together in a corner; a tin lamp, fed with mutton-fat, stood upon a block that served as a table; and a few chests formed enviable seats round the fire. In the thatch of reeds overhead, there were a variety of characteristic trophies; such as black cockatoos' feathers, wild-dogs' brushes, emu eggs and plumes, with here and there a native spear or a throwing-stick. The fleas were extremely active, as the re-inhabitation of the hut had only been effected a week previous to the arrival of our party. A gipsy-crock was boiling over the fire, containing salt meat; a large "damper"* was just in the act of being removed from the ashes; and tin pannikins circulated freely, filled with the harmless beverage of "tea-kettle tea." One man was "gone to bed" upon the sacks, and the others were grouped in every possible attitude around the fire. The fol-

* "Damper" is a colonial term for a large flat cake or loaf, made of flour and water, without yeast, and baked in the hot embers.

lowing is a snatch of their conversation as I entered the hut :—

Old Bullock-Driver.—Was it a blue-sided bullock, with white belly and a'top, and very cock horns,—her horns cock right up like that ?

Other Bullock-Driver.—No; her's a blue-sided one, and poley,—a regular beauty ; she'd weigh a thousand weight every pound of her.

Then followed more talk about drays and splitters, and some marvellously strange tales of shooting bushrangers, and making them spin round with bullets in their heads. It was not till a late hour that all the occupants of the shepherd's hut had wrapped themselves in their blankets, or opossum-skin rugs, to mingle the tales of the log-fire with the dreams of the night.

The next evening we reached the low flat shores of Lake Alexandrina, after travelling over the she-oak country beyond the Bremer, and encamped near Mr. Todd's sheep-station. It was a lovely afternoon ; the lake appeared intensely blue beneath a cloudless sky, the reeds had assumed the yellow garb of autumn, and thousands of birds—pelicans, black swans, and ducks—were scattered over the smooth bosom of the water. Here we found several natives, and, what is unusual, a cripple : a man with withered legs, walking on all-fours, propelling himself along the ground by means of his arms, so as to resemble a beast at some distance.

A case had recently occurred in which some of

the Tattayarra tribes had come down to the lake and taken away several black children for the purpose of devouring them. It is not uncommon for the natives of this district to take out the fat from the kidneys of an individual of another tribe whilst he is living, should he happen to come amongst them ! If they can catch him asleep, they generally avail themselves of the opportunity, and turning him over, cut out his fat ; and the unfortunate victim lingers from two to eight days after this inhuman treatment. The fat thus procured they regard as a charm : they say it has the power of preserving them from spirits ; and when their bodies are anointed with it they imagine they can fight more courageously.

The smallpox entirely depopulated this district, before the whites came to settle on the shores of South Australia. The natives tell us that a long time ago it came down the Murray, spreading its ravages from tribe to tribe : whole tribes were cut off by its destructive effects. Since that period, however, no contagious diseases have been known to exist within the province.

After dark a little animal was in motion about our tents, somewhat resembling a rabbit, with large sharp ears ; snares were set in hopes of taking it, but unfortunately they did not prove successful.

April 13th.—Last night all the horses had been tethered among the reeds, but at sunrise Mr. Burr and myself found, to our dismay, that our horses had

vanished. We prepared to go after them on foot to Mount Barker, thinking they had probably taken that direction ; and with their tether ropes dragging after them, if they crossed the scrub, the chance was that they would be hung amongst the bushes. We had already succeeded in getting upon their track, when the good news arrived that they had been caught by Rowe (who was out after the bullocks), at a distance of four miles from the camp, trotting away in the direction of Strathalbyn. Our line of march was straight for Mason's hut, on the Murray, where the police were ordered to join the party, and an additional supply of flour to be placed in the drays. We passed over a flat country with poor soil, covered in many places with salsolaceous plants and everlastings ; dry salt-lagoons, surrounded with the salt water tea-tree, adding to the dreariness of the scene : the only signs of life were the black fly-catchers snapping at the insects that buzzed about the tea-tree blossoms, with here and there a swamp parrot suddenly rising from the grass, uttering its short and rapid note of alarm.

Beneath a she-oak tree, human bones lay scattered about, whitening in the sun and wind, and the low sepulchral croaking of a raven causing us to look up into the branches, we saw a dead body resting on a rude platform of boughs. It was an exceedingly desolate place : no one was there, and we had not seen a native during the day ; a storm was coming on across the lake—the wind murmured over

the reeds, and its melancholy sighing through the branches of the she-oak tree caused an unceasing and almost fearful sound, that one might imagine to be the distant wail of spirits.

On our arrival at the Murray, we found a busy scene at Mason's hut: the drays were already there, and the place was full of people. We made an excellent supper off curried bream, that had been taken in the river during the day; but owing to the high wind, the dust from the dry reeds of the roof came down upon our mess like pepper. Large naked blacks crowded round the door of the hut; some of them were tall muscular figures, and one man, called Moriamalde (wombat), displayed a remarkably fine intelligent head, that would have puzzled phrenologists, had it been sent them as a type of the skulls of the New Holland savages.

We pitched one of the tents on an open grassy patch on the margin of the river, and all the men slept in Mason's hut or beneath the drays. The night was still; the wind, as usual, falling after the sun went down. Our arrival had attracted a number of natives, who lingered until it was quite dark, in hopes of obtaining more food; and it was a curious sight to see the women depart over the hills to their encampments, whirling fire-sticks about to keep off the evil spirits.

April 14th.—Heavy rain fell before sunrise; it was a cold damp morning, and the waters of the Murray rose so rapidly that we were compelled to

beat our retreat from the tent in a state of undress: Gisborne's bridle and sundry other articles disappearing in the flood. On regaining the high ground we were surrounded by a group of cold shivering natives, all earnestly imploring us to give them flour, as the disturbed state of the water prevented their obtaining any fish. The rain continued to pour, and we had a miserable breakfast of heavy damper and salt beef. In this drenched state we pushed forwards to the crossing place at Wirrum, encountering repeated hailstorms and a severe gale of wind from W.N.W. When we arrived there, we found the whole of the low ground on the banks flooded, and owing to the wind the boat which had been despatched from Wellington, manned by natives, was not yet arrived. We found Mason sitting down contentedly over his little fire, beneath the shelter of some juniper-bushes, in so philosophical a state, that it was not long before all the surrounding juniper-bushes had philosophers and little fires beneath their lee. The wind now freshened to a strong gale from the south-west. An old raft, though in a very ruinous condition, was considered the best means for crossing the drays, so their wheels being taken off and their contents deposited upon the raft, we took off our shoes and stockings, and waded, with long sticks in our hands, like pilgrims, through the mud and water, until we reached the raft. The blacks were very useful in helping us to cross; these naked fellows running along through the flood with bundles

on their heads, and swimming like fishes round the raft. It was a droll sight to observe some of our party now and then slipping on the mud, or sinking up to their middles in a deep hole, yet still holding up their bedding, which was anything but dry. It was so rough in the centre of the stream, that the raft was nearly swamped by the breakers, and many of the packages were saturated with water: the waves tossing like the sea, and the hail pelting down with extreme violence.

It not being safe for the horses and bullocks to swim the river during the gale, they were all left on the other side until the next day; when we expected the weather to moderate. There was a hut close to the landing-place, but it was already filled to overflowing by an overland party just arrived, consisting of six men, two women, and two children, who had been ten weeks from Port Philip and were emigrating to Adelaide. They had horses and a couple of covered carts, which formed houses and beds at night for the women and children. Our tent was erected near the water beneath the shelter of the bank, but the wind got into it, and we could not keep it closed; several times, indeed, we expected it to go up like a balloon, and we had a hard matter to retain the tent about us, as there were some awful squalls. Mr. Burr had sewn his blankets and opossum-rug together like a bag, into which comfortable case he contrived to introduce himself, and was snug for the night.

The waters of the Murray still continued to rise very fast, and about midnight they reached that side of the tent on which I lay. Retreat became inevitable, and, carrying my blankets with me, I sought refuge at the hut, about one hundred yards distant. Before I had proceeded half way, the dogs belonging to the overlanders beset me in a furious body; but after knocking for some time at various parts of the hut in vain search for the door, I gained admittance at last. By the light of a blazing fire of pine wood, I could just discern the walls through a strong pitchy smoke; they appeared to be lined with hammocks and drowsy people, and the floor was covered with a row of policemen half asleep, with red nightcaps on. Although bits of clay came pelting down with the rain through the orifices of the roof, and the heat of the fire encouraged a numerous army of fleas, this retreat was preferable to the uncertain state of things in the cold and flooded tent.

April 15th.—The morning was more moderate. The refuse of the flood had left a ridge of sticks and dead reeds, like a high-water mark, exactly twenty inches from the toes of my amphibious friend in the opossum-skin bag, and the two women, who had slept in their covered cart, narrowly escaped being blown into the reeds.

To-day we commenced swimming the horses across the Murray, though the landing-places were still flooded, and the wind was blowing fresh, with squalls of rain. They had all crossed in safety, ex-

cepting mine and another, when I suddenly noticed that my horse had become entangled in some way at about a dozen yards from the shore: his hind right foot was firmly wedged in a deep groove in the limestone rock below the water, where it had slipped down, and the hoof twisting round, it was impossible for the animal to extricate itself. The depth of the water was about five feet, and it suddenly increased to twenty or thirty just beyond the rocks. There was not a crowbar within thirty miles, and a number of natives, after trying every possible means for releasing the poor creature, with hammers, stones, and the handle of a frying-pan, attempted to heave him up by main force with a log underneath his belly; and one of the policemen and myself went into the water up to our necks, and remained at work with hammers, until we were cramped with the extreme cold. The natives ran back to their fires, saying, "no care if big sheepy die:" their love of self-comfort being far stronger than their pity for the situation of the suffering animal. At last, after five hours of unsuccessful attempts, Jimmy, a black boy who had accompanied the Governor from Rapid Bay on a former journey, asked for the hammer and jumped into the water, saying, "I get him out." The rest laughed at him; but surely enough Jimmy had not been working away under water for more than five minutes, before, to our surprise, we beheld the horse swim away out towards the stream, and Jimmy swimming after him,

shouting with triumph. Unfortunately the poor horse had broken his leg, and the lower joint was so crushed, that although every care was taken of it, and my blankets were turned into horse cloths for the occasion, mortification ensued, and the poor beast died three days afterwards: whilst yet alive, the ravens picked out its eyes, and the body was no sooner buried in the sand than the wild dogs tore it up and left nothing but the skeleton. I much regretted losing so fine and valuable an animal, especially at the commencement of our journey; however, I purchased another horse from the overlanders, which proved equally serviceable.

April 16th.—We started for the Coorong. The Murray lily and the *calostemma* were in full blossom: the latter flower in some places completely studding the plains with its bunches of small purple bells. We camped near the junction of the Murray with the lake, amongst a number of the Lower Murray blacks, who brought us mullet and crayfish. Some of the girls had their cheeks painted bright red with *karkoo*, and one skinny little fellow, having an air of extreme gentility, wore a bunch of the head bones of a mucilaginous fish in his hair as an ornament.

April 17th.—We had an awful night. The rain poured down in torrents, and our tent was blown about our heads, so we were compelled to get our breakfast in the best manner we were able. Burr gave one old native man a lump of fat, which he spat out at us; and after this we could eat nothing more.

The girls paid us a visit, asking for "piccaninny damper," but they had lost their red cheeks owing to the rain.

On the 18th we reached Bonney's water-holes, near Lake Albert. Three overlanders had just arrived from Sydney, after a four months' journey. They had brought with them about fifty horses from the other side, and had taken a new route, by the way of Mount Arapiles, in order to find better pasture and a more abundant supply of water. For some time they had well nigh perished from hunger, and were glad to eat wild-dog, or any other carrion they could obtain. As they rode past our tent, their appearance was truly comical; especially the grotesque look of one "en militaire," with a long rusty sword at his side, and a Spanish cloak carelessly flung round his shoulders, a beard of four months' growth, and his ten toes looking out of a pair of patched articles that once were boots. The "faded red" of the cloak, and the formidable grizzly beards and savage aspect of our friends amused us; but when we went across to the spot where they had made their fires for the night, our attention was further arrested by the remainder of their party, who had manufactured divers strange and uncouth garments of the skins of the animals they had killed: they appeared like so many Crusoes, in their bivouac amongst the bushes.

This evening we had music; but it was the roaring of the sea against the sand-hills of the Coorong,

and the tinkling bells of the sheep belonging to the Company's station.

From Bonney's water-holes a number of sheep were driven forward with the drays, to afford a supply of mutton for the party; and at night they were secured close to the tents, in a temporary stock-yard made of bushes, to preserve them from the attacks of the natives, and (more especially) the wild-dogs. On the lagoons, Stewart brought down some Cape Barren geese with his rifle, and the dogs killed one of the new kangaroos (*Halmaturus Greyii*) in the scrub, between Lake Albert and the Coorong.

Mr. Bonney, who had left us at the Murray to ride across the peninsula, now rejoined the party, and enlivened our way by a recital of his adventures. He had slept one night by his little fire in the bush, not a hundred yards from an encampment of the Lake Albert tribe, without their discovering him; and the next day he dined with them upon roast wombat, which he describes as like young pork, and very palatable. They dug out the animal from his burrow, by making a shaft about ten feet deep, and then cooked him whole between hot stones in the sand.

We halted at the Coorong until the evening of the 19th, awaiting the arrival of his Excellency the Governor, who reached the camp about sunset, attended by an armed and mounted orderly.

From this point, barren limestone hills, covered with low scrub and stunted vegetation, extend to the

east and south-east for a distance of at least seventy miles. In all this district there is not a blade of grass nor a drop of water during the dry season. To avoid so dreary a region, which is appropriately termed the "great desert," the party followed down the inner shores of the Coorong; where, by digging in the sand, water was always obtained, and the grassy flats bordering upon the scrub afforded pasture for the horses and bullocks at night.

The night was exceedingly tempestuous, but our tents were well sheltered in a hollow, and completely surrounded by juniper-trees; though, on the top of the bleak sand-hills overlooking the Coorong, the wind was so violent that we could not stand. It was a dismal scene: the water was very rough, and the shrieking of countless sea-fowl mingled with the hollow roar of the ocean beyond the mountains of sand that shut it out from view; the evening-sky looked black and dim, and the spray drifted like mist in the wind. Though we could not see the ocean, we heard its billows dash with the sound of thunder against that lonely shore.

We were now amongst the Milnendura tribe. The natives were very shy at first, seeing the armed policemen; and they no doubt expected that our object was to search out more of the murderers of the *Maria's* crew. None of the older men could be persuaded to approach the tents, but about twenty young men and boys came up to us, and lighted their fires close to our encampment. Their hair was

mostly in curls, and had it not been for the grease and ochre with which they had bedaubed their heads, many of them would have displayed beautiful hair. We obtained specimens of it, and they insisted upon having locks of ours in return, which they carefully stowed away in their rugs. Amongst this native group I met with several excellent subjects for the pencil: nothing could exceed the patience of my sitters, who felt amply rewarded by a slice of damper, and began to scream and dance with astonishment when they saw their own portraits in my sketch-book. They roasted us some fish at their fires, using two slender sticks as tongs for lifting the lighted embers, which they laid over the fish. Along the margin of the water innumerable remains of fires occur in the samphire and dry weeds, where the natives have cooked a small species of spotted dog-crab, which is very plentiful in the Coorong; vast heaps of the crab shells, together with those of a *donax*, were scattered in every direction.

April 20th.—This day's route lay along the shores of the Coorong. From the limestone hills of the scrub, into which we occasionally made a detour, the scenery that presented itself was singular and often very picturesque: little bays and miniature harbours were formed by the waters of the Coorong, into which jutted out headlands and peninsulas, often crowned with rocky eminences, or descending in limestone cliffs abruptly to the water. Beneath, on the circling silvery sand that lined these smooth

little bays, red-legged gulls, plovers and sandpipers were for ever busy in search of marine insects, or paddling in the gentle ripple of the mimic waves, in undisturbed enjoyment; numerous limestone rocks and small islands, the resort of pelicans and shags, were scattered here and there over the blue surface, and when the sun shone upon them in the evening, and threw a rosy tinge over the opposite sand-hills, it seemed a fairy scene of birds and solitude. Further on, many of these islands are sprinkled with she-oak trees, and look extremely picturesque; but the cheerless hills of the desert, covered with inhospitable scrub, tell of a dreary region, as they rise away towards the blue distance, where the eye sees nothing but one vast rocky wilderness.

Passing through a scrubby flat of salsolaceous bushes, we surprised a very infirm native man who was accompanied by a girl about ten years old: too aged and enfeebled to run away from us as the other natives had done, he in vain attempted to screen himself from observation beneath the low bushes, for the smoke of his fire-stick betrayed his situation; and finding it impossible to escape, he commenced vociferating most loudly, shaking his head and crying out, "Me very good—me old man." It was a melancholy sight to see an aged and dying savage, with skeleton limbs so feeble that they had almost ceased to support his tottering frame, trembling before the sudden appearance of the white man, and pleading his age and harmlessness. Forsaken by

all but the child, whose only anxiety was the safety of her aged relative, he had sat down in the scrub to die ; and yet, at the appearance of a momentary danger, all the love of life returned, and he clung to existence with more apparent eagerness than the girl, who kept close to his side, and, like "little Nell," forgot her own fears in those for the safety of her grandfather. By kind treatment and a supply of food, we won the confidence of this solitary couple, who dismissed all their fears, and were persuaded to accompany us on the drays for a few miles to the next water-holes. The girl carried a human skull in her hand : it was her mother's skull, and from it she drank her daily draught of water !

Amongst the belt of she-oak trees bordering on the scrub, we put up two fine emus, and pursued them for a couple of miles, when they took to the thickets and we lost them. Hunting these large birds is admirable sport, especially when the nature of the ground affords a good run, and the birds keep the open country. We killed another bush kangaroo, which provided us with a savoury meal ; and shortly before sunset we reached some water-holes on the Coorong, called M'Grath's wells, where we encamped for the night. It was a lovely evening after the rains, and the spot where our tents were pitched was a green and flowery lawn, backed by groves of casuarina and banksia. Hundreds of black swans were swimming on the surface of the Coorong, that here looked like a very broad river,

glittering in the calm sunshine of evening. Yet this sweet place had been the scene of a massacre. M'Grath, with two other Europeans, had left Lake Albert in company with four of the lake natives, who had agreed to carry their provisions and other articles for a certain remuneration. They were on foot, and their intention was to proceed to Portland Bay. At these wells they rested for the night, and lay down to sleep, weary with the day's toil. In the grey of the morning the treacherous natives stole upon the Europeans, and, for the sake of obtaining the flour, beat out M'Grath's brains with their waddies, and decamped with their ill-gotten booty. The two other travellers fortunately escaped, and returned to the settled districts to tell the tale of the murder of their companion.* The body had been buried in the sand by the natives inhabiting the place; but the wild-dogs had scraped away the sand and feasted on the flesh. Little Lanyerri, a Milmendura boy, took me by the hand, and led me to the spot where the bones of the ill-fated M'Grath were lying scattered about beneath a clump of she-oak trees, not 100 yards from the tent. The moon was very bright, and I could see that a beautiful ice-plant, studded with blossoms, was creeping over the grave.

* Wira Maldira, the principal murderer, eluded the active search of the police, and even of the native tribes, by taking to the reeds of Lake Albert; but after living in perpetual fear and alarm for three years he was at last captured, and was tried, condemned, and executed, at Adelaide, in June 1845.

The boy looked up mournfully into my face and shook his head, and by signs made me understand that he was an eye-witness to the whole tragedy. We gathered up the bones and covered them over with the sand ; but the child kept close to my side, for he was afraid of the *mooldtharp* or evil spirit by that lonely grave at night.

April 21st.—We made an early start ; the morning was balmy, and the red east betokened a day of finer weather than we had lately enjoyed. One of the bullocks had lamed itself at the wells ; and as it became necessary to leave it behind, we entrusted it to the care of the natives, who were promised a reward of flour on the return of the party, should the animal be found with them.

To-day I struck off to the right, accompanied by Mason, to visit that part of the Coorong called "The Narrows," where the water is less than half a mile in breadth : two promontories jutting out towards each other from the opposite sides. From the extremity of one of these high promontories an extensive view of the Coorong, with its numerous islands and its indented shores, is obtained. Myriads of ducks, swans, pelicans, and every variety of sea-fowl, darkened the water beneath us ; and, whilst sketching this island-studded scene, we were surrounded by innumerable flies, of a brown colour, which proved very annoying. Humming-bees wandered over the odoriferous plants in the scrub, and bustards, ground-parroquets, bronze-winged pigeons,

robins, and a variety of birds of brilliant plumage, constantly appeared, as we re-crossed the country towards the appointed camping-place for the night. We waded our horses half-way across the Coorong; but a strong tide and a deep channel flowing in the centre of the stream, between "the narrows," stopped our further progress. The bed of the Coorong is here a soft white clay, and many lagoons of salt water, which occur along its margin, are connected with it at high tide, and are surrounded by tea-trees, which impart a gloomy character to the scenery. The limestone reefs which run out into the water are so fretted away by the action of the sea-air, that they resemble castles and ruins covered with rich tracery. The entire country, from the water's edge, is covered with surface limestone, in small rugged pieces, amongst which grow the dwarf *eucalyptus* and the *xantharæa*. The natives here construct elevated seats or platforms in bushy she-oak trees, for the purpose of watching and spearing the emu and kangaroo as they pass towards the water to drink.

We had been informed by the overlanders at Bonney's water-holes that two bushrangers were following their tracks to this colony, and had made several proposals to join their party, which were rejected. These bushrangers were described as being the two men who tied a shepherd to a tree near Port-Philip, and shot him, whilst they ransacked

the station, and possessed themselves of the fowling-pieces and powder.

This evening, on arriving at the brow of one of the desert hills, we suddenly descried a suspicious-looking cavalcade, which was immediately pronounced to be the expected bushrangers, for whom the police had kept a sharp look-out since leaving Lake Albert; but there were now four men instead of two, with five led horses, having packs on their backs, and only one saddle between them. They were certainly cut-throat-looking fellows, and everything about them had an air of suspicion; especially their refusal to be searched by the police, and the unsatisfactory account they gave of themselves. Two of the four individuals wore smock-frocks, and had hook-noses; one carried a formidable pair of horse-pistols in his belt; and the fourth, a huge grizzly fellow, who clenched his teeth more than once at us, looked as though he could, without any scruples of conscience, have tied all the party to trees, and shot them in succession. On being searched they poured forth volleys of abuse; but the sergeant-major very coolly took their arms from them, and they found it most politic to obey orders. As there were no witnesses to identify them, and they had nothing about their persons which could authorize their being secured, they were permitted to pass on. But careful notes of their appearance were taken, to forward to the Murray, so that should they venture into the

settled districts of the colony they might be traced and taken. The murder of the shepherd having occurred within the limits of New South Wales, it was beyond the cognizance of the South Australian police, until information of a more exact nature could be received from the Port-Philip authorities, communicating the details of the case.

It was a dewy night, and so calm and still, that we burnt our candles outside the tent, and supped round a bright fire of she-oak logs, made by Black Jimmy; but the wild-dogs howled so dreadfully during the night, coming in packs close to our tents, and *rushing* the sheep, that we could obtain very little repose.

April 22.—This day's journey brought us to the Salt Creek; a river of salt water flowing out of the Coorong, and running through the desert to the eastward. Open green flats, skirted with she-oaks and a few gum-trees, occur along its margin, and tolerable feed for the cattle was found about our camping-place. Luxuriant tea-trees embower this sluggish stream, the vile waters of which are covered with a green scum. About a quarter of a mile up the creek we found a well of clear fresh water, beneath a projecting ledge of rock: it was surrounded by moss and flowers; and the recent foot-prints of the emu and kangaroo, showed that these creatures of the wilderness had been slaking their thirst there during the heat of the afternoon. We called it "Bonney's Well."

Conglomerate masses of recent shells, cemented together by lime, with a small portion of sand, occurred for some way along the bed or ravine of the Salt Creek; and in other places *recent shells* lay in immense numbers upon the plains that we crossed, at a distance of three or four miles from the water. These shells retain their colour and enamel, and exactly correspond with those on the sea-beach. It appears probable that the sea has greatly receded from this part of the coast, and that the formation of the Coorong has arisen from the sand gradually thrown up upon a reef which extended along the shore, causing a back-water. The inner beach of the Coorong would thus appear to have originally been the boundary of the waves; which seems extremely likely, as its steep headlands, rocky projections, and little bays, look as though they had been formed by the lashings of a mighty ocean.

In the hollow valleys bordering upon the scrub we frequently put up kangaroos. These timid creatures, which we disturbed whilst they were feeding, immediately took to the desert; and many a famous chase we had after them, over gum bushes and the rough surface of the loose limestone rocks. It is an extraordinary sight to see so large an animal clearing the bushes, and springing high into the air, with such astonishing agility. To-day we put up a "boomer" and a couple of does: we took after the former, the dogs following close upon his track. Down-hill our horses were the losers, the kangaroo

gaining on us rapidly by his enormous flying-leaps; but at two miles the dogs closed with him, and we came up as he stood at bay. He was a noble creature, and fought desperately with his fore-paws; a single kick with his hind-feet would have laid any one of the dogs dead. It was a cruel sight to see the poor beast struggling hard for life beneath the bright sky, in his own free deserts; his large and eloquent eyes filled with tears, and his head and shoulders covered with blood.



[Kangaroo at bay.]

On the opposite side of the Salt Creek, we were surprised at seeing a covered cart, precisely similar to the one we had met at the Murray belonging to

the overland party of "Woods;" presently we heard voices and saw smoke, with a kettle boiling upon the fire. Our astonishment increased when two women, with little caps on their heads, emerged from the bushes, one leading a horse, the other carrying a double-barrelled gun; and we were still more amused when we learned that this party with the covered cart consisted of precisely the same number of individuals and horses as the former, and also answered to the general name of "Wood." Inquiries were put to them about the supposed bushrangers, which confirmed the suspicions hitherto entertained regarding them.

23rd.—Discovered a remarkable lagoon: the entire surface of its shallow bed and the surrounding sand were of a beautiful pink colour, caused by gelatinous and apparently vegetable matter, of a bright rose tint, which covered the whole extent as with a film. The singularity of the effect was further heightened by a border of red samphire encircling the shores of the lake.

Numerous salt lagoons were passed during the day; from many of which the water had evaporated, leaving a crust of salt and pipe-clay of dazzling whiteness. This crust is so hard that the horses' hoofs ring upon it as though they were crossing a surface of metal, yet it suddenly gives way in places, revealing a bed of soft and unctuous clay beneath. Further on we found a well of stinking water, but as it was the best we could meet with, the kegs were

filled and taken on in the drays. A signal-staff was erected and a trench dug to mark the position of this well.

For some miles we travelled along the firm sandy beach of the Coorong, which is here not more than a mile in breadth. Finding the water shallow all the way, several of our party waded the horses across, and reached the sand-hills of the other side, which we had contemplated for the last seventy miles as unapproachable; though we frequently longed to stand upon their summits and behold the great Southern Ocean, whose boundless waves they shut out from view. The scene that we thus entered upon was wild and desolate in the extreme: a region of the most dreary and melancholy aspect lay before us, where the white man's foot had never before trod, and pervaded by a profound stillness, scarcely disturbed by the low moaning of the ocean. Some of these sand-hills or dunes are of immense height, presenting the appearance of barren mountains; and in one place a vast chasm, resembling an extinct crater, rent these sandy heights, surrounded by masses of sandstone and projecting rocks. In every direction were seen hollow tubes of sand, cemented by moisture and lime, forming an arenaceous limestone, rising perpendicularly, and varying in height from two to twelve inches; appearing as though they had originally been formed by a gathering of sand and lime around sticks, which having decayed had left the hollow tubes.

We met with several cinders or scorix, like the dross from smelting-houses, lying about on the sand; probably produced by the vitrification of the sand by native fires.

After toiling for nearly a mile over these sandy mountains, the roar of the surf grew nearer and more distinct; and as we gained the summit of the final ridge, the first sight of the ocean burst upon our view. It was a grand and solemn scene: a dull haze shut out the horizon, and the utter and almost awful solitude was unbroken by any living thing. There were no white sails glittering over the waves; no proud ships bearing their precious freight of life across the tumultuous bosom of the deep; all was one vast blank—a sublime and terrible wilderness of nature. The roar of that ocean had responded to the winds of heaven unheard by human ear; and no eye, perchance, but that of its great Creator had looked upon this scene of desolation.

24th.—Leaving the drays to pursue their course south-east, we struck out to the east and north-east, across the desert ranges, to examine the country in that direction. Passing through a barren and dreary region of scrub, rendered more cheerless by the dark clouds that were gathering all round the horizon, after about seven miles we ascended a limestone ridge, from the summit of which we descried extensive swamps to the eastward. Further on we crossed several of these swamps, which consisted of loose, black, rotten, vegetable matter and

sand : they are occasionally flooded during the rainy season, and at the time of our visit were covered very thickly with the dead shells of a reverse *bullimus*. We regained the shores of the Coorong, which here terminates in a series of salt-lagoons, after passing successive swamps intersected by belts of grassy soil and low hills, scattered over with *casuarina* and a variety of smaller shrubs. Wombat holes were very numerous, and traces of these animals occurred in every direction. Emus were also abundant in the neighbourhood of the swamps.

April 25th.—Rode along the shore in search of Cape Bernouilli. We found only a single granite rock rising abruptly out of the sand, but which, at a distance, has probably been mistaken for a cape by the French navigators : not the slightest projection was discernible along this sandy coast until we arrived at Lacepede Bay.

This granite ridge crops up in several places above the ground in the shape of huge fungus-like rocks, forming clusters, which occur at intervals, and run in a north-eastern direction. No other granite is to be found anywhere along the coast, the whole formation being of an exceedingly recent character. There can be no doubt that it has been gradually reclaimed from the ocean, by little and little, for successive ages. We encamped amidst sand-hills, scattered with shrubberies of *casuarina* and flowering bushes, and carpeted with emerald grass, forming fairy dells and miniature scenery as picturesque as

it was curious. We dug a well in a sandy loam, and obtained a soft mineral water at about four feet from the surface. No native wells were observable, nor had we met with any traces of inhabitants for several successive days along these dreary shores.

April 26th.—We kept near the coast until we reached Ross's Creek, where, although a strong westerly breeze was blowing, the water was nearly smooth, rippling in small waves against the sea-weed bank. It was evident that a breakwater or reef exists here under water, forming a secure shelter between it and the shore. At the mouth of the creek, thousands of ducks and teal were feeding on the marshy weed and rushes, and our guns did considerable havoc amongst them. The slightly-wounded birds escaped out to sea, but enough were killed to afford an ample and delicious supper for all hands—the prospect of which considerably heightened our usual flow of spirits.

About this creek we began to find various indications of natives; the most remarkable being wicker-work snares for bird-catching, about four feet high, erected on the flats. Near these snares were formed small covered places, just large enough for one person to squat in; the native, concealing himself in this ambush, with his snaring rod protruded from a small aperture in the side, imitates the voice of the birds, and, as they alight upon the wicker work, dexterously slips the noose around their necks, and snares them into his retreat.

Amongst the she-oak trees, we surprised an encampment of native women, who flew off in the greatest terror and consternation, making a loud chattering noise, and leaving their digging-sticks and baskets behind them in their hurry. A curl of smoke from their little fire betrayed the spot they had so lately occupied, and we amused ourselves by examining their utensils and domestic arrangements. Before we left, the Governor good-naturedly put a slice of "damper" into each of their baskets: these were of beautiful workmanship, and somewhat resembled those of the Tattayarra natives.

April 28th.—Last night the wild dogs broke into the temporary fold erected for the sheep, and we lost the only two that were left. Vowing vengeance on the wild-dogs, and with "mutton" for our war-cry, we hunted down these marauders in every direction; for they had latterly become so bold as to approach within a few yards of the tents.

Beyond Lacepede Bay, we found a good cattle country, consisting of grassy flats scattered over with banksia or honeysuckle-trees. During the day's march, we passed through a forest, in which were many trees of stringy-bark and blackwood. In some places the underwood was dense, but as the country began to rise, it became more open, and again descended into banksia flats. On these plains we met with many tracks of the natives, and their old encampments were numerous. Heaps of the melliferous cones of the banksia were lying round these

deserted wirlies. The natives steep the cones in water, which extracts the honey, and produces a sweet beverage.

We steered south by compass through another wood to reach Mount Benson,—a round-topped eminence, about seven hundred feet above the sea, and the highest of a range of limestone-hills, visible from the sand-hills at Lacepede Bay. We ascended the ridges, which were thickly clothed with banksia and she-oak, but had some difficulty in finding Mount Benson, owing to the density of the foliage. The view from the summit was most extensive, and of a peculiar character. It appeared as though we were looking over a sea of wood, with the blue plains melting away into the invisible distance. To the westward, we traced the shores of Guichen Bay, with Baudin's rocks and a reef beyond the bay, against which a heavy surf was breaking. The white and rugged limestone of the range was intersected in every direction with wombat holes, that perforated the rock like a honeycomb. The top of the hill was bare, and the few old gnarled trunks that clung round its sides seemed to have combated with the blasts of centuries. It was very cold, and the hills attracted flying showers that frequently enveloped us in mist. We collected together a quantity of dry wood, and made a signal-fire that must have been visible for many miles. It was soon responded to by the natives towards the south and east, many columns of smoke rising in that direc-

tion ; and before we descended the hill, the natives were signalizing all around, giving indications of a larger population amongst these banksia woods than we had anticipated. Upon the plains beyond Mount Benson, and those around Lake Hawden, until we reached the neighbourhood of Rivoli Bay, our attention was arrested by the flats being covered in many places with a limestone tufa, in shape and appearance exactly resembling biscuits. Their size varied from that of a large captain's biscuit to the smallest ratifiacake, and the ground for miles was completely overspread with them. To a hungry traveller they must prove a sad disappointment, for the deception is so perfect that at first sight a person is easily led to mistake one for a biscuit.

April 29th.—We reached Lake Hawden—a flat, swampy plain, which, in the rainy season, is covered with water. There is good pasturage in the surrounding country, which rises into gently undulating hills lightly wooded with she-oak. We here fell in with Scott's party, who had brought several thousand sheep, in search of fresh runs for the next season. They were all well armed, and had experienced some annoyance from the natives. Their sheep were folded in two large stock-yards, which they had erected of boughs, and their horses were tethered near their encampment. This was rudely constructed of reeds, and not nearly so snug as the huts of the natives ; and the approach to it was rendered perilous by a semi-circle of furious dogs that guarded it with

the incessant and fierce watchfulness of Cerberus. We encamped about half a mile from the sheep-yards, amidst drenching rain, and passed a cold, miserable night; for our fires were put out by the rain, and the wood was so damp it would not burn. It seems as though it always rained upon these eternal swamps and low flat scrub: Scott told us that he was constantly washed out of bed about one o'clock in the morning, but he now had become so thoroughly accustomed to it as rather to like it.

April 30th.—A dozen sheep were obtained from Scott's flocks, and we travelled onwards across a succession of soft spongy swamps, the ground being full of holes, and completely undermined by the rats. The sheep stuck in the holes, and could scarcely proceed for the long grass, which caused us considerable delay. Tufts of a gigantic species of plume grass, with sharp-edged leaves, grew in vast quantity upon several of the flats, and others were scattered over with heaps of the dead shells of a reverse *bullimus*; occasional swamp parrots fluttered up from the grass, and a few striped wallaby were met with during the day. We passed the night in a scrubby place without water, though we saw flights of parroquets crossing from the eastward, and heard the frogs croak around us during the night.

May 1st.—This morning, at daybreak, we discovered, to our consternation, that old Fooks, one of the bullock-drivers, with the whole of the bullocks,

were missing ; we were in the midst of dense thickets which merged into a low scrubby forest of stringy-bark, without a distinguishing object of any kind : Fooks had been out all night watching the bullocks, and had wandered farther from the tents than he was aware of. Guns were fired off, and the party began to *cooeey* most vigorously, but no *cooeey* was heard in reply: all was still, and we feared we should never see poor old Fooks any more. A general search was immediately set on foot, and after scouring the country in every direction, he was found wrapped in his wallaby cloak, lying asleep in a stringy-bark forest, nearly three miles from the camp. Being mounted upon a horse, he was brought back in triumph by the police, presenting a droll appearance amidst the cheers that greeted his return. The voices of the natives uttering their loud shrill *cooeey* echoed along the undulating and wooded ground, rising on each side of a vast swampy plain which we had traversed for several miles, and five of them came running after the men who were behind with the sheep, but they fled from our horses. Mason at length succeeded in persuading them to come up to us, as we were most anxious to find water, and they showed us a place in the swamp where, after digging about nine feet, muddy water was obtained ; the cattle and horses were exceedingly thirsty, and almost jumped into the well, having been two days without a drop of water.

These natives belonged to a tribe totally different from those of the Milindura, whom we had met with along the shores of the Coorong, and were very inferior to them in physical appearance: their features were remarkably ugly, with a simple silliness of expression, and their figures extremely slight and attenuated, with the abdomen of a disproportionate size. They were filthy and wretched in the extreme; all their teeth were black and rotten; their skin was dry, and that of one man presented a purplish-red colour. They approached our fire with their arms crossed over their shoulders; a position that they constantly retained, until some grease was given to them, which they commenced eating, rubbing over their bodies, and daubing upon their hair. One of them had an old cotton handkerchief which he kept concealed under his arm-pit, and as they were destitute of clothing, the oldest man was put into a blue shirt, which created the greatest possible astonishment amongst his companions; they grew very noisy and merry, ate damper and grease, and constantly touched us with their filthy shrivelled hands. After the disgusting operation of sketching them was over, I was truly glad to see them return to their women in the bush: who, if they bear any resemblance to their husbands, can seldom be the occasion of jealousy, for more hideous wretches it were hardly possible to conceive.

Before sunset we left the camp, and walked to the summit of a barren limestone ridge, whence we

obtained an extensive panorama; Mount Muirhead bore E.S.E., and the sea, with lagoons like a second Coorong, stretched away to the south and west. The unexpected sight of two vessels lying at anchor in a bay about twelve miles distant, distinctly visible by the aid of a telescope, pointed out the true position of Rivoli Bay, towards which we were now steering our course by compass. We could not account for the appearance of the vessels in an unsurveyed and almost unknown harbour, but we afterwards found them to be two whaling schooners from Hobart Town, which had piloted themselves into the bay, and were unconscious either of the name or locality of the spot. It was a splendid evening; the distant hills of the interior looked intensely purple, and gleams of golden sunlight stole across the scrub, interspersed with little rainbows, the offspring of the mists lit up by the smile of departing day.

May 2nd.—We penetrated thick woods, amongst which the elegant *corea*, then in blossom, attained a considerable height; and we crossed more spongy plains, covered with shells and tufa “biscuits,” and subject to occasional inundations. On some of the swamps the natives had built weirs of mud, like a dam wall, extending across from side to side, for the purpose of taking the very small mucilaginous fishes that abound in the water when these swamps are flooded. Low wooded ranges skirted these plains, and kangaroos were abundant. Some of the swamps were covered with an exceedingly rich black soil,

and produced luxuriant sow-thistles and other rank vegetation; the more solid plains were overspread with beautiful green feed, and it was evident we were once more approaching a good country. We came so suddenly upon a native encampment amongst the trees, that the savages had barely time to take alarm at the noise of our horses' hoofs, and we could just distinguish their heels as they were scampering away beneath the bushes: most probably we were the first Europeans they had caught sight of. The party we had thus unceremoniously disturbed had evidently assembled to a convivial dinner, for there were two large wombats roasting in the ovens, several choice heaps of roots lay amongst the ashes, and a fine parrot, not yet cooked, was suspended to a stick. In their precipitate flight they left all their things behind them—spears, baskets, snaring rods, and a variety of curious implements; these we examined, and left precisely as we found them, though we feared the guests would eat their wombat dinner in a state of continual trepidation and alarm.

We found an extensive swamp intervening between us and the shores of the bay, and as we progressed it became more difficult to cross, being covered with sharp dense reeds and tea-tree bushes; at length we turned back, finding our horses up to their knees in fresh water, their weight sinking them deeper at every step in the spongy soil. A depôt was formed where there was plenty of fresh water

and good feed for the cattle ; and it was determined to leave the drays, with a portion of the party, at this place, whilst the Governor, accompanied by my friends and myself, and attended by several mounted police, proceeded on horseback to Mount Gambier. Immense beds of very recent fossil shells extended to a depth of several feet, from within a few inches of the surface of the soil. Our well was dug through a solid mass of shells ; many of them retaining their colours perfectly, though at a distance of three or four miles from the sea.

This evening all was bustle and preparation for our expected start, and the cook was exceedingly busy making a large supply of " dampers." As each person was to carry his own provision in the best manner he could behind his saddle, those who were the fortunate possessors of a pair of clean socks, filled them with tea and sugar, and others made bags by sewing up their towels. We each provided ourselves with a blanket, which formed a saddle-cloth during the day, and a covering by our fires at night ; and every one had a bright pannikin slung behind him, to serve the united purposes of a kettle and tea-cup.

May 3d.—Long before sunrise we were moving, to travel across on foot to Rivoli Bay. The first approach of day was heralded in the east by streaks of red, amber, and pale green, above the purple hills of the desert ; while before us the full moon was setting in a bright rose-coloured sky, like a silver

shield upon a bed of roses. The air was extremely sharp and cold; and as we had to brush through grass and matted reeds breast-high, we became drenched with the heavy dews, and were wet through to the skin on emerging from the swamps. On a grassy knoll, surrounded by she-oaks, we met with a mound of limestones, like a cairn, which we conjectured to have been placed there by the natives above the bodies of their dead, to protect them from the wild-dogs. After a tedious march of six or seven miles, through swamps and forests of she-oaks, we gained the sand-hills of the sea-shore, where we hallooed and fired off guns to hail the schooners, which were lying at anchor inside an island at the north-west extremity of the bay. We walked towards the vessels along a fine sandy beach strewn with shells; the water smooth, and a line of surf breaking on the shore at regular intervals. Our appearance at the huts of the whalers, which were temporary erections close to a rocky point near the island, created great surprise amongst them; for they had mistaken our firing for the fluking of a whale, and our hallooing for the *cooeys* of the natives. When they saw in the distance a group of Europeans plodding on foot along the sands, they imagined that we were some distressed individuals who had been shipwrecked upon the coast; but as we drew nearer, and they descried our guns, they said one to another that we were bushrangers, and prepared to receive us accordingly.

No sooner had they ascertained from the Orderly that the Governor had arrived, than these rough-looking fellows grew very polite; they produced a large jug of rum, and a number of tall pannikins with "cabin" scratched upon them, and invited us to regale ourselves until their breakfast was ready.

The life of these shore-whalers, living apart from the world for months and years together, is a strange mixture of idleness and industry. When a whale appears in sight, none can be more energetic and reckless of hardship and toil than these men; but at other times, during a long period, they pass their days in listless indolence. At night they dance and drink grog, of which they always carry a plentiful supply; and some of the more ingenious of them find amusement in carving pieces of whalebone with elaborately wrought designs, generally descriptive of the whale-fishery. One of these ornamented bones was presented to the Governor; it was carved with a series of scenes, representing the chase and capture of the whale; and on the reverse side were the following lines, surrounded by emblematical devices :—

" Cruising off Tasmania's shore,
Eager in search of prey,
The enormous whale we chased and killed,
Wherein this bone did lay."

The whale-boats were manned, and we visited the island lying off Cape Jaffa: we called it Penguin Island, from the vast quantity of these birds

which we obtained there. The entire island was perforated with their burrows, and out of many of the holes we took their eggs, which resembled those of a common fowl, and were good eating. The species of penguin found here is the *Aptenodytes minor*; it is about the size of a duck, and has scaly feathers of a bluish colour upon the back, with a white breast. Owing to the extremely small wings with which these birds are furnished, they are incapable of flight, and we easily took them up with our hands; for it is only in the water that they appear to be in their proper element, and they always run towards it as a means of escape.

The surface of this rocky island was overspread with a low green weed, and with sea-shells, brought up by gulls and other birds; and its seaward extremity was so perforated and fretted away by the action of the elements, as to present a very curious appearance. On the edge of a chasm, which had cleft the island nearly in two parts, there stood an eagle's nest, about four feet high, and built of layers of dry sticks. The white-tailed eagle was hovering round its eyry; and a little robin had fearlessly constructed its nest amongst the sticks of that of the monarch bird.

Beyond Penguin Island we visited a low sandy reef, on which several sea-lions (*Phoca jubata*) were basking in the sunshine. These the whalers described as "seals as large as donkeys, which were too big to catch;" but the Governor shot one through

the head with his rifle, and we soon despatched it with clubs. It was a male specimen, and measured 8 feet 1 inch in length; and after I had made a careful drawing of the animal, the skin was taken off, to preserve for the national collection at the British Museum. Its exact measurements were as follows:—Total length, 8 feet 1 inch; girth, 6 feet; length of hind-flipper, 11 inches; fore do. $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches; tail, 5 inches.

Our visit to Rivoli Bay had occupied the best part of the day, and we returned to the depôt to complete the arrangements for our journey on the succeeding morning. Our cook had not been idle: there were “dampers,” “dough-boys,” “leather-jackets,” “johnny-cakes,” and “beggars-in-the-pan,” awaiting our arrival; for in the Australian bush, flour and water are transformed into a variety of shapes, designated by as many colonial appellations. Mr. Burr good-naturedly jogged off by moonlight to the whalers’ huts, mounted on old Nelson the cart-horse, to secure the purchase of a supply of biscuit for the depôt, and also one of the tall “cabin” pannikins for his own private use.

May 4th.—Started at daybreak for Mount Gambier. We had not proceeded far, when a jingling noise discovered to us that Gisborne had provided himself with *two* pannikins; this created a feeling of envious admiration that almost amounted to jealousy, as we were scalding our lips with the hot tea,

boiled in our single pannikins, while Gisborne was drinking his delightfully cool.

We travelled along between parallel ridges of sand-hills, scattered with she-oaks, forming beautiful vistas carpeted with grass. As we progressed, the sand-hills grew larger, almost becoming mountains in aspect; and amidst their intervening dells beautiful magic scenes presented themselves, displaying scenery of a character quite different from anything I ever before witnessed. From the summit of these sand-hills we overlooked Rivoli Bay, with the rocky point of Cape Buffon at its southern extremity. Around several native wells we saw lying quantities of limpets and large haliotis shells; which latter the natives use for carrying water.

Leaving the sand-hills, we skirted the shores of a considerable lake, which we called Lake Frome, in compliment to the Surveyor-General. We afterwards crossed more swamps and flats, and again met with the biscuit tufa. Mount Muirhead and the Bluff bore south-east of us; and, on ascending a wooded range, we discovered the peak of Mount Gambier, distant about forty miles, with several large lakes to the south-west. We were now in a beautiful and verdant country, where fine young grass was springing after the late rains. We encamped at sunset in a green and fern-clad valley, where we each built ourselves small huts, or *wirleys*, of boughs, which we broke from the surrounding

trees. This was truly life in the wilds; and our various little bowers, each with a separate fire sparkling before it, looked extremely picturesque, as the moon, nearly full, rose over the dark masses of foliage that shut in the valley. But there is no Eden on earth: beautiful as our romantic encampment in this sweet valley appeared, we had to pass the night without water; the air was frosty, and, instead of sleeping, we were constantly moving through the bushes, and startling one another, in search of sticks to supply our fires; and, finally, the wind changed, and we were completely smoked out of our green and fairy bowers.

May 5th.—The morning was extremely chill; the early mist was so thick that we could see but a few yards before us, and the gossamer, drenched with dew, hung from every spray. Quite unexpectedly we came upon an encampment of natives, and before we could draw up our horses, we saw the naked forms of the savages with their spears quivered at us. It was a dangerous moment; for, in their sudden alarm, they generally throw their spears at the first impulse, and we were not a dozen feet from the points of their weapons. Their women and children fled under cover of the mist, and the men now stood regarding us with astonishment, uncertain whether or no to let fly their spears. Our horses frightened them, and they motioned with their hands for us to take them away, jabbering and chattering as loud as they were able. The Governor dismounted and

approached them, holding up his arm ; but they continued to chatter away at us, frequently repeating our words as nearly as they could, and calling out " white fellow." It was in vain to make them understand that we wished to find water, so we left them still vociferating at the highest pitch of their voices. Mr. Burr had shot a turkey, which was roasted upon a stick ; but as we could procure no water to make our tea, it was unanimously voted that the turkey, on its wooden spit, should be carried by turns by one or another of the party, until we reached a place where water was to be found. It was ludicrous to see roast-turkey borne onwards, like a standard, by a hungry horseman, whose mouth was constantly watering for a morsel of his savoury trophy. About noon we found a delicious spring amongst some reeds, where we made our fires, boiled our tea, and breakfasted upon the turkey, which was relished without salt.

We steered south-east by compass for some miles over a good country, with banksia flats and plenty of grass. Pieces of opaque flinty wood-opal, lay about the ground, and the country continued to improve as we went onwards. No more swamps occurred, and the soil presented a firmer and richer aspect. Numerous fine blackwood-trees were interspersed with *eucalyptus*, and the New South Wales wattle (*mimosa*), with its feathery and elegant foliage, for the first time attracted our attention.

The grass was here very thick, like an emerald

velvet carpet, and the *pyrameles* and other small animals were occasionally seen. We had now entered upon the marine formation raised by volcanic action from the sea: coral limestone appeared on the surface, presenting rugged points; and in one place we crossed a complete beach of coral thrown up, and wholly destitute of grass.

For some distance the country was perfectly level, and scattered over pretty thickly with trees. Towards the afternoon a vast circular cavity was discovered in the coral limestone, about 260 yards in circumference, its perpendicular sides perforated with holes; and at the bottom, about fifty feet below the surface, was a lake of pure fresh water, that looked black from its extreme depth. Attempts were made to fathom it by fastening tether ropes together, but at 130 feet no bottom was obtained close to its precipitous margin. This singular phenomenon was named "the Devil's punch-bowl."

After passing these tracts of white coral limestone, we came abruptly upon dark volcanic soil with stones of flinty opal. This seems to be accounted for by the coral islands having been raised through volcanic action from the sea, with their usual central lagoons; whilst the opal stones and lava soil from the active volcanoes of Mount Gambier and Mount Schanck surrounded them on all sides.

At two miles further on we discovered another coral basin, which was divided by a rocky wall across the centre, forming two semicircular lakes,

with shrubs growing down the steep sides of the basin. The country for some distance was now a vile scrub, full of dangerous holes half hid by the brushwood, and very difficult for the horses to cross. The surface was hard white coral, raised into little hollow mounds like cups, many of which were filled with rain-water, and afforded a draught for our horses. This scrub terminated as suddenly as it commenced, and we next entered upon an extensive and beautiful country, covered with luxuriant grass, and studded with blackwood, wattle, and gum trees like a nobleman's park. As far as the eye could reach, this magnificent region presented itself, stretching away towards the mouth of the Glenelg and the districts of Australia Felix. Here was a country fresh from the hand of Nature and complete in its native loveliness, with green pastures, shady trees, and wells of pure and limpid water. Beyond the picturesque craters of Mount Gambier and Mount Schanck: the latter appearing as a truncated cone, not more than six or eight miles from the place where we stood.

In another hour we came upon a dray-track, and presently we heard the bleating of sheep and the barking of dogs. Two huts, built of coral limestone and thatched with bark, stood on the margin of another volcanic basin filled with exquisite water; and troughs, hewn out of the soft white coral, had been constructed for watering the sheep and cattle, the water for which was raised by means of a pulley

from the never-failing reservoir below. This was one of the sheep stations of Messrs. Arthur, who had penetrated into this charming country from the New South Wales side, and had brought several of their flocks for the purpose of squatting upon these new pastures. Mr. Arthur—who had watched with mingled astonishment and curiosity the distant approach of nine horsemen from a direction whence no European had been observed to proceed before—soon made his appearance on horseback; he received the Governor with great politeness, and conducted us into one of the huts, where he invited us to assist him in demolishing his supper, which was just ready. We ate heartily of mutton chops and various fried vegetables; the latter being the produce of a small garden adjoining the hut, which spoke well for the fertility of the soil and the industry of our host. Mr. Arthur, adorned with a beard of twelve months' growth, and seated in his rude dwelling, surrounded by his dogs and tame magpies, possessed that feeling of freedom and thorough independence which one can never know in England. The walls of the hut, the troughs, seats, and various utensils, were entirely formed of white coral: this substance, when fresh cut, is soft like salt, and easily hewn into any shape; but on exposure to the air it gradually hardens, and becomes perfectly durable.

May 6th.—All night it was “fleas *versus* dew:” the shepherds and bullock-drivers belonging to the station occupied every legitimate resting-place, and

the warmth of the fire within the hut rendered thousands of parasitical insects lively to an unmerciful degree. Bonney, like a true bushman, rolled himself up in his cloak, and sought repose on the dewy grass ; whilst Burr declared that he had passed the night undisturbed within his favourite bags, having taken the precaution to close the orifice on entering.

At the foot of Mount Schanck are several caves ; and in one of them, which his Excellency explored, were found numerous organic remains, with bones of the emu and several gigantic species of kangaroo : also, a tooth, which must have belonged to a marsupial animal of prodigious size. Heaps of black cellular lava lie around the base of the crater, which rises very abruptly from the plain to an elevation of about 700 feet ; the outer sides being clothed with grass, and scattered over with she-oak trees. On gaining the summit, a grand and stupendous scene opens to view. The rim or outer edge of the crater is not more than a couple of yards in breadth, and the interior of the mountain is one vast hollow basin upwards of two miles in circumference, and so deep that the trees growing in the rich soil of the windless valley at the bottom appear like minute shrubs dotted over its surface. Looking beyond, the panorama is bounded only by the blue haze of immeasurable distance ; and the line of the southern ocean stretches away until it is broken by the high land at Cape Nelson. The windings of the Glenelg—

separating South Australia from New South Wales—Bridgewater, and Discovery Bays—and the bold headland of Cape Northumberland, may all be traced from the brow of the crater. At the northern base of Mount Schanck there are more circular limestone basins, but they do not contain lakes; a spring of excellent water, however, rises in one of them, and near it I found growing several plants of the blue forget-me-not.

A ride of nine miles through a rich country, thickly studded with stringy-bark and lofty blackwood trees, brought us to the foot of Mount Gambier; which is composed of the united shells or walls of three distinct craters (each containing a lake of water) that rise in abrupt peaks from a rich and level country composed of a dark volcanic soil. After toiling up the outward slopes of the mountain, at the most accessible place we could find, the sudden view of the interior of the largest crater burst upon us, and called forth our rapturous admiration. It was, indeed, a glorious and enchanting scene: a vast hollow basin, as it were, shut out from the world by the walls of lava that surrounded it, and covered with emerald verdure, burnished to a bright *metallic* green by the golden tints of evening, that now lit up with a fairy-like radiance this smiling solitude, once the region of subterranean fires. Small hills, like miniature craters, interspersed among plains and valleys carpeted with grass of the most velvet smoothness, scattered about with a few blackwood

or mimosa trees, formed one portion of this enchanted dell. At its western extremity, terrace above terrace rose along the side of the mountain ; and caverns of beautiful red lava opened here and there. But the most fascinating sight, as we stood gazing on this scene of preternatural beauty, was the deep still lake that filled the other half of the crater : its black volcanic waters, never ruffled by the wind, lay in calm repose at the base of lofty cliffs of pure white coral, every line of which were mirrored on its tranquil bosom. Some tern were skimming over the lake, and several smaller lakes or ponds ornamented the green carpet of this wondrous spot ; that appeared more like some scene of enchantment, conjured up by the magic wand of Prospero, than a bright and palpable reality. The declining sun threw orange and amber reflections across the sky ; and as the light faded away, the steep walls of the crater loomed solemn and terrible, the cold mists of night settled upon the lake, and the scene of fairy loveliness was changed to one of lonely grandeur. All was still, save the shrieking of the owl ; and as the moon rose up from behind the dark peaks of lava, the effect was beautiful in the extreme : the soft silvery light bathing every object in that vapoury splendour which adds sublimity to the landscape. We bivouacked for the night within the crater, our fires glimmering like stars along the edge of the lake.

About three miles from this place there is a cattle

station belonging to Messrs. Henty, of Portland Bay. One of the stock-keepers fell in with our party and promised to send over a piece of beef to our encampment at the bottom of the crater; some hours elapsed, but the beef never came. A strange rumbling sound was noticed by Mr. Burr, but it was ascribed to the falling of loose rocks down the sides of the mountain. I accompanied the other stock-keeper to the huts, which we reached after clambering strange and dreadful paths along the edge of precipices, by the uncertain light of the moon; sometimes sinking in loose volcanic soil and at others stumbling over rocks. About midnight the unfortunate man, who had started with the beef, returned; crawling back to the hut half dead, with his shoulder dislocated and his collar-bone broken. He had tumbled down the crater, and the noise heard by Mr. Burr was the bucket containing the beef rolling down the precipice into the lake: whither the poor fellow would have gone with it, had he not been saved by the trunk of a tree, against which he rolled in his perilous descent. At the hut one of the stockmen showed me a quantity of the beautifully spotted skins of the *dasyurus*, or native cat, which abounds in this locality; his only pastime appeared to be the preparation of these skins, for which he obtains nine shillings a dozen at Portland Bay, whither he goes twice a year. At this station they procure their water from a subterranean lake, in a cavern not far from the huts. I visited it at

night, my guide carrying a lamp of fat to direct our rugged path. A steep descent, clothed on each side with creeping plants, led to the entrance of the cave, an old gum tree had fallen across its mouth, and several glow-worms sparkled upon the rank vegetation surrounding it. As we entered, it reminded me of the Istrian caves. Swallows came out of the ledges of rock, and flew against the lamp. The lake was at the farther extremity, and its average depth about twenty-five feet.

May 7th —At sunrise we started from the crater of Mount Gambier, and, descending the outward slopes, passed through a splendid country towards the Bluff ranges ; keeping more to the eastward than we had done on our former route. Numerous flocks of large kangaroo were feeding beneath the shade of the trees, and nothing could exceed the freshness of the vegetation and the luxuriant character of the soil. On ascending the Bluff, we saw Rivoli Bay to the north-west, and a vast panorama extending to the eastward like a level sea, with here and there the smoke of native fires rising in the distance. Bearings were taken from this point ; and a spring of fresh water being discovered gushing from beneath a limestone rock at the foot of the range, we bivouacked here for the night, after a tedious day's ride of more than forty miles on tired horses.

May 8th.—A small black and green cockatoo, of a species never seen before, was observed in the eucalyptus trees by several of our party. We

passed through a continuation of good country, with tea-tree swamps and grassy plains, leaving a range to our right, called Burr's range, and arrived at the reedy flats bordering on Lake Frome. The water of this lake was very slightly salt; biscuit tufa lay in abundance along its shores, and native camps were numerous. On the brow of a steep, wooded hill, we surprised a party of natives, cooking their food around their fires. At our approach they flew down the descent and hid amongst the bulrushes; but one old woman, unable to escape as speedily as the rest, finding flight useless, began to chatter very loud and fast, pointing to her blind eye and her lean and withered arms, as objects of commiseration. "Damper" was given to her, and she continued in her terror to chew it very fast, without swallowing any, until she was almost choked; when suddenly she got hold of Gisborne's handkerchief, and made off with it: with a vigorous leap she plunged into the mud and reeds beneath, effecting her escape by crawling into the swamp and joining her wild companions; to whom she doubtless recounted her adventures that night, over a dish of fried tadpoles. We examined the encampment from which its occupants had fled so precipitately, and found various baskets resembling those of the Tattayarra tribes; with a narrow triangular shield, very similar to that used near King George's Sound. One of their baskets contained a piece of lava from Mount Gambier, a large biscuit tufa, a long white stone,

a sheep bell, a boomerang, and a lump of ochre and fat. Before one fire were frying a quantity of very small mucilaginous fishes, which the natives catch in weirs upon the swamps and in the shallow waters of Lake Frome ; and at another fire they had been roasting aquatic beetles, which here form an article of food amongst these miserable creatures.

At night we regained the depôt at Rivoli Bay, after having traversed nearly 200 miles of country ; the greatest portion of which was a rich soil, affording excellent pasture, and was plentifully supplied with water.

During our absence, a survey of the bay had been made by the sappers and miners ; the cattle had refreshed themselves, and the sea-lion was carefully skinned and preserved for the Museum. In the stomach of this amphibious animal, which was very lax, were found five stones weighing several pounds, and the remains of *squid* and small fish-bones ; the flesh was exceedingly muscular, and the skin was so heavy as to be a good load for a horse.

May 9th.—Leaving Rivoli Bay we fell in with two very droll natives, the only ones who had made bold to approach our camp ; both were in a state of nudity. One of these fellows was a perfect supple-jack : he danced and capered about as though he were filled with quicksilver. We mounted them on horses, from which they were continually tumbling off, and they travelled with us all day. When we encamped at our old resting-place, near Lake Haw-

den, they, by signs, requested permission to remain by our fires; which we allowed them to do, and gave them, for supper, the head and refuse of a sheep that was just killed and hung up to a tree near the tents. They showed great surprise on seeing our various utensils and articles of cookery. So modest and well-behaved did these artful gentlemen appear, that they would not touch the slightest article of food without first asking permission by signs; and they so far gained our confidence that one of them was adorned with a tin plate, suspended round his neck by a string, on which was inscribed, "Good Native." In the dead of the night we were all roused by the unusual barking of the dogs; at first it was supposed the wild dogs were "rushing" the sheep; but, as the tumult increased, the Serjeant-Major unwrapped his opossum rug, and looked around for his hat, to go and ascertain the cause of the disturbance. To his surprise, he found that his hat had vanished. The hat of his companion, who lay next him near the fire, was also nowhere to be found; and casting his eyes to the spot where the sheep hung suspended from the tree, he saw in a moment that our fond hopes for the morrow's repast were blighted, for the sheep too had disappeared. The whole camp was roused, when it was ascertained that forks, spoons, and the contents of the Governor's canteen—pannikins, and other articles were likewise missing, and that our two remarkably docile natives had left us under cover of the night.

A council of war was held: black Jimmy protested that it was useless to follow their tracks till the morning, and that from the nature of the country they had, doubtless, taken to the swamps, walking in the water, so that pursuit was in vain. We had been completely duped by these artful and clever fellows; who probably had a large party of their colleagues lying in ambush amidst the surrounding swamps, ready to assist in conveying away the stolen property. Retaliation was useless; and we contented ourselves by giving utterance to our imprecations, and commenting on the audacity and cunning of the rogues until daybreak.

May 11th.—Several of our horses were lost this morning, and we searched for miles through grassy valleys in various directions before we found them; expecting every moment to meet a group of hostile natives rising from behind a clump of bushes: we saw some with far too many spears for ordinary use, and imagined that our return had been anticipated in this quarter. Near Guichen Bay, a plain was crossed, strewn with tusa of a globular shape. The appearance of these peculiar forms of tusa may be thus accounted for: the water on these flats, which is very shallow, holds lime in solution, and the lime gradually forms round a nucleus, producing the flat biscuit-like tusa of various sizes, which covers so many of the plains; whilst the round balls have their origin in deeper water saturated with lime, where the nucleus, having rolled over and over, has become equally

clothed with a deposit of lime on all sides. A luminous fungus, of a cup-like shape, occurred in the neighbourhood of our tents.

This night we found ourselves to be 220 miles from Adelaide. Whilst we were encamped a thunder-storm broke over our heads accompanied by torrents of rain; the noise of the thunder exactly resembled the rending of canvass.

May 12th.—To-day the Governor left us, and pushed on for the settled districts, attended by four of the mounted police.

On the 15th the drays reached the Salt Creek. During the night we had a dreadful gale; the tent was torn up by the violence of the wind and we passed a miserably wet night. At daybreak Gisborne and myself started across the country for Adelaide, a distance of 160 miles, steering by the sun for Lake Albert. We struck across the desert, to avoid passing the night amongst the Milnendura tribe on the Coorong. At sunset we saw the lake from a hill, distant about fifteen miles, but we despaired of reaching it, as our horses were so knocked up that we had to drag them after us, and not a drop of water was to be found in this inhospitable desert. Late at night we gained its shore, and both ourselves and our horses rushed into the muddy and brackish water, to slake our extreme thirst.

It was a dismal night, and the low moaning of the ocean lashing against the sand-hills, made a

melancholy sound. We followed the margin of the lake, in hopes of finding the farthest out-station of the South Australian Company's shepherds; and the welcome sound of the barking of a dog directed us to a shelter: it proved to be a miserable hut—a most wretched hovel—without any door, and through the doorway the violence of the storm beat most unmercifully upon the repose of its unfortunate tenants. Gisborne and I sat by the fire during the remainder of the night, for the insects were too annoying for us to attempt a reclining position. We gladly breakfasted upon a piece of filthy mutton, without plates; while our forlorn hosts, whose looks and appearance bespoke them to be in the extreme stage of despondent misery, stood over the fire in their shirts, recounting happy days that to them were past, never to return. Their bedding had been retained at the Murray, and their only source of amusement was an old history of England and a very dilapidated copy of Shakespeare. Like many others in a similar condition, they had once moved in the sphere of gentlemen, and their present situation was indeed one ill-suited to their tastes.

18th May.—We crossed the Murray in safety with our horses; and, according to directions we had received at the crossing-place, followed up the right bank of the river, in hopes of finding a cattle station at which to obtain food and shelter for the night. The shades of evening drew on, but no station appeared in view: we had been misinformed

as to the distance ; and after leading our worn-out horses, till long after dark, in a hopeless search, we were compelled to pass a dreary night, without food, fire or shelter, in a pine forest on the banks of the Murray. It was freezing all night, and the wild dogs came round us in packs, mingling their fiendish yells with the cry of the curlew and bittern feeding in the marshes. We were benumbed with cold ; the white frost spread over the grass, and a chill mist hung along the margin of the river. There was no moon, but we anxiously watched the stars from their meridian to their setting, and the first gleam of light in the east was the signal of our departure. Our horses were too fatigued for us to ride, and, leading them behind us, we struck into the scrub ; steering, without a path, direct for Mount Barker, which rose as a beacon in the purple distance, about thirty miles beyond. All day we toiled along on foot ; and, parched with thirst and nearly dead with hunger, we pushed our way through a dense scrub, over a barren and sandy desert, until the evening closed in. We saw the sun go down over the direction of Adelaide, as we sat on the brow of a rocky hill, from which the good country looked like a promised land, and the course of the Bremer was distinctly visible. We had had neither food nor water for a night and two days, and both ourselves and our horses were well nigh worn out : more than once Gisborne's mare lay down, as if to die. We listened ; and, borne on the still air of the evening, we thought we heard the

bleating of sheep. We listened again, and were not deceived. I, being the least exhausted of the two, made for the direction whence the welcome sounds proceeded, and reached a shepherd's hut, near which many hundred sheep were folded for the night. As I was preparing to start back with water and "damper" for my friend, I heard his voice at the door of the hut, asking charity. We passed the night here in a truly wretched hovel; but it was to us a luxury, in exchange for starvation.

We were regaled with tea out of a huge tea-kettle, whose functions were evidently disorganised; the holes in its sides were stopped with rags, and the accumulated tea-leaves of several months had formed a black and unsavoury mass, which half filled its capacious interior. We lay on a crazy chest, as the only safe retreat from the fleas; whilst the three shepherds occupied a stretcher of sheep-skins in one corner of the hut. Next day we reached Mount Barker, a distance of ten or a dozen miles, where we met with kind friends, good cheer, and a warm welcome; and on the following afternoon we reached Adelaide. There we forgot the perils and privations of the Bush, amidst the bright eyes and the fair forms that joined in the festive dance at his Excellency's ball.

CHAPTER V.

KANGAROO ISLAND AND PORT LINCOLN.

IT was late in the evening of a fine autumnal day that, in company with his Excellency and a few friends, I embarked on board the Government cutter commanded by Captain Lipson, R.N. It was arranged that we were to visit Rivoli Bay, and from thence proceed to Kangaroo Island and Port Lincoln. A brilliant full moon was rising over Mount Lofty, as, with a fair breeze, we sailed down the Gulf. Next day we passed Rapid Bay and rounded Cape Jervis. Off Haynes's whale fishery it fell calm : the sun was very hot, and the penguins continually popped up their heads above water, uttering their singular cry. In the evening we landed in a romantic cove between Cape Jervis and Encounter Bay ; the hills rose steep on each side, and down the glen ran a stream of fresh water : it had been a favourite camping-place with the natives, and numerous remains of their ovens were scattered

along the beach. In Backstair's Passage, which separates Kangaroo Island from the main, the tide runs three knots an hour. We again set sail with the tide; two flat-topped rocks called the Pages, bearing E.S.E. The moon rose grandly over the Mil-mendura shores, and a light breeze during the night carried us forty miles in a direction parallel to the coast. In the middle watch of the following night, the cry of "breakers ahead all along, and a low sandy point," caused the course to be altered, and we stood out to sea. Next day we made the coast again near Ross's Creek: the depth of the water at a quarter of a mile from the shore was only two and a half fathoms. We entered Lacepede Bay, where the water was very smooth inside the reefs; and the bearings of the top of Mount Benson and the low ranges beyond Cape Jaffa were taken. The wind from the southward now freshened into a strong breeze, and in endeavouring to beat round Cape Jaffa we encountered a tremendous sea, that made the cutter flounder about in an unusual manner. It was evident that reefs extend a long way out from this dangerous point, and from the way in which the surf boiled and foamed, we must have been in very shallow water. Presently, down went the cutter, plunging her head in the waves, and carrying away her bowsprit and all the fore-rigging. It was nearly midnight; the cutter was almost unmanageable, and we were tossing about in a tempestuous sea, full of rocks and dumb breakers.

A square sail was rigged, with a jury bowsprit, and we ran back dead before the wind, which favoured our return to Kangaroo Island. All the following day it blew a south-east gale, and in twenty-four hours after our disaster amongst the breakers of Cape Jaffa, we cast anchor in Nepean Bay, on the north side of Kangaroo Island.

Nearly opposite to our anchorage was the settlement of Kingscote, where the South Australian Company first established themselves, before they crossed to the mainland. This place is now all but deserted ; only a few scattered families occupy several of the houses, and the numerous and expensive buildings erected by the Company, stand as monuments to tell of the fearful wreck of property that occurred here. The position of Kingscote, as viewed from the Bay, is pleasing, and the flags displayed on shore on our arrival lent an air of gaiety to the scene.

The want of water, and the almost total absence of good soil, have been the causes of the settlers abandoning this place. Indeed, no one in their senses would think of settling upon a rocky and barren island, three-fourths of which is covered with an inhospitable and dense scrub of eucalyptus, and where water is in many places very scarce. The geographical position of Kingscote, on the map, might appear an El Dorado to those at home, but in selecting it as a place of settlement, the all essential requisites were overlooked. A road is cut through the scrub for several miles to the Com-

pany's farm, where there is an open flat of grassy land; and numerous little clearings, or corn-gardens, mark the labour of the early colonists, who had the misfortune to land on this barren spot, instead of proceeding at once to the rich and fertile districts across the Gulf.

Before the European settlers landed in 1834, Kangaroo Island had been for many years the resort of whalers and sealers, who led a Crusoe-like life, without law or restraint; they hunted the seals along the coast, and the wallaby through the scrub, and at certain periods bartered the skins they had procured for clothing and European commodities, tobacco, powder, &c. These articles were supplied them at enormously high prices, by a class of men commanding small vessels from Sydney and Hobart Town, that touched at Kangaroo Island, and derived a lucrative profit from trading in these skins. The sealers went by the name of "Islanders," and lived in small huts in the various bays, especially at a place called American river. Occasionally they made excursions in boats across to the mainland, about Cape Jervis, where they would surprise the natives at their encampments, and carry off several of their women, with whom they lived as wives. Some of these primitive "islanders" are still residing here: we met with one man who had lived twenty-two years on the island before the European settlers landed. He told us that formerly emu and kangaroo were

numerous, though they are now extinct : the last emu having been killed by his wife several years back ; and that their native women were so expert in hunting wallaby through the scrub, as to procure many thousand skins annually.

Of the wallaby skins the native women manufactured large sleeping rugs, which are used in all parts of the Australian “bush” by the settlers, and form most comfortable wrappers when passing the night on the bare ground.

Ant-eaters and opossums are still frequent, and pelicans abound on the lagoons. The poem of the “Pelican Island” is stated to have originated in the author reading Flinders’s description of the Pelican Lagoon near Nepean Bay.

Many romantic and sandy bays indent the coast of Kangaroo Island ; and on some of these sheltered beaches, that elegant and delicate shell the Paper Nautilus is occasionally thrown up in considerable numbers : a strong northerly gale drives them out of Spencer’s Gulf, and they are washed on shore, in a good state of preservation, amongst the soft grass-like weed in which they lie embedded. The mutton bird, a species of petrel, which breeds on the rocky sides of Althorpe Island, is periodically sought after by the islanders who visit the Althorpes in search of the eggs and the young birds : the latter are dried and pickled, and, though rank and fishy to most palates, they are esteemed as a delicacy by these men, and valued accordingly. A species of prickly

acacia grows luxuriantly amongst the scrub on most parts of the island. It is only known on the main land as occurring in the immediate vicinity of Cape Jervis, but, owing to its rapid growth and compact bushy nature, it is now becoming cultivated around Adelaide: it forms an admirable garden hedge, impervious to all intrusion.

After a few days spent at Kangaroo Island, we proceeded to Port Lincoln, on the western side of Spencer's Gulf. In Investigator's Straits we had fine easterly weather, and Kangaroo Island presented at sunrise a most beautiful appearance; the dewy mists lying in voluminous wreaths over the land, and the long line of cliffs that form its northern boundary, glowing in the transparent sunshine. We anchored close to Althorpe Island during the night; where the confused tumult arising from the screams of innumerable sea-fowl uttering their wild harpy-like shrieks, was deafening to us, and is distinctly heard for miles. These strange discordant sounds contributed not a little to the dreary aspect of this sea-girt rock, that rose darkly, with its saddle-back summit, against the light of the ascending moon.

Next morning we passed the Gambier Isles, one of which makes like a wedge from the eastward. To our left was Thistle Island, which is several miles long, and affords good pasture for sheep. Two brothers, who were shipmates of mine from England, have settled here with their flocks, and

are the sole occupants of this picturesque island. On its northern shores immense numbers of the nautilus shells are thrown up ; it being the barrier to Spencer's Gulf, the placid waters of which afford shelter to these delicate creatures, which are driven by the northerly wind on to the shores of Thistle Island.

Between Thistle Island and Cape Catastrophe on the mainland, is Thorny Passage, a dangerous strait interspersed with islands. In this passage, Flinders lost his boat's crew, and the various islands bear the names of those who were drowned on that melancholy occasion.

On rounding Cape Doddington we came in sight of the entrance to the splendid harbour of Port Lincoln. The first object that strikes the eye is Stanford Hill, on the summit of which is a white obelisk, erected to the memory of Flinders by Lady Franklin : marking the spot from whence that celebrated navigator first beheld Spencer's Gulf.

At the entrance of Boston Bay, which forms one of the two harbours called Port Lincoln, is Boston Island ; a hilly and romantic-looking spot, scattered here and there with casuarina trees and clumps of various shrubs, and its shores indented by a succession of deep bays. It is uninhabited : only a solitary grave occupies a glen, on that side of the island which looks towards the settlement from across the Bay. It is a sweet spot to rest in ; for every setting sun bathes that glen in its departing splendour, tell-

ing of still brighter glories beyond the tomb. My friend Mr. Hailes, of Port Lincoln, has favoured me with the following sonnet, which he entitles

THE ISLAND GRAVE.

“ Pining, she reached this shore ; and our bland air
 Upon her lovely cheek prolonged the smile,
 And held his prey from grisly Death awhile.
 The respite o’er, we, *as she bade us*, bare
 Her clay to yon lone isle, and laid it where
 Trees, clustering, shade the vale—a most sweet grave—
 Reached by the moan of the surrounding wave :
 Nought else that’s human lives or moulders there.
 If viewless things the ranks of being swell—
 Fairies or nymphs—upon that isle they dwell ;
 And there, perchance, her gentle soul doth brood—
 Where beams, hues, odours, sounds, do ever meet
 From dawn till starlight dies—sweet chasing sweet ;
 And from man’s cloudy world no shadow dares intrude.”

The settlement of Port Lincoln is beautifully situated, as regards picturesque appearance : the hills around are clothed with casuarina, and fine sheep-runs occur in the vicinity ; but the houses are mostly built along the sand near the water’s edge, and many of them have been deserted by the settlers, who have left for Adelaide. Perhaps about thirty families compose the entire population of this little settlement, which is almost shut out from the world ; their only communication with the more settled and flourishing portions of the colony being by means of two small cutters that trade to Adelaide. My last letters informed me that for ten weeks no vessel had entered the harbour. The

remote position of the district, and the outrages committed by the natives upon the earlier settlers, are amongst the causes of the decline of this otherwise favourable settlement. Yet, as South Australia continues to progress so rapidly, I doubt not but that in a few years, Port Lincoln, with its magnificent harbour, will become a place of importance and resort.

The Government cutter cast anchor in Boston Bay, and no sooner was the flag hoisted, than all the inhabitants were drawn up upon the beach to receive his Excellency. It was extremely amusing to observe the contrast between the half-dozen soldiers, who presented arms upon the beach at the moment of our landing, and the groups of savages rushing down from their *wirlies*, and running naked along the sand. All work was suspended, and the occasion was celebrated by a general holiday throughout the settlement. Several hundred natives had assembled—belonging chiefly to the Parukalla, the Nauo, and the Battara tribes—in expectation of having a supply of flour served out to them as a present on the arrival of the Governor, in which they were not disappointed. During the evening they were all gathered together in front of the barracks, and desired to sit down; which they did, the men forming one large semicircle, and the women and children sitting apart, at a distance of some yards. They each received the flour in their dirty kangaroo-skins, and then set to making “dampers.”

It was very amusing to see them all attempting to knead their flour and form their cakes after the fashion of the Europeans: some mixed their allowance with water into a paste on their skin cloaks, and ate it immediately; while others, who had more patience, baked their "dampers" in the ashes of the neighbouring fires. Amongst the natives congregated on this occasion were one or two connected with the murder of some of the settlers a few years since; and, although well-known accomplices in those crimes, no evidence can be brought forward to convict these individuals: they, however, have, until lately, fought shy of the neighbourhood of the settlement, and been living in continual dread of punishment. One of these men, Milliltie—who was marked out as having thrown one of the spears that killed young Hawson—being a remarkably wild-looking fellow, I began sketching him; when he suddenly bolted, imagining that I was exercising some witchcraft over him, by which means his evil deeds might be discovered.

Up to the month of March, 1842, the white and black races of men inhabiting the neighbourhood of Port-Lincoln had pursued their widely different modes of existence without hostile collision, save in the instance of poor little Frank Hawson. His fate was a sad one. Near Kirton Point, behind a ruined house, once occupied by his friends, that stands alone in the scrub overlooking the sea, is his solitary grave, enclosed by a wooden paling, and overgrown

with a few geraniums and other cultivated flowers. He met his death at a lovely and romantic spot, about seven miles from the settlement. The now unoccupied hut is situated on the edge of a long and winding valley, and from the westward runs a small stream, which terminates near the hut in a sheet of water. On the forenoon of Monday, the 5th of October, 1840, a party of natives, consisting of ten or a dozen men and boys, called at this hut, and invited Frank Hawson, who was only twelve years old, and alone in the hut, to accompany them in the pursuit of kangaroo. On his refusal they asked for food, and he supplied them with bread and rice, and fire to cook with. They also asked for his gun, which stood by his side, but this he refused to part with; he also kept a sword in his hand to intimidate them, but made no demonstration of using it. They desired to enter the hut, which he would not permit them to do. Closing the door, he boldly placed himself on the outer side to obstruct their entrance; when two spears—one thrown by a middle-aged man, the other by a boy—entered his chest and lungs. Though thus desperately wounded, the brave, high-spirited boy found strength to fire at his assailants: and the man fell, but getting up again, ran off with his companions. The gallant fellow was alone all that day; and when, late in the evening, one of his brothers arrived at the hut, he was found with the spears still sticking in his body, and engaged in endeavouring to burn off the shafts at the fire. His

brother was unable to extract the barbs; but some little relief was afforded by cutting the shafts off close to the wounds. Placed on his brother's horse, the suffering boy was carried to the settlement, where but very inefficient aid was to be obtained: the nearest hope of surgical assistance was at Adelaide, whither he must have been conveyed in an open whale-boat across the sea for nearly 300 miles! The spears being barbed, could not be extracted; and after enduring the most excruciating pain, almost without a murmur, for six days, the heroic boy expired on the night of Saturday, the 10th October.

In March, 1842, other murders were perpetrated, which, from their wholesale character, and the absence of all provocation on the part of the victims, spread a feeling of dismay throughout the small community at Port-Lincoln. On the 2nd of that month Mr. John Brown, a flockowner, and a youth named Joseph Lovelock, who was acting as hut-keeper, both fell by the hands of the natives. The site of Mr. Brown's station was in a hollow, immediately surrounded on all sides with hills; so that the natives might approach close to the hut, and yet awaken in the occupants no suspicion of their presence. On the evening of the fatal day, Mr. Brown's shepherd, who had been out with the flocks, was tending them homewards; when arrived within a mile or so of the hut, his master's dog came to him and howled dismally. Approaching nearer, he was

surprised to find that his flock would not cross a small brook, which intervened between them and their fold; and on searching to discover the cause, he found the dead body of Mr. Brown on the slope of a hill, immediately above the brook. He was lying on his back, with one arm stretched out; his face was smeared with blood, his head was much battered, and he had received no less than eight spear wounds in different parts of his body. In his bosom was thrust a book—a circumstance which renders it probable that he was reading when the attack commenced. Near the corpse lay a belt of opossum fur, and the foot-marks of the natives were numerous around the spot.

The shepherd proceeded to the hut, the door and window of which were open, and the fowls went in and out unmolested. He called, but no one answered. He then repaired to the station of a neighbouring flock-holder, whose hut-keeper returned with him to the premises, which they carefully examined. The store-room had been forced open, and the flour taken away, and tea and other articles were scattered about on the floor. The watch-dog was found beneath his kennel, which had been overturned; but Joe Lovelock, the lad who had been left in charge of the hut, was nowhere to be seen. Next day, the mounted police found several tracks of natives in the rear of the hut, which led them to suppose that the lad had escaped on that side, and been pursued by the blacks. At a distance of five

yards was found a spear fixed in the ground, the top of which was broken off; and about twenty yards farther lay a musket recently discharged, with the stock much shattered. The poor boy had evidently kept up a running fight with his merciless pursuers. The whole day was spent in vainly searching for the body, and it was not until the evening of the fourth day after the murder, that the remains of Lovelock were discovered in a dry part of the bed of the river, about seventy yards from the hut. His face and skull were much bruised, as if with *wirris*, and a spear-wound penetrated nearly to his heart. At his feet was found a pistol loaded with ball, which had been snapped, but without effect.

Scarcely had the excitement produced by these sad occurrences subsided, when others yet more melancholy, because involving a greater loss of life, succeeded. The scene of this latter tragedy was at the sheep-station of Mr. Rolles Biddle. About noon on the fatal day, the 29th March 1842, Mr. Biddle, with Charles Tubbs and his wife, who were elderly people, and a man called Fastins, were at the hut. Several natives had been observed lingering about in the neighbourhood, and the voices of others were heard shouting at a distance. Fastins went out to them, when three spears were thrown at him, and he retreated towards the hut, followed by a shower of these barbed weapons; but he again went out and threw them a loaf—with which, and a quantity of potatoes previously dug, they

retired. In an hour's time they returned, surrounding the hut to the number of forty, and flinging from all sides a volley of spears, one of which wounded Fastins in the leg. Mr. Biddle then fired off a pistol. This was immediately followed by a general rush of all the savages, who surrounded the hut; and the Europeans, who had hitherto presented a face outside, were forced into the interior. Tubbs then fired his double-barrelled gun, and two of the blacks, as he thought, fell. Exasperated at this, the natives began to break down the wall, and through the breach, as well as the windows, poured an incessant volley of spears. Fastins snapped his gun, but the charge did not go off, and Mr. Biddle then fired a second pistol; when, at this moment, all the Europeans were forced to the ground by the influx of their savage assailants. Old Tubbs, the only survivor, in narrating the matter, says, "The hut appeared filled with spears." The poor old woman crept under the bed; all received separate wounds, and each pulled out the spears as they were thrown, no farther effort on their part being possible. At length a spear entered the breast of Mr. Biddle, who could only exclaim,—“Oh, Charles, I am a dead man!” and immediately expired. One of the natives seized a pitchfork, and with this horrible weapon made repeated thrusts at Fastins in several parts of his body; then, drawing the bedstead from its place, they inflicted the same torture on Mrs. Tubbs, whom they also shockingly wounded

with a pair of sheep-shears. Fastins complained of extreme pain, and, pointing to a pistol which lay on the floor, implored Tubbs to blow out his brains. Old Mrs. Tubbs, seeing that her husband was not mortally injured, said to him,—“Charles, if you escape alive, promise me that you will go to England.” She had scarcely ceased speaking, when a spear entered his left eye, and he became insensible. He had previously extracted six of these weapons from his own body! Some hours after (he thought near sunset) the old man recovered consciousness. The natives had disappeared, naturally believing that their work of death was complete. On the floor of the hut lay the three murdered inmates: though in the body of his wife life was not yet extinct. The fence was on fire, and the roof of the hut had just ignited. Weak as he was, he yet tore down part of the fence, and drew two pails of water; but, finding his efforts to extinguish the fire unavailing, he dragged the three bodies to the outer side of the hut, beyond the reach of the flames, and then commenced drawing out the spears from the bodies of his murdered companions. After sunset, the shepherds arrived with their flocks at the scene of carnage, and found Tubbs lying by his wife, too weak to answer their eager inquiries, and only able to make them understand that he implored them not to leave him alone. It was very touching to hear the blind and bereaved old man relate the events of that fearful tragedy in his own artless

manner. Two of the natives most prominently engaged in these ferocious deeds, called Narraby and Nultia, were taken and executed ; and a third, named Moullia, less active in the attack, but present on the occasion of the massacre, was imprisoned at Adelaide for three years.

In the month of June, the same year, Mr. C. C. Dutton, with four assistants, left Port Lincoln with a herd of cattle, intending to drive them to Adelaide overland, by travelling round the head of Spencer's Gulf. Several of the settlers accompanied them for the first day or two of their journey, amongst whom was my friend Mr. Hailes, who thus described to me his visit to Biddle's station. "The dray-track, which, for the most part, winds through a succession of grassy valleys, was here possessed of much melancholy interest. A mile or two on our left lay the scene of young Hawson's murder ; a few miles further on to the right stood the deserted station of Mr. Brown ; and shortly after, we arrived at the spot where Mr. Biddle and his people had so recently been massacred. The ashes of the hut were still fresh ; mignonette, stocks, and many other European flowers, yet triumphed over the trampled wreck of property, and bade fair to weave a flowery covering above broken ware, old rusty implements, and a variety of shreds and patches that were profusely scattered amongst their roots. There was also a field of self-sown wheat ; and a variety of small birds darted to and fro in the sun-

shine, and, with their simple and cheerful music, seemed to rejoice in the prospect of a harvest all their own. Yet these natural blandishments had but the effect which the sound of boisterous mirth has on the ear of the bereaved mourner.”*

Mr. Dutton and his party went forth confident of success, but they never reached their destination; and it is supposed that they also were cut off by the natives at the head of the gulf. The Parnkalla tribe would not admit that they had been massacred; but last March two natives arrived at the settlement from a distant excursion to the northward, bringing intelligence that leaves but little doubt of their fate. Near the head of the gulf, say they, two of the five white men came suddenly upon a group of native women belonging to a tribe called Nukunnu, which differs widely in dialect, customs, and in the implements that they use, from the tribes that wander in the neighbourhood of Port Lincoln. They state that the white men took hold of two of the natives by the wrists—probably to detain them in order to elicit information respecting water; and the women, being much alarmed (having never before seen individuals differing in colour from themselves), uttered that shrill and peculiar cry which penetrates so far into their native solitudes; when the men of the tribe, throwing aside their skin mantles and spears, bounded to the spot and despatched the Europeans

* A gallows has since been erected on the spot, upon which the two principal murderers were executed.

with their waddies. The remaining three, who afterwards came up with the drays, shared the same fate as their companions. The natives possessed themselves of the clothing; but the flour they scattered on the ground, being totally unacquainted with its use. Mr. Dutton's horse and several of the bullocks returned to their accustomed pastures at Port Lincoln.

With one other mournful narrative, I will complete this chapter of horrors. In August 1844, Messrs. Darke and Theakston left Port Lincoln, accompanied by two other individuals, for the purpose of exploring the country to the north-westward. On the 22nd of October, the expedition being then about 150 miles from Port Lincoln, natives for the first time made their appearance. Mr. Darke gave them sugar, damper, and some other articles: the sugar they ate, but would not make use of the damper. On the following morning Mr. Darke proceeded unarmed to a short distance, leaving Mr. Theakston in the tent with one of the men; the other being at a distance getting in the bullocks. Mr. Darke had not been absent many minutes, when he was heard to utter a cry, as of pain, which was followed by a shout from the natives. Theakston instantly ran towards the spot with his rifle, and seeing a native in the act of throwing a spear, fired, but missed his aim. The native quickly disappeared in the scrub, followed by about twenty others, whose presence was not previously suspected.

Mr. Theakston found his companion on the ground ; one spear had entered the abdomen, a second the hip, and a third (a barbed one) remained fixed in the knee. The spears were, with great difficulty, extracted, and the wounded man complained much of pain ; observing that no doubt could now be entertained of the fate of Mr. Dutton's party. With reference to the attack on himself, Mr. Darke expressed an opinion that the natives had intended to surprise and cut off the whole party, but that his appearance amongst them alone and defenceless had tempted them to a partial and premature development of their plan. Much anxiety was felt for the man who had gone in search of the bullocks ; and had he not returned, the two survivors of the party would probably have perished, as the bullocks would not have been recovered. After two hours, their driver, who had not seen a single native, returned. He owed his preservation to the instinct of the bullocks ; which, during the preceding night, had strayed in a direction contrary to that they had usually taken : doubtless to avoid the concealed natives ; for it is a remarkable fact, that Australian cattle, warned probably by scent, become aware of the approach of natives at a very long distance ; and, should accident bring them into closer proximity, they toss up their heads and scamper away like a herd of wild buffaloes.

Mr. Darke having been slung in the dray, the party turned their steps in a homeward direction ;

the wounded man groaning heavily from extreme pain. Next day mortification ensued, and before midnight he expired. Disliking the idea of being buried in that solitary wilderness, Mr. Darke expressed a hope that he might reach the settlement, or at least the sea-shore alive. As the power of the party to effect their own return was problematical, to attempt to carry forward the body was impossible. A grave was therefore dug for it on the spot; and the simple and melancholy funeral over, the survivors set fire to the grass, and thus eradicated all traces of the grave: which might otherwise have excited the curiosity of the natives, and induced them to disturb the remains. The diminished party travelled night and day, and at last reached the settlement, in a state of dreadful fatigue, having suffered much from thirst during their forced march.*

The settlers at present inhabiting Port Lincoln and its neighbourhood are, like the generality of those in Australia, remarkable for their hospitality. In this retired and distant portion of the colony, a visit from any one is hailed with pleasure: and the arrival of a stranger is quite an event amongst the

* The natives at Port Lincoln and on the Murray river are now perfectly quiet. On the Adelaide peninsula, indeed, and around the settled districts, the aborigines have never been otherwise than peaceable and harmless. But had they any other desire, they are too feeble, and too thoroughly impressed with fear of punishment—which, in several cases that occurred a few years ago, promptly followed the aggression—to be troublesome; so that the settlers have long ceased to entertain the slightest apprehension of injury from the natives.

little community. After the Government cutter sailed for Adelaide, I prolonged my stay at Port Lincoln; where I met with that homely and genuine hospitality which is sure to be remembered by the traveller, and to recall pleasant associations to his recollection.

About thirty miles to the north-west of Boston Bay is a range of mountains called the Marble Range, near which is a beautiful lake of fresh water, known as Waungarrie Lake. I started with two companions, on horseback, to visit this interesting tract of country; which was only known to a few of the settlers, and promised to afford good subjects for my pencil. At three miles from the settlement we reached "the Swamp," so called from a reedy lake adjoining the farm: it is the present residence of the family of young Hawson, whose sad fate has been told. Several other stations were passed, belonging to flock-owners and agricultural settlers, and we then struck into a grassy country studded with casuarina and banksia trees. Farther on, the aspect of the scene was very similar to that of the districts around Mount Benson and Lake Hawden, towards Rivoli Bay. Here also I observed the biscuit tufa, much of which was extremely small, being no larger than a wafer, and lying very thickly scattered over the ground. We met Smith and Hawson returning from hunting in the scrub, each with a large kangaroo slung across his saddle, and their stock-whips curled round their shoulders.

They presented admirable examples of full bush costume, in their blue woollen shirts, with appendages of pannikins, tether-ropes, and rifles. We prevailed upon them to accompany us; and the kangaroo and an emu that we had killed were *planted* (to use a colonial term) in the boughs of a she-oak tree, to remain in safety until our return. Upon the open scrubby plains and the low grassy hills, we observed numerous kangaroos. They frequently appeared in flocks of eight or ten at a time, and gave constant sport to the dogs. A low species of *xantharæa*, or grass-tree, grew abundantly in the open scrub, affording, at this season of the year, food for the natives. They eat only the lower portion of the leaves at their junction with the root, drawing them out of the ground, and biting off that part which was underneath the soil: the flavour resembles that of a nut. The natives had made such havoc among this shrub on these plains, that the uprooted leaves were scattered in every direction for a distance of several miles.

The rain poured down heavily until near sunset, when it cleared off, and we were amply rewarded for our ride by the enchanting prospect before us. The mountains of the Marble Range, rising abruptly, and presenting their steep sides of quartz to the evening sun, sparkled in its rays as though inlaid with diamonds; and a richly verdant country stretched out all around, scattered with park-like trees, in the centre of which, surrounded by green banks of velvet turf,

lay Waunggarrie Lake. The calm surface of the water mirrored the sunset clouds, and was besprinkled with multitudes of black swans; while some kangaroo were quietly feeding near the water, undisturbed by dogs or savages: for no traces of natives were discernible. It was indeed a lovely region, fresh from the hand of nature: a sweet solitude, where one enamoured of repose might surely hope to dwell in peace. A deep river, bordered on each side by tall reeds, runs out of the lake, connecting it with a smaller one about three miles beyond. In the distance, to the northward, another mountain range is visible, consisting of abrupt lofty cones; the most remarkable of which, called Albert's Peak, is visible for a considerable distance. Mount Dutton and Mount Greenly are also seen towards the westward, beyond the Marble Range; and the high sand hills of Coffin's Bay shut out the scene to the south.

My companions had already built a tolerably snug shelter of boughs for the night, and we sat down in front of it, with our pannikins of tea, around a blazing fire, busied in roasting kangaroo steaks upon the ashes. The heat of the fire brought out an unwelcome intruder in the form of a large scorpion, which I discovered on my bare foot just in time to prevent my being bitten. The night was mild, with thunder and lightning, and large moths flew into the fire by myriads, seeming as if wilfully destroying themselves in the red hot embers: they would have furnished a dainty meal for the natives. This country, which is

entirely uninhabited, would afford an excellent district for sheep or cattle, and I know of no situation more enticing for a settler's homestead, in the neighbourhood of Port Lincoln, than the banks of Waunggarrie Lake.

The next night we returned to "The Swamp," and there partook of the good cheer that awaited us; dining sumptuously upon roast goose, and other equally savoury productions of the farm. We had brought with us kangaroo, emu, and some ducks from the lake, as the result of our sport in the wilds.

My only means of returning to Adelaide was in a miserable little cutter of fourteen tons, which had come to procure salt at Sleaford Bay. The weather was exceedingly boisterous, and we made the passage in four days; during this time the only eatables I could procure on board were a few potatoes and a coot, which I had intended to preserve on account of its plumage. On the following Saturday this cutter again put to sea, and returned on the Monday with only the "captain" on board: one man fell overboard in the night, off Cape Jervis, and was lost, and the two others, having put out in the boat in search of their shipmate, lost sight of the cutter; after cruising about till next day in hopes of finding them, the distracted captain worked back his vessel alone to bring the intelligence of his misfortune.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SETTLED DISTRICTS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

HAVING hitherto confined myself to "savage life and scenes" in this colony, and endeavoured to portray from actual observation "things wild and strange," it would be unjust to permit my readers to take leave of South Australia without a hasty glance at the settled portions of this flourishing and popular colony.

Port Adelaide is situated near the head of a creek, about seven miles from the sea. This creek, which is sheltered from every wind, is navigable for the largest vessels; and affords a secure and commodious harbour for the increasing amount of shipping annually arriving at this port. Both sides of the creek, from the sea to the wharfs where the vessels discharge cargo, are thickly skirted with mangrove trees; the brilliant evergreen foliage of which extends for some distance from each bank of the stream. Two wharfs, one belonging to Govern-

ment, the other the property of the South Australian Company, have been erected at the port; and, owing to the influx of vessels from all parts of the world, others will no doubt be shortly constructed. Substantial warehouses and custom-house buildings are situated adjoining the wharfs; and although only such of the population reside at the port as are connected with the shipping or the harbour, Port Adelaide presents the appearance of a small town.

Level plains extend between the port and the city of Adelaide; which latter stands on the banks of the river Torrens, about seven miles distant from the port. The road between these two places lies across a level plain, over a fine stiff soil; and the traffic of goods is carried on by means of bullock-drays. Between the port and Albert Town, a small village about a mile distant, an excellent road has been constructed across a mangrove swamp, the foundation of which is of stone brought from Kangaroo Island: this road is equal to any in the United Kingdom, and cost, at the expensive period when it was begun, a sum of nearly 14,000*l*. Most of the roads in this colony are good,—remarkably so for a new settlement, considering the few years it has been established, and the enormous amount of various kinds of labour to be accomplished by the colonists. Many of them, however, are entirely natural, being formed merely by the drays passing to and fro, and these appear like carriage-drives through a park: any kind of equipage might be

drawn along most of them with comfort, for an almost unlimited distance.

The situation of Adelaide is pleasing and picturesque; it is surrounded by rich level land with park-like scenery, and backed by a range of bold mountains, that in their ever-varying tints afford a constant succession of delightful pictures throughout the day. In the early mornings of winter, the mountains may be seen wrapped in mist, with here and there a peak struggling with the sunshine; or anon, with black and angry clouds hanging about their summits. During the sultry heat of a January morning, before the sea-breeze has set in, they frequently assume a strange, milky appearance, while in the sunshine of the afternoon they look radiant with mellow tints; but when the unclouded sun sets over the gulf, the mountains are bathed in a *violet* splendour, known only to the brilliant climate of Australia. This is peculiarly observable on the Mount Lofty range, from its position facing the western gulf. At the moment the dazzling sun, that has all day blazed in unclouded glory overhead, touches the deep blue horizon of the gulf, the whole range of mountains to the eastward exhibits an effect more like the result of some chemical fire than of the ordinary course of nature: sometimes they appear of a purple or violet hue, at others, the entire range glows with the most exquisite *rose colour*. This pageant is but of momentary duration; and it is a most beautiful sight to watch, from be-

neath the checquered shade of a vine-trellised verandah, the changes from violet to purple, until the mountains stand out in hard relief against the still roseate sky, their masses appearing deeply blue in the clear evening atmosphere.

Adelaide is built on a gently rising ground, on both banks of the Torrens, which divides it into north and south. Several bridges cross the river; which, although in summer it is frequently but a chain of deep broad pools, in the winter pours down a vast foaming torrent from the mountain-fed streams that swell its course. Some of these tributaries have their rise in the glens of Mount Lofty, and during their downward course to the plains, form several fine waterfalls: these, in the rainy season, are well worth visiting, in connection with the romantic and enchanting scenery that surrounds them.

The city of Adelaide covers a large space of ground: the streets are very wide and intersect each other at right angles. Hindley Street, which is nearly a mile in length, is the principal place for shops and public business, and presents an animated and bustling appearance. North Adelaide, on the opposite side of the Torrens, is approached by Frome Bridge, and consist chiefly of private residences and gardens. Many of the public buildings and places of worship are neat and substantial edifices, and the shops are on a scale equal to those of many of the first market-towns in England.

The population of the province is now estimated at nearly 21,000; and out of this number about 7000 are residents in Adelaide and its vicinity. On both sides of the river, between North and South Adelaide, reserved allotments to the extent of 200 acres have been set aside, with the view of hereafter forming pleasure-grounds and public gardens for the benefit of the citizens. These open spaces, called the "Park Lands," are beautifully scattered over with large and spreading gum-trees, that afford an evergreen shade throughout all seasons of the year. Beneath the leafy canopy of these umbrageous *eucalypti*, the tents and marquees are erected for the annual horticultural and agricultural show of South Australia—a gala-day with all classes in Adelaide—when the colonists from far and near arrive with specimens of their produce, and the result of their garden labours. I have been present at two successive exhibitions of this kind, and was astonished at the profusion of specimens displayed on both occasions: not only the most perfect and delicious fruit and vegetables, of almost every variety, but also numberless articles of export and domestic economy, raised by the enterprise and industry of the settlers, were exhibited; besides models for agricultural implements, and samples of corn, wax, honey, leather, starch, and a variety of other valuable commodities.

In allusion to the extent of Adelaide, as laid out by the late talented Colonel Light, my friend Mr.

Dutton, in his interesting statistical work on "South Australia and its Mines," observes,—“The size of the whole at present may appear a great deal too large, and, doubtless, many years will elapse before anything like a regularly defined line of buildings will be seen throughout; but we must remember that Adelaide was not made for us alone: that South Australia will go on increasing in the number of its inhabitants long after we are dead and gone, and, in after ages, the benefit will appear of having provided for the accommodation of a large population on a liberal scale; and Adelaide will then become a noble city. Sydney, with all its wealth, and its thousands of inhabitants, must always retain the unseemly appearance of its narrow and crooked streets; and a more recent instance of the mistake of laying out a town within narrow confines is now seen in Melbourne, Port-Philip, the ground-plan of which does not exceed 600 acres, which have been already covered with buildings; and the limits of the town being daily extended, the inhabitants will soon have the burial-ground in the centre of their town. Let us, therefore, not quarrel with the size of Adelaide: it will conduce much to the health of the inhabitants, securing a plentiful circulation of fresh air; and most of the houses, except those in the immediate business part of the town, where the ground is very valuable, having pretty flower-gardens and shrubberies attached to them, the effect is very pleasing.”

Around Adelaide are the suburban villages of Hindmarsh, Thebarton, Kensington, Bowden, and Walkerville; and at Holdfast Bay, the marine townships of Glenelg and Brighton. At these latter places there is a good beach, and many of the inhabitants of Adelaide visit them for sea-bathing: a charming ride of four or five miles, along an excellent road, brings the citizen to the bay, which is a favourite evening's excursion after the heat of the day is over.

Several German villages are situated in various parts of the province: the largest of them is Klemsic, on the Torrens, about three miles from Adelaide; the others are, Hahndorf, amongst the Mount Barker hills; Bethany, which is beautifully situated near Angas Park, at the foot of the Barossa Range, with Lobethal and Langmeil. The occupants of these villages are entirely Prussians, who, from religious motives, have emigrated from Europe (aided by benevolent individuals), and seek in South Australia that liberty of conscience and security from persecution denied them in their native land. Their chief pastor, the Rev. Mr. Kavel, is unceasing in his labours amongst them; visiting the different villages, and endeavouring to promote peace and good feeling everywhere: his influence is very considerable, and he is looked up to by them on all occasions, whenever moral control or advice is required. As settlers, they are less enterprising and spirited than the British; but a plodding, hard-working set,

doing everything after their own fashion, and jealous of innovation or interference. They usually cultivate small corn-patches and gardens, and are the proprietors of a considerable number of cattle and working bullocks. Many of them, however, gladly take work from the English proprietors, as they get better paid than amongst their own people. They seldom intermarry with the other settlers, and are very exclusive in their opinions: still they are sober and contented, and their general good behaviour outweighs the bigotry and prejudice that many of them retain. These being consequent upon their early position as serfs in Prussia, and deficient education, the rising generation will, doubtless, become more enlightened, and amalgamate in time with the colonists at large.

Throughout the settled districts generally there are townships springing up: here and there the nucleus of some future town is denoted by a dozen or twenty houses, tenanted by as many families; including amongst them a blacksmith, a shoemaker, and a general store. In Adelaide, all the comforts and luxuries of life may be obtained; and an individual who is pining in the cold-catching and uncertain climate of Great Britain—struggling to keep up the necessary appearances of fashionable life, and to be a “somebody,” upon a very limited income—may, by changing his abode to the genial climate of South Australia, live like a little prince, and become a “somebody,” with the same amount

of income upon which he could barely exist in England.

The township of Noarlunga is beautifully situated near the mouth of the Onkaparinga river, about twenty miles south of Adelaide. A large steam mill is erected here, and some lodes of copper-ore have been discovered in the neighbourhood. Beyond Noarlunga is the township of Willunga. The scenery in every direction is peculiarly charming. Morphett Vale, the Willunga hills, and the plain of Aldinga, with Mount Terrible beyond, present scenes of unequalled beauty. Towards Rapid Bay and Cape Jervis the country is more broken and mountainous, and the scenery romantic in the extreme. Many settlers' stations are scattered throughout this district. At Rapid Bay, the cliffs, which are of micaceous schist, rise perpendicularly to a great height, and the character of the landscape surrounding the bay reminds one of the scenery of Wales. The valleys are fertile in the extreme, and the neighbouring districts of Yankallilla and Myponga are amongst the fairest in the colony; being equal in richness of soil and good pasture to those of the Barossa and Mount Barker surveys. The valleys of the Hindmarsh and the Inman also are as fertile in their productions as they are beautiful in scenery.

The district of Encounter Bay lies between the abrupt cape called Rosetta Head and the sea-mouth of the Murray, which is its boundary on the eastward. This district consists of several beautiful val-

leys, covered with luxuriant grass, and backed by ranges of hills, scattered with a variety of timber. At Encounter Bay the settlers are numerous, and during the winter months the whale fishery is carried on there with considerable success.

The Mount Barker country is situated to the eastward of the Mount Lofty range, and is separated from Adelaide by a forest of stringy bark. The hills are intersected by luxuriant valleys, and the manner in which the trees are grouped about conveys the idea that it is one immense park, skilfully arranged by the hand of man, rather than a natural paradise prepared for his reception. The climate in the elevated districts of Mount Barker is similar to that of the Barossa; the heat being felt less than on the plains, and during winter slight frosts are of frequent occurrence. Apples, strawberries, and other English fruits, which do not thrive well upon the plains, grow admirably at Mount Barker, while upon the sunny lowlands all the fruits of the Mediterranean are produced in abundance.

From Mount Barker northward, following up the ranges of hills, a rich and fertile country extends to the Barossa, and from thence stretches still further north; gradually becoming more open, and affording splendid runs for sheep, hundreds of thousands of which find pasture in this part of the colony. The country around Lynedock Valley and the Barossa range is of a very superior character; it consists of well-watered valleys and

gently swelling hills, covered with good grass. The rich verdure and the deep foliage of the ever-green trees, together with the park-like style of the scenery, render these luxuriant districts most beautiful to the eye; whilst the settlers' homesteads frequently display an air of comfort quite inviting: the white buildings peeping through the trees, and the lazy cattle reposing beneath the shade of some umbrageous eucalyptus.

The township of Angaston, at German Pass, is most picturesquely situated at the head of a glen, looking towards the Greenock hills, over which the setting sun throws a purple radiance as he sinks behind their wooded summits. Through this glen there runs a petrifying stream, the banks of which are beautifully encrusted with a calcareous tufa, that has gradually been deposited during its course. The hills surrounding German Pass abound in minerals: chalcedony, opal, iron, marble, copper, and an almost endless variety of mineral substances, are found on the surface of the ground; and when, after a lapse of years, these treasures have been more fully examined and brought to light, they will doubtless become of great value, and increase in quality as they are worked below the surface. About twelve miles to the north-west of Angaston, close to the river Light, is the rich copper-mine of Kapunda, the property of Messrs. Bagot and Dutton, which produces the valuable muriate of copper or acatamite, hitherto

found only in South America : 1200 tons of ore have already been raised from the Kapunda mine, which, at the Swansea sales last year, realized an average price of 24*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* per ton.

From the river Light, vast plains extend towards St. Vincent's Gulf, stretching southwards as far as Adelaide; and about half way, these plains are intersected by the river Gawler, on the banks of which Gawler town is situated. It consists of some fifty or sixty houses, has two good inns, and is the general rendezvous for all the thoroughfare of the northern settlers proceeding to and returning from Adelaide.

Between this good country and the river Murray, extends a belt of scrub, the average breadth of which is from twenty to thirty miles. This sandy district is covered with dwarf eucalyptus, and other desert shrubs : the kangaroo, the emu, and the wild-dog, seek shelter in its unvisited solitudes. Here also the *meyarako*, or scrub-pheasant (*lipoa*), makes its nest : it is formed of sand, like an ant-hill, and is thirty feet in diameter ; in the centre, which is hollowed out, the bird lays four eggs of a delicate salmon or pinkish colour, and, covering them with sand, leaves them to hatch by the heat of the sun. A dray road extends through the scrub for a distance of thirty miles, forming a communication with the Government station at Moorundi on the banks of the Murray. Beneath the bushes of *eucalyptus*, in the scrub, lumps of manna occur in

such abundance, that many bushels might be gathered in a short space of time. It is sweet and very palatable, greatly resembling the manna from the Sicilian ash ; though this is more probably the result of an insect than entirely a vegetable production. I have no doubt but if this manna were carefully collected, and its production attended to, it would prove a valuable article of export as a medicinal drug.

At Moorundi there are barracks and a station for mounted police. Mr. Eyre, the enterprising traveller, has for some time been located on the Murray as resident magistrate. He is now on a visit to England, and has published an interesting account of his various expeditions in Australia. It was to this gentleman that the Royal Geographical Society awarded the founder's medal for the discovery of Lake Torrens at the head of Spencer's Gulf, and his overland journey from Adelaide to King George's Sound in Western Australia. In the vicinity of Moorundi, there are many rich alluvial flats, and several flourishing settlers occupy the banks of the river. The scenery is singular and picturesque : high cliffs of yellow fossiliferous sandstone form a basin or valley about two miles in breadth, through which the noble Murray winds in a series of magnificent reaches from side to side ; at one spot the cliffs will descend abruptly to the water's edge, whilst at another the river flows on through verdant meadows, shaded by clusters of enormous gum-trees, the rich deep foliage of which casts a broad shadow

on each bank of the stream. Birds of the most brilliant plumage adorn their branches; and I have seen thousands of the white-cockatoo, and also of the elegant crested pigeon of the Murray (*Ocyphaps lophotes*), enlivening the evergreen *eucalypti* with their sportive forms.

The natives, in their canoes of bark (*mungo*), are constantly on the water during calm weather, busied in striking fish from these frail vessels; and their encampments may be traced along the banks by the little wreaths of smoke that curl upward, through the sylvan recesses where they build their huts, from the leafy boughs of the overspreading trees. Once a year a distribution of flour and blankets to the Moorundi tribes, and those coming from the interior, takes place here: usually on the first week after the first full moon in May. Many natives come a long distance from the inland tribes to be present on the occasion; and it has been found to have a beneficial influence in promoting a good feeling amongst the natives, who are gradually becoming more peaceably disposed towards the Europeans. Mr. Eyre presided at the last distribution.

Much gypsum occurs in layers amongst the sandstone of the Murray cliffs; and, imbedded in this substance, are found fossil-shells perfectly transparent, which have been converted into gypsum. They are very beautiful, looking like shells wrought out of glass, and are mostly spirals of the genus *turbo*. Pectens, and a variety of other shells, are abundant

in a fossil state in the sandstone, together with echinæ and corallines.

A few miles below Moorundi is a cave, extending for several hundred yards into the side of the cliffs; the entrance to which is an arch accessible only from the water, the river running close beneath the cavern's mouth. When I visited it, the bats were so numerous as to endanger our lights, some of which they extinguished, as they flew hurriedly about in all directions. No bones were observable in this cave, the numerous cavities in the sandstone being all filled with a soft mud.

A natural avenue of gum-trees extends between Mr. Eyre's residence and that of Mr. Heywood, on the right bank of the river, consisting of two rows of noble trees growing at almost equal distances; the open grassy space between each row being at least 100 feet in width: so regular are the intervals between them, that it is almost difficult, at first sight, to persuade one's self that they were not planted by the hand of man.

The climate of South Australia is one perpetual succession of spring and summer: no leafless trees spread out their bare branches against a wintry sky—no sharp-nipping easterly winds pierce to the marrow—never does the glittering mantle of snow cover its verdant plains, and the rigours of our northern winters are unknown. The so-called winter, or wet season, is an intermixture of heavy showers and occasional days of continued rain, with the most

charming weather imaginable; when we breathe the air of paradise, and the sun rises and sets in unclouded glory. In the months of August, September, and October—the spring of Australia—nothing can exceed the loveliness of the climate: the whole earth is carpeted with green, and the turf is gemmed with native flowers, amongst which are many of the *Orchidæ*. January and February are frequently very hot, especially on those days when the sirocco or N.N.W. wind blows: then I *once* saw the thermometer standing in the shade at 107° ; but it was only for an hour or two, and on the succeeding evening the air was cool and pleasant, and the wind blowing from the south-west. Although the thermometer frequently registers a very high degree of temperature, yet, owing to the extreme dryness and transparency of the air, that lassitude and oppression which are experienced in the tropics—even at a lower temperature, as indicated by thermometer—is totally unknown in South Australia: indeed, I have but little hesitation in stating it to be one of the finest climates in the world; and certainly far healthier, especially for those troubled with delicate lungs, than the severe and changeable one of England. There is said to be a great similarity, in many respects, between South Australia and Palestine; and, from my own observation, I can testify that the climate of South Australia is equal to that of the finest districts I have visited on the shores of the Mediterranean.

South Australia is destined to be a great country ; for it contains within itself all the integral elements of a wealthy and prosperous state. Its mines ; its corn, wool, and oil ; with all the other various productions it yields, if turned to good account by a free and enterprising population, cannot fail to ensure its increasing prosperity, and ultimate wealth and importance.

In drawing a comparison between the former and the present state of South Australia, Mr. Bennett says : “ The grass which then sprung only to wither and rot, is now cropped by flocks of sheep and herds of cattle ; plots of the beautiful green sward have been torn up by the plough, and are seen covered with crops of waving grain ; the original quiet solitude is disturbed by the merry ring of the blacksmith’s anvil and the carpenter’s hammer ; the uniformity of the far-stretching plains is relieved by the scattered cottages of the settlers ; and the ever-green but dreary forests, which then only echoed to the howl of the wild-dog, the screech of the parrot, or the yell of the savage, now resound with the bark of the shepherd’s dog, the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle.”

In this distant spot, ten years ago, a few enterprising settlers—a little band of pioneers—began to clear away the scattered trees, and to erect temporary shelter for their families : they had to struggle with disappointments, hardships, and trouble ; but they toiled on, and others came ; the tide of civili-

zation swept onwards like the sea, and their prospect brightened, as the rising of the sun lights up point after point in the dusky landscape. The dark days of trouble are over, and a city now smiles on the plain where the first emigrants pitched their tents amongst the trees ; the hills are covered with flocks and herds ; the fields wave with corn ; the vineyards and the gardens display their wealth of fruit and flowers ; and the little children have learnt to call this adopted country their home : they know of none other than Australia, where they play beneath the evergreen shade of the *eucalyptus*, and gather the sweet scented blossom of the wattle—

“ To twine their tame young kangaroo with flowers.”

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—MOUNT EGMONT—PORT
NICHOLSON—TOWN OF WELLINGTON—PORIRUA—
RAUPARAHA AND RANGIHĀATA—MANA AND TAUPO
PAH.

ONE evening in the month of July, whilst sitting in my verandah at Adelaide, I took it into my head to visit New Zealand: a friend had shown me some beautifully ornamented weapons he had brought from thence, and that night I went to bed and dreamed of native “pahs,” and stately tattooed chiefs. In the morning I was packing up my trunk to go on board a schooner, belonging to the South Australian Company, which was to sail with a supply of flour for the European settlements in New Zealand. Next day the schooner dropped down the river and lay at anchor off the light ship; and in the afternoon I strolled amongst the hills that embosom the wild glen through which the Moriatta creek pours its foaming and rock-beaten falls. I had wandered along its banks, embowered

with mimosa, tea-tree, and the brilliant clusters of the native lilac, until the bright sunny day stole by ; and as I pursued my solitary way back to the ship, along those hills clothed with verdure and beauty—looking over the broad plains melting away in the soft and hazy light of the setting sun, inhaling the sweet perfume of the wattles in blossom, and gathering the blue and yellow orchises that peeped freshly from the fragrant earth—I saddened at the thought that all this beauty must be exchanged on the morrow for the dull and melancholy sea.

The breeze was fair, and as it freshened after sunset, we lay our course down the gulf. The round moon, like a golden globe, rose above Mount Lofty, shedding a gentle misty light over the lessening land ; till, rising higher, it streaked the waves with a shining track of restless lustre, and its pure radiance fell broadly over our decks, bathing the sails in its silvery beams.

On the following day we were off Kangaroo Island, with the high land of Cape Jervis in sight ; and before evening the shores of South Australia were below the horizon. I once again found myself on the wide and desolate ocean—

“ With only waves and stars in sight : ”

there was no sign of living thing, save the majestic swoop of the snowy-breasted albatross, whose broad wing seems eternally stretched forth, like a guardian

spirit, over the melancholy wastes of the Southern ocean. As we proceeded on our voyage, albatrosses became more numerous. I have no sympathy with these melancholy and mysterious creatures, that for ever hover, spirit-like, over the deep mid-ocean : there is something drear and almost fearful about them. Let their wail, the only living voice that mingles with the sounding blast, be lost in utter loneliness. Give me the gay warbler of the forest, that weaves its green nest amongst the flowers, and, swelling its tiny throat on some leafy bough, sits and sings to its mate and the setting sun.

Eight days after leaving port we sighted land : the tops of the high mountains of Wilson's Promontory were discernible, like islands on the horizon. This promontory is the most southern extremity of New Holland ; and between it and the small island of Rodunda is the entrance to Bass's Straits. Cape Liptrap bore north of us, presenting a long unbroken line of moderately high land ; whilst to the east rose the jagged and irregular summits of the lofty chain of hills forming Wilson's Promontory ; and detached from their southernmost point, like a huge pyramid rising abruptly from the sea, the rocky island of Rodunda presented itself. Still further off were Sir R. Curtis's islands and the Devil's Tower. A dangerous sunken rock, called the Crocodile Rock, the position of which is laid down as uncertain, lies between Rodunda and the Devil's Tower. The navigation of

Bass's Straits, amongst so many reefs and rocky islands, is often dangerous and difficult, especially at night and in thick weather. The latitude of Wilson's Promontory is $39^{\circ} 12'$ south, longitude $146^{\circ} 22'$ east. All night we were beating up against a foul wind, in vain endeavouring to get through the passage between Rodunda and the main; a strong tide was running against us, and the night was wet, misty, and very dark. It was anything but an enviable situation, to be near so many wild and fearful rocks, jutting up from the deep water, with their bare inaccessible sides, which are the resort of myriads of sea-fowl that nestle undisturbed amongst these inhospitable isles. Both the promontory and Rodunda have a singularly rugged aspect. The latter, around which the morning clouds hung in voluminous wreaths, is little better than a huge rock, having a few straggling bushes that clothe its more sheltered sides; but the still loftier eminences of the promontory are covered to their summits with a dense forest of eucalyptus. One vast ironstone rock, the barren resort of multitudes of sea-fowl, lies but a short distance from the shore, marking this as the most southerly point of the Australian continent. With a strong breeze from the westward, we cleared Bass's Straits, passing to our right Hogan's, and finally Kent's group; while, far away to the north, the dim outline of the summits of a ridge on the mainland was visible for some time, distant about fifteen leagues.

In Bass's Straits lines are always put out astern of the vessel to catch a fish from two to three feet long, called "barracôuta," and the hooks are baited with a piece of red rag. This fish somewhat resembles a bonito, only its form is more slender, and it attains a larger size: it is by no means unpalatable eating, being infinitely superior to dolphin. The barracôuta is very abundant amongst the islands in the Straits, and frequents the shallow water off most parts of the Australian coast; and the men belonging to the vessels trading between Adelaide and Sydney frequently obtain them in great numbers. They cut them open and preserve with salt, and when they arrive in Sydney find a ready market for them at six shillings a dozen.

A gale of wind blowing from west to south-west hurried us along over the now tempestuous waters of the Pacific, and in less than eight days from our leaving Wilson's Promontory we sighted the land of New Zealand. The lofty summit of Mount Egmont, at the entrance of Cook's Straits, reared its snow-capped cone high above the horizon; and, as the afternoon sun shone upon the snow, it looked like a small white cloud resting along the sea. When we first discerned it, we were distant eighty-five miles from its summit; and as we sailed onward the line of this snowy limit became more distinct, and a grey mist hung over the land beneath. Very gently did the faint and shadowy pyramid reveal itself amid the haziness of the sky; but there it stood, lifting

its crown of everlasting snows as a mighty beacon over the blue Pacific.

At early daybreak I was on deck to enjoy the first sight of sunrise behind the volcano of Taranaki; and, peculiarly beautiful as the first vision of land is at sunrise, the scene I now looked upon was beyond description magnificent. A deep orange flush kindled more and more brightly, throwing up its glare from behind the dark slope of the mountain, until the vault of the heavens was embroidered, as it were, with fantastic patterns of richly wrought cloud, woven into the most delicate tracery by the fresh east wind; while, as if to exhibit the scene beneath, this glorious curtain seemed to have been drawn up, and revealed the pure spotless ether of the morning sky, of a deep and lovely sapphire blue, against which towered the mighty volcano: its pearly summit standing out in bold relief, serene and majestic, in the unstained purity of its gleaming snows. During the day, clouds stole along its lofty sides, resting about halfway down; but the topmost peak of the cone still stood out clear and cutting against the sky.

My friend Dr. Dieffenbach, who is the only individual that has attempted the ascent of this mountain, calculates its elevation at 8839 feet; and he gives 1635 feet below the summit as the lowest point at which the snow is perpetual. In Norie's chart of 1833, Mount Egmont is laid down as being 14,000 feet above the level of the sea; but

in Betts's map it is more correctly computed at 9000.

As we drew nearer the shore, we observed smoke in many places, and we also distinctly heard the roar of the surf dashing against the beach; but a contrary wind sprang up, and at two o'clock we were compelled to stand out to sea. We had been making for the settlement of New Plymouth, or Taranaki, which is inside the Sugar-Loaf Islands, near the base of the mountain. This settlement not having a harbour, and the whole coast being a lee shore during the prevailing winds from west and north-west, it is at such times an unsafe and hazardous part of the coast to anchor off.

Perhaps there are few places more subject to sudden changes of weather than the coasts of New Zealand. Last evening it was serene and calm as though sky and ocean slept together, but before daybreak it commenced blowing strongly from the north-west, and the wind soon freshened into a violent gale. The whole sky assumed a leaden aspect, a thick mist with drizzling rain set in, and the sea ran furiously, the violence of the wind sweeping the waves along in drifts of foam. We had narrowly escaped being driven ashore at New Plymouth, where we should inevitably have been wrecked had we rounded the Sugar-Loaf Islands a few hours sooner; for the whole force of the gale setting in so suddenly from the north-west would have prevented our getting off shore. We lay to,

the gale raging terrifically for twelve hours : during the succeeding night it moderated, and we ran for Port Nicholson in Cook's Straits.

The morning was lovely, with bright sunshine, and a fresh westerly breeze carried us briskly through the Straits which divide the two large islands of New Zealand from each other. On each side of us land was visible, looking beautiful in the morning brilliancy. To our right, the coast of Middle Island displayed a long range of wildly broken ridges of very high land, backed by mountain peaks covered with snow. Entry Island, and Mana or Table Island, were visible to the left, with the shores towards Port Nicholson. Presently we opened out the entrance of Queen Charlotte's Sound, with the high Cape Kumaroo and the rocks called the " Brothers " in the foreground ; and afterwards the shores of Cloudy Bay, the celebrated resort of the South Sea whalers; came in sight, backed by a ridge of snowy mountains : the lofty peak of Mount Tako rising above the rest of the Kaikoras, or Lookers-on, as these mountains are termed.

About noon we were off Port Nicholson heads, and a pilot came on board from Evans's Bay to take us into the harbour. The entrance is narrow, and surrounded with rocks ; some sunken, but the greatest portion of them jutting sharply out of the water, often assuming remarkable pyramidal forms. But, on entering between the heads, this fine harbour

presents a most imposing appearance: a vast sheet of water, completely land-locked, with two small rocky isles rising near its centre, and backed by rugged hills clothed with forest or fern to the water's edge; the distant view inland being bounded by the snowy range of the Tararua mountains.

The wind being north-west was dead against us, and we had to beat into the harbour with short tacks, so that it was past sun-down before we reached our anchorage. At seven P. M. all was still and quiet as a mill-pond; down went our anchor, splashing and rumbling; and on putting my head out of the companion-hatchway, I discovered that we were but a gunshot from the shore. The whole town of Wellington, with its tiers of wooden buildings, lay extended along the margin of the Bay; made manifest by the row of twinkling lights that multiplied themselves in the watery mirror beneath.

Sunrise revealed to us a picturesque and beautiful bay, backed by thickly wooded mountains, and enlivened with the wooden houses of the settlers; several vessels lay at anchor in the bay, and the appearance of the town from the anchorage was more imposing than I had anticipated. Wellington is the principal of the New Zealand Company's settlements, and contains about 3000 inhabitants. On each side of the town is a native "pah," or village: that on the right, facing the water, is called Te Aro, and occupies a portion of the open flat termed "Te Aro-flat;" the one on the left is known as Pipitea. In

the centre of the town is a small patch of land, reserved by the chief, E Tako, where he has erected a substantial weather-boarded house for himself and family. Along the shores of the harbour are several other native villages: the principal of which are Kai Warra-Warra, belonging to Te Ringa Kuri; Nga Hauranga, in possession of the people of the late chief, Warepouri; and Petoni, at the head of the harbour, near the entrance to the valley of the Hutt, which is the residence of E Puni and his tribe. The country, for some miles around Port Nicholson, is little else than a succession of steep irregular hills, clothed with dense forests; the nearest available land, of any extent, is the valley of the Hutt, where there are some open tracts of rich soil. The site of Wellington has been chosen entirely on account of the fine harbour; and the want of good and level land near the town is now sadly felt by the colonists there. By an enormous and almost incredible expenditure of labour and money, they have cut down the lofty trees and cleared patches here and there amongst the forest, on the mountain sides, to sow their wheat; but, owing to the steepness of the hills, the heavy rains wash down much of the seed sown, and the unfortunate settlers have not been able to raise sufficient for their own consumption: they are still dependent on the supplies of flour constantly arriving from South Australia and Van Dieman's Land.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery,

when viewed from the heights at the back of the town: the harbour, on a sunny day, looks like a large blue lake embosomed deep in hills and rocky precipices, the islands in its centre glistening in the sunshine; to the northward the valley of the Hutt stretches up towards the snowy range of Tararua, whose white peaks stand out against the azure sky; and a beach of fine white sand meets the water's edge: the scattered residences of the Europeans, intermingled with the pahs and villages of the natives, adding life to the scene. The green and umbrageous forest, displaying foliage equal in magnificence and luxuriance to that of the tropics, forms a leafy canopy, from beneath which it is delightful to look down upon so glorious a landscape.

For a few days I took up my quarters at Barratt's hotel, a large wooden erection overlooking the bay. This is the only good hostel in the place, and is *the* rendezvous for all the "gentlemen" of Wellington; in fact, it is the exchange, coffee-room, auction-mart, public-house, and general place of meeting and resort for all the merchants, idlers, and speculators with which this settlement abounds: billiards are played without interruption, and liquors and champagne circulate rather too freely for a new colony. The state of "society" may be inferred, from the not unusual circumstance of the most fashionable of these "gentlemen" being trundled home in wheelbarrows from a ball, at the late hour of ten in the morning, on two succeeding days. Meat, butter,

milk, and many of the necessities of life, are dear in Wellington, and the poorer class of settlers live almost entirely on pork and potatoes: these they purchase of the natives, who carry on a profitable trade by bringing in pigs, and the produce of their cultivation, for sale or barter to the Europeans. With the money thus obtained, the Maories buy muskets, powder, and blankets; and natives of the gentler sex possess themselves of dresses, ear-rings, and various articles of European finery.

On the morning of my landing I visited Pipitea pah: several canoes were drawn up along the beach; some of them beautifully carved at the head and stern, and all coloured with *kokowai*, or red ochre. At this place I met Nga Tata, the chief of Pipitea and Kumototo, who stood to me for his portrait. This man is father of E Tako, the present chief of Port Nicholson, and in former days was an atrocious cannibal. He boasts of having roasted slave children alive, and then partaken of their flesh; and is notorious for his sanguinary deeds of cruelty. His eyes have a bloodshot and savage appearance, and his character is borne out by the expression of his countenance. He has six toes on his left foot: a peculiarity that characterizes Rauparaha and several other chiefs. Close to Pipitea is a *ware karakia*, or chapel, belonging to the Christian natives, which is built of *raupo* and *tohi-tohi* grass, according to the native fashion. A small bell was struck outside the building, and it was an interesting

sight to watch the effect it had upon the dwellers of the pah: one by one they came out of their houses, or crossed the little stiles dividing one court-yard from another, and, wrapping their mats and blankets around them, slowly and silently wended their way to the place of worship. On entering, each individual squatted upon the ground, which was strewn with reeds, and, with their faces buried in their blankets, they appeared to be engaged in prayer; they then opened their Maori Testaments, and a native teacher commenced the sacred service. It would have been a lesson to some of our thoughtless and fashionable congregations, to witness the devout and serious aspect and demeanour of these tattooed men, who, without the assistance of a European, were performing Christian worship with decorous simplicity and reverential feeling.

Te Aro pah is larger than Pipitea, and stands at the south-east extremity of the flat on which most of the town of Wellington is built. The houses, or huts, are mostly of reeds, sheeted with bark. But few of their elaborate and finely ornamented wooden buildings are seen in the vicinity of the European settlements; where the natives have certainly degenerated, and become more avaricious and indolent than they are in the interior.

A party of natives had arrived at Te Aro, in their canoes, from Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the opposite shores of Cook's Straits. Amongst them were several fine old chiefs, most elaborately tattooed, and adorned

with the *topuni*, or war-mat; which is made of dog's hair, assorted, and interwoven with a garment of fine flax, so as to resemble a cloak of rich fur. On entering one of the enclosures, where their friends were assembled, these visitors commenced their salutations by pressing noses with each in succession, and then sat down in silence; the women setting up a *tangi*, or "crying of welcome." Baskets of hot potatoes were then brought in by the slave women, and the whole party sat down to their evening meal, until the bell struck for *karakia*, or prayers.

A whale having been lately driven ashore by a gale, in one of the bays near the entrance of the harbour, the natives had been busily engaged in collecting the oil, to supply the lamps of their sleeping-houses, and to sell to the Europeans of the settlement. The mode they employed for conveying the oil was curious: having no bottles, they obtained a number of the large pods of a species of seaweed that grows on the rocks off Evans's Bay; these they filled with oil, and then tied them up at the mouth with flax. Each pod held upwards of a quart, and resembled in appearance a bottle of caoutchouc.

The potato is the staff of life to the New Zealander; it supplies every meal, and its cultivation occupies a considerable portion of their time at certain seasons of the year. Before putting the potatoes into the ovens, they are washed by the slave women in the stream which runs past every village. The woman, having the potatoes in a flax-basket or

“kit,” with two handles, goes into the stream, and putting one foot into the basket with the roots, takes hold of the handles, and commences shaking them furiously, her foot acting as a scrubbing-brush; in this way the potatoes are effectually cleansed in a few minutes.

I spent several days amongst the natives around Port Nicholson, remaining with them in their paha, sketching, and taking portraits of their principal personages. To accomplish the latter required considerable tact, which I only acquired by experience; for had I painted a slave, a child, or some unimportant individual, it was in vain afterwards to attempt to obtain the portrait of a superior. My plan was, therefore, first to pay this compliment to the chief of highest rank amongst his tribe, and then the whole population were candidates as subjects for my pencil.

My last afternoon at Te Aro was quite a gala-day with the natives; Kutia, the wife of the celebrated Rauparaha, and his son Ko Katu, having arrived on a visit to Port Nicholson. Kahoki, the daughter of the chief of the Roturua lakes, and niece of Rauparaha, was also there; and she prevailed on her relatives to sit to me for their portraits. Ko Katu wore his native costume, but not half an hour afterwards he came to wish me good evening in an English dress suit, as he was about to dine with one of the settlers at Wellington. Rauparaha's wife is an exceedingly stout woman, and wears her hair,

which is very stiff and wiry, combed up into an erect mass upon her head, about a foot in height, somewhat after the fashion of the Tonga islanders ; which, combined with her size, gives her a remarkable appearance. She was well dressed in a flax mat of native manufacture, thickly ornamented with tufts of coloured wool ; and one of her nieces wore silk stockings, and slippers of patent leather : this gay damsel was, moreover, a very pretty girl, and knew how to set off her charms to advantage ; for, over a European dress, she had retained her native ornaments, and wrapped herself coquettishly in a beautiful kaitaka,* displaying her large hazel eyes above its silky folds. Kahoki had recourse to a looking-glass, before which she made her toilet ; and so delighted was she with the painter's art, that she offered to accompany me with her attendants on a sketching tour to the lakes at Roturua, promising me her protection and influence amongst her friends to obtain all the portraits I might desire.

In the evening there was a *haka*, or dance and song : the performers, stripped to the waist, went through all manner of strange gestures, rolling their eyes and making hideous faces, as an accompaniment to the song ; which was very loud and boisterous, and frequently sounded in the throat, with a

* *E kaitaka* is the finest kind of dress, made of the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax ; it is highly valued, and is ornamented with a richly embroidered border, in vandyke patterns, from one to two feet in depth.

peculiar shaking and twirling of the fingers, with both hands extended. Draughts and card-playing occupied them until nearly midnight. Of the former game especially, the natives are very fond; it is played throughout the interior, where it is called *Emu*; and many doubts are entertained whether it was introduced by the Europeans, as it is played in a different manner. Neither in this amusement nor that of cards do the natives play for money; yet the success of the game frequently occasions quarrels between the opposite parties.

Nga Hauranga is a small native settlement, about three miles from Wellington, picturesquely situated at the mouth of a glen, where a gurgling stream issues into the harbour. Half a canoe, ornamented with an arabesque work in red and black, and surmounted at the top by a bunch of *kaka** feathers, denotes the tomb of the late chief, Warepouri, who died here a few months ago. The tropical-looking dragon-trees (*dracæna*), called *tī* by the natives, and the *karaka*-tree, grow up the steep sides of the hills that rise behind Nga Hauranga: the surrounding scenery is pleasing, and the native clearings, with here and there a cooking hut or a *patuka* (an elevated storehouse for grain) erected amongst the trees, diversify the scene.

Farther on is Petoni, where I found the old chief, E Puni, with a number of his people, who were

* *Kaka* is the native term for the *nestor meridionalis* or southern nestor, a species of brown parrot, indigenous to New Zealand.

busily employed in carpentering. Several good wooden houses have been erected by the natives, after the European manner; and large canoes were drawn up on the beach. The natives here have all embraced Christianity, and style themselves "*mihonari*," or missionary people.

From Petoni, flax marshes extend to the river Hutt; on both sides of the stream there are numerous settlers' cottages, and further up, some extensive clearings. The alluvial valley of the Hutt is considered the best agricultural district near Port Nicholson, from which it is distant about 10 miles. The only road to it from Wellington is along the beach; close to which the hills rise abruptly, clothed with beautiful evergreen shrubs.

When wars amongst the New Zealanders were frequent, and each tribe lived in constant expectation of an attack from those surrounding it, it was customary to erect fortified strongholds, on the summits of steep hills, whence a good look-out was kept over the adjacent country. A romantic-looking position of this sort still remains not far from Petoni: a cluster of native houses crowns the summit of a steep eminence, and at the foot of it is a winding stream. An unusual firing attracted me to the spot, where I found a group of natives gathered together in the central court, discharging their muskets successively: intelligence had been received of the death of a neighbouring chief at Petoni, and at such times it is the custom to fire

away large quantities of powder ; the amount being regulated by the rank of the chief. The women then commenced howling and lamenting in the most woeful strain, and cutting themselves with sharp *pipi* shells. After this effusion of grief was over, I supped with them on fish and potatoes, out of their flax baskets ; water being fetched from the stream below, by the slave women, in large calabashes. At sunset, the people of this settlement being “ missionary” natives, a bell was struck, and they then went through their evening devotions, previously to retiring to rest.

Many of the natives around Port Nicholson have become greatly Europeanized : they are literally “ hewers of wood and drawers of water” to the inhabitants. Some act occasionally as servants, but in general they are too independent to remain longer in a state of servitude than suits their own inclination ; others make good boatmen, and most of the whale boats at the fisheries of Cook’s Straits are partly manned by Maories.

The position of the harbour of Port Nicholson, at the south-eastern entrance of Cook’s Straits, is open to the heavy gales that frequently blow from that quarter in the winter season : between the high lands that rise on each side of the entrance to the harbour, the wind, at such seasons, rushes in, as through a funnel, with unrelenting fury. These “ south-easters,” as they are termed, generally continue two or three days, the storm being at its

height on the second day. During a very severe gale of this kind, we were unable to hold communication with the vessel for three days ; and in many of the houses no lights could be burned. So great was the violence of the wind that it was impossible to stand out of doors, and the wooden houses rocked in such a manner at night that many were afraid they should be blown out of their beds. Not long since, a sudden gust of wind, during one of these gales, actually raised a large boat that was on the beach, and carried it along for a considerable distance, a woman being killed on the spot where it fell. The vessels in the anchorage were rolling about tremendously ; several dragged their anchors ; boats were swamped and driven ashore ; and the squalls swept down from the hills with an impetuosity that almost stove in the houses.

My friend, Mr. Percy Earl, the enterprising naturalist, was, happily for me, at Wellington during the period of my visit ; and we spent many pleasant hours together, talking over the natural history of New Zealand.

Mr. Earl had recently been travelling and exploring in the Middle Island, where there are but few inhabitants ; and he intended shortly to return to Europe with the collections that were the result of his researches. Amongst other most remarkable specimens, he had obtained some recently fossilized bones of the gigantic *moa*, a struthious bird, formerly inhabiting New Zealand : this creature, according to

the measurement of the bones, could not have been less than seventeen feet in height! Mr. Earl found his specimens at the mouth of a river on the East coast, buried in an alluvial deposit; this had been carried down by the stream from the mountains of the interior, and the bones were partly exposed by the receding tide. The natives have strange tales and legends respecting this bird; and some of the inhabitants about Otago affirm that it still exists in the extensive and unknown plains of the Middle Island. Another bird, indigenous to New Zealand, and now nearly, if not totally extinct, is the *kakapo* of the natives: an enormous parrot of a dark speckled colour, having a green metallic tinge. The natives attribute the destruction of this singular bird to the introduction of dogs and cats into the island, for as it perched upon the lower branches of trees it was easily seized when asleep. The natives used to hunt it by torchlight, for the sake of its feathers, which were very much esteemed as ornaments for the head. A single skin, now in the British Museum, and a few tufts of the feathers, cut for insertion into the hair, are all that now remain extant of this magnificent specimen of the parrot tribe.

From Wellington I started on foot, through the mountainous forests, for Porirua harbour, to visit the settlements of the chief Rauparaha, and his fighting general, Rangihaeata; whose conspicuous deeds at the late massacre in Wairau valley were still fresh in the minds of the Wellington settlers.



July 19, 1937. Forest, 1000 ft.

Forest, 1000 ft.

Forest, 1000 ft.

Forest, 1000 ft.

My only companion was Tuarau or Kopai, a nephew of Te Rauparaha; being the son of Na Horua, or "Tom Street," the elder brother of that crafty and powerful chief. For three or four miles from Wellington, a road has been formed through the forest, but the path afterwards becomes a narrow track, little better than a Maori foot-way; in some places knee-deep with mud, and in others so overgrown with tangled liands and supplejacks, as to be scarcely passable: fallen trees constantly obstructed the way; and owing to the late heavy rains, we were frequently compelled to wade for a considerable distance. The scenery along this forest track is, for the whole twelve miles, exceedingly picturesque. The lofty forest—filled with noble trees of gigantic growth, clothed not only with their own evergreen foliage, but with innumerable parasitical plants, ferns, mosses, and orchidæ, climbing up to their very summits—presents a scene of luxuriant vegetation not to be surpassed in the tropics. Beneath the upper canopy of forest trees—such as the *rimu* pine, the *kaikateu*, the *totara*, *kahikatoa*, *rata*, and many others of enormous growth, all affording excellent timber and ornamental wood—there is an undergrowth in these damp and windless twilight solitudes, composed of the *nikau* palm (*areca sapida*), and the beautiful tree-fern, which is the glory of the New Zealand forest, and has been aptly styled the king of ferns. It is in New Zealand that the *cyathea dealbata* and the

cyathea medullaris may be seen in their native luxuriance, towering to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and occasionally attaining even a still higher altitude. Every valley in the forest is intersected by a gurgling stream ; and the banks of the glen on each side are generally clothed with one leafy mass of magnificent ferns and *dracænæ*. Some of the mosses are extremely beautiful ; a scarlet fungus enlivens the decaying trees, and there is scarcely a spot of an inch square that is not the receptacle of vegetable life, in these dense and teeming woods.

On emerging from the forest, we came upon the shores of the harbour ; low sandy flats stretch out for some distance, and the hills around are covered with fern and belts of forest descending to the shore. Many native houses are scattered along the margin of the harbour ; and as the tide was out, the women were busily employed in gathering *pipis*, a species of cockle, from the uncovered flats. The *pinna mussel* (*pinna Zealandica*) was found in considerable abundance, sticking in the mud at the mouth of a small river that discharged itself into the harbour. To the left were extensive native cultivations, and a small *kainga* or Maori* settlement, at which we halted ; my companion informing me that it was the property of his father, Na Horua, or " Tom Street." We found the old chief sitting in his potato ground, superintending his people and

* *Maori* is the native term for New Zealander : it also implies anything indigenous, as *wai maori*, " water."

slaves, who were at work clearing the ground in readiness for the next crop. He is the *tohunga*, or priest, of the family; and though he does not enter into active warfare, or the struggle for power, like his brother *Rauparaha*, yet his influence is very great, and his counsel is sought on all occasions of importance connected with his tribe. He is a fine-looking and venerable old man, much tattooed; though, from the length of time since the lines have been retouched, many of them are nearly obliterated: for engraving on *flesh*, as well as on metal, requires retouching. His person is regarded as strictly sacred; and, according to the custom of the New Zealanders, his wife, *E Wai*, who had recently been ill, was made “*tapu*,” or sacred, for a certain length of time; during which period everything that she touched became “*tapu*” also, for the space of three days. It was singular to observe the various places where she had sat upon the ground, or rested to partake of food, fenced off with a slight circle of boughs stuck into the earth, to prevent any one trespassing on these sacred spots, and thus breaking the “*tapu*.”

After leaving the old chief, we proceeded to the mouth of the harbour, which we crossed in a canoe, and arrived at *Porirua pah*. Close to it is a substantial house belonging to *Jordy Thoms*, a master whaler, who has been engaged in his occupation along the shores of Cook's Straits, for upwards of twenty years. He married the sister of *Rauparaha*,

by which alliance he secured the friendship of the powerful Nga ti toa tribe, and also several fine tracts of land for his children. Thoms's wife died a few years since, and was buried at Te awa iti, near Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the opposite shores of the straits, where Thoms has another house and whaling-station. Here Kopai left me for the night; and, whilst I was sharing pot-luck with the whalers—eating my supper of potatoes and buttermilk, by the light of a tin lamp filled with most odoriferous blubber-oil—my young guide proceeded a mile further along the beach, to Taupo pah, where his young and handsome wife, E Wai, resided. The beach between the two pahs is strewn with the ribs and skulls of whales. Exactly opposite to Taupo pah is the island of Mana, or Table Island, distant about five miles from the shore; and further on, to the right, looking towards the straits, is Kapiti, or Entry Island,—both which have long been Rauparaha's strongholds. A few hundred yards beyond Taupo pah, a new and very substantial stockade has been erected by Rangihaeata, since the massacre at Wairau, as a place of retreat in case of attack.

The history of Rauparaha is one of the most eventful of any of the New Zealand chiefs on record. His birth-place was at Kawhia, on the west coast; from which, with his powerful tribe, he was expelled by the Nga Pui hosts, from the Bay of Islands, in conjunction with the tribes of Waikato. He afterwards conquered the people on both shores

of Cook's Straits, and took forcible possession of their lands, where he has since dwelt. By his skill in warfare, and wily cunning, he has acquired great reputation amongst his tribe. He came from Kawhia as the fighting general of Ti Pahi; and, after the latter was slain at Otago, he became chief of the tribe. The slaughter of Ti Pahi was attended with the most revolting traits of cannibalism: he was tied up to a tree by his heels, and his throat cut; his enemies sucking the blood that flowed from the wound. Rauparaha, to revenge the death of Ti Pahi, engaged with the master of an English vessel, of the name of Stewart, to carry him and a detachment of his people, under pretence of a trading voyage, to Otago; where the master coaxed on board a leading chief of the tribe and his family, some of whom were immediately despatched. Rauparaha and Stewart, with their party, then landed, and, laying waste the settlements, killed every man, woman, and child indiscriminately that came in their way. The chief, who had been enticed on board, was made fast in the cabin by a hook through his throat; and, in despair at seeing his daughter the victim of these monsters, he killed her with his own hands. During the voyage back to Kapiti, the old man was murdered; and it is a fact, that one of the ship's coppers was in use for cooking human flesh for the guests, and that Stewart and his crew participated, if not in the feast, in the atrocious murder and revolting preparations for it. By similar

treachery, Rauparaha has acquired his power in other parts, and become the terror of the surrounding tribes. The Nga ti awas, who inhabit Port Nicholson and Queen Charlotte's Sound, are frequently in alliance with him; and more than once, in the midst of a fight against their common southern enemies, Rauparaha has deserted them, with his people. In traffic with Europeans, this chief displays all his subtlety and craftiness, alternately begging and extorting, and using threats if he thinks that he has a superiority of power. It is in conjunction with Rangihaeata, his fighting general, that Rauparaha now carries on his plans of warfare. Rangihaeata, though one of the most ferocious chiefs of New Zealand, has less of deception and cunning than Rauparaha. He is a man of strong passions, and enormous strength; and, whilst Rauparaha gains his end by treachery and plotting, Rangihaeata fights like a lion when once roused to action.

In the month of April, 1843, the massacre of the Europeans at the Wairau valley took place; in which tragedy both Rauparaha and Rangihaeata took the most prominent part. The occasion of dispute between the settlers and the natives, was owing to the surveyors belonging to the New Zealand Company persisting in surveying land in the Wairau valley, which they alleged had been fairly purchased from the natives. Rauparaha, on the other hand, denied this, and forbade their proceeding. After burning the huts which the sur-

veyors had erected upon the land in question, the natives removed the property of the Europeans, untouched, to the sea-side, and desired them to discontinue measuring their land; at the same time informing them that they must quit the place, and remove back to the opposite side of the straits, from whence they came. The surveyors refused, and Mr. Thompson, the police magistrate, on hearing the intelligence at Nelson, issued a warrant against Rauparaha, on a charge of arson. Meanwhile, the natives gathered at the Wairau, to the number of one hundred or upwards, all resolutely determined to protect their land, and to drive off the surveyors belonging to the New Zealand Company. The magistrate having issued his warrant, proceeded himself to the Wairau, with an armed force, amounting, in all, to about fifty individuals, and determined to attend the execution of the warrant himself: thinking that the natives would be awed by the authority of the law. On the evening of Thursday, June 15th, the party landed at Wairau from the Government brig, and ascended a few miles up the river. On the Saturday following they proceeded still farther up the river, and found Rangihaeata and his party of natives encamped on an open space, before a wood, on the right bank of a deep stream called Tua Marina, which flows into the Wairau, and is here about thirty feet wide. A canoe was placed as a bridge, and the leading individuals connected with

the Company, amongst whom was Captain Wakefield, stepped over.

The police magistrate then called on Rauparaha and Rangihaeata. The former alone came forward, and Mr. Thompson told him that he was the Queen's representative; that he had warrants against him and Rangihaeata for the destruction of the property of Mr. Cotterell the surveyor, and that he required him to go on board the brig, taking with him some of his followers, where the matter should be investigated. Rauparaha said that Mr. Spain, who was not yet arrived, would inquire into and settle the business in a little while. Mr. Thompson explained that Mr. Spain's business lay in deciding as to land-claims; that this was a question about destruction of property, and had nothing to do with the ownership of the Wairau. Rauparaha requested to have the matter decided on the spot; and professed his readiness to make the compensation to Mr. Cotterell required by the magistrates, provided their decision pleased him. Mr. Thompson replied that the case must be heard on board the Government brig, whither Rauparaha must accompany him. On Rauparaha's reiterated refusal to comply with this proposal, put in direct terms to him, Mr. Thompson declared he would compel him. Rauparaha said he did not want to fight, but that if the white people fought he would fight too. Mr. Thompson, pointing to the armed men, threatened

that he and his party should be fired upon. Sixteen natives immediately sprang to their feet and presented fire-arms. Rangihaeata now came forward and vehemently defied the magistrates and their power—exclaiming that “they did not go to England to interfere with the white people, and demanded why the latter came there to interfere with them.” The conversation now became very rapid and violent, and the chief Puaha (who, by frequently attempting to intercede, seems only to have rendered matters worse) again stepped forward with his bible in his hand, and prayed that there might be no strife. At last Mr. Thompson called out, “Captain England, let the men advance.”

The conference with the chiefs lasted about twenty minutes or half an hour. Great trouble was taken to explain to them the non-connexion of these proceedings with the land-claims; and every assurance was given them of a fair hearing of what they might have to say in their defence. It was, besides, abundantly explained that they were not now to be taken to punishment, but to trial: that Mr. Cotterell had complained against them, and that the complaint must be examined into. Mr. Thompson addressed them through the interpreter Brooks; and a native of the Bay of Islands was present, who explained to them every word that was said.

In the mean time, the men left on the other side of the stream had been divided into two bodies,

consisting of sixteen and seventeen respectively ; one under the command of Captain England, the other under that of Mr. Howard. When the dispute was at the highest, Captain Wakefield, perceiving the danger of being separated from the men, should a collision arise, proceeded to the creek with the intention of bringing them over on a canoe, which, with the consent of the natives, was laid across it. In the canoe the men met Captain Wakefield, whom the rest of the gentlemen were apparently following. "Keep your eyes on them, my men—they have their guns pointed at us," said Captain Wakefield, with characteristic coolness, to the advancing men. At this moment (observing some movement among the natives towards Mr. Thompson or the gentlemen), he exclaimed in a loud voice with great energy, "Men, forward! Englishmen, forward!" and a shot was fired, according to the explicit and consistent evidence of Joseph Morgan, by one of the Maories, which laid his comrade Tyrrell dead at his feet. These two men, with Northam, also killed at almost the same time and spot, were in advance of their party, and on the opposite bank of the stream when this occurred.

It was then, apparently, that Mr. Thompson gave orders to fire, if any were given at all. Before he could be obeyed, however, the Maories had fired a volley, which was instantly returned. The gentlemen were crossing while this went on; Captain

England, the last of them, wading through the water, into which he had fallen, holding on by the side of the canoe. Those of Mr. Howard's party who had reached the other bank returned at the same time. The firing was kept up briskly on both sides for a few minutes; but in this skirmishing the Maories had greatly the advantage, the bushes on their side being much closer and affording far better concealment. This, and their previous confusion from meeting in the canoe, may account for the greater loss of life among the Englishmen.

Immediately after crossing, Mr. Patchett received a shot in his left side. He leaped up, and fell mortally wounded on the spot where he had been standing. Captain Wakefield, observing his men already retreating—as well, probably, as the disadvantage at which they were fighting, their enemies being almost invisible and themselves exposed—ordered them to retire to form on the hill. At this moment, “it is ascertained that the natives were on the point of taking to flight, when Rauparaha, seeing the retreat, excited his men, who, raising a war-cry, darted across the stream in pursuit of the Europeans.” These latter retreated, without order, in the direction of the hill; Mr. Thompson, Captain Wakefield, Captain England, and Mr. Howard, urging them, “for God's sake, to keep together,” but in vain. On the first brow, the most strenuous efforts were made by these gentlemen to induce the men to stand and form on the hill. Mr. Howard

called to them to fix their bayonets and come to the charge. They, however, kept retreating up the hill, firing as they went. Captain Wakefield, therefore, in order to prevent a further sacrifice of life, ordered the firing to cease, and Captain England and Mr. Howard advanced towards the Maories with a white handkerchief in token of peace. Those in advance of the retreating party, however, still kept up a running fire as they pushed up the hill, which was returned by the natives on the whole party indiscriminately. Mr. Thompson was seen about this time, by one who escaped, stamping on the ground, and clutching his hair, as he exclaimed, "Oh, men! men!" in bitter regret and disgust at their conduct. The retreating party and the natives continuing to fire, Captain Wakefield and the gentlemen about him were compelled to proceed further up the hill, in order, if possible, to put an end to the conflict.

On the second brow, Captain Wakefield said, "Your only chance of life is to throw away your arms and lie down." He and Mr. Thompson and Brooks again shouted "Kati!" (peace) and waved a white handkerchief. Besides the last-named persons, there were present Captain England, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Howard, and some of the constables. The rest fled up the hill and in different directions, and were pursued a little way by some of the natives, who "had with them a dog, which they shouted to and encouraged in the same manner as

when they hunt pigs." The natives now ceased firing, and as they came up the white men delivered up their arms, at Captain Wakefield's order. He himself gave up a pistol to one of them. The whole party seem then to have gone a little further down the hill, where most of the natives, with Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, immediately joined them. The Maories having shaken hands with the prisoners, who were standing in a group, loaded their guns, and seated themselves in a half-circle before them, the two chiefs occupying the extremities. Mr. Richardson, who had received a shot in the hip, from which the blood flowed freely, requested Mr. Thompson to examine it, which he did. The Maories brandished their tomahawks over the heads of some of the defenceless men; Mr. Thompson observing this, said to Rauparaha, "Kati," which he repeated, and the others then desisted. Rangihaeata had wounded his foot by treading on a sharp-pointed stump, and Captain England, seeing the nature of the wound, took a penknife from his pocket, which Bampton handed to him to cut out the splinter with. Having succeeded in doing so, he offered to return the knife, but Captain England signified that he would make him a present of it. Gold was offered as a ransom, but ineffectually. Two natives then approached Captain Wakefield, and, seizing him, attempted to strip off his coat. Colouring highly, it seems he endeavoured to draw another pistol, as Mr. Howard was heard to say,

“ For God’s sake, sir, do nothing rash !” or words to that effect. Other natives laid hold of Mr. Thompson, and were taking his coat and watch.

One of the party, by name George Bampton, succeeded in retreating, unobserved, behind some bushes, where he crept beneath a thicket. After having lain there near ten minutes, he heard about five guns fired ; and immediately after, a heavy, dull sound, as it appeared to him, of a beating or chopping on the ground. He heard no cries nor screams. Another of the party, who left before the actual surrender, and lay hid at a greater distance, heard guns fired at intervals of about five minutes between each, and much shouting and hallooing by the natives.

According to native accounts given to those on board the brig, on her second visit to the Wairau, after the surrender of the white men to the natives, Puaha again endeavoured to become a peace-maker, and urged on his countrymen that enough blood had been shed. The number of killed being nearly equal on both sides, this was acceded to by Rauparaha, and the two parties shook hands. Whilst standing quietly in a group, they were joined by Rangihæata, who, having already killed the wounded on his way, demanded the lives of those who had surrendered. To this Rauparaha at first objected ; but, on Rangihæata’s calling on him “ not to forget his daughter” (one of Rangihæata’s wives, who had been killed before by a chance shot), he offered no

further opposition. Standing in the midst of the Maories, the white men were easily separated; and whilst in this defenceless situation, perhaps without even a thought of treachery, Rangihaeata silently glided round, getting behind each singly, and with his tomahawk brained them all in succession: in spite of the intercession of the women, who cried to him to "save some of the *rangatiras* (gentlemen), if only to say they had saved some."

Messrs. Tuckett and Barnicoat, and a man named Gay, who left their party after the first ineffectual offer of surrender, with seven other men whom they overtook, one of whom was badly wounded, reached the coast, and with great difficulty obtained a boat from a whaling-station to put them on board the brig. Two boats having been sent ashore to pick up stragglers, none of whom appeared, the brig, shortly after dusk on the same day, sailed for Wellington, to obtain surgical assistance for the wounded, and aid in rescuing such as were believed to be prisoners. The brig reached Wellington early the following morning, which was Sunday. A public meeting was immediately called, and seventy volunteers enrolled themselves to proceed to Cloudy Bay. The brig set sail the same morning; but, it coming on to blow a violent gale from the south-east, she was obliged to anchor for two days. The mode of proceeding was then altered, and a deputation from the bench of magistrates sailed for Cloudy Bay on Wednesday. The weather prevented them entering

the river before Saturday ; and, on arriving at the fatal spot, they found that Mr. Ironside, the Wesleyan missionary stationed at Cloudy Bay, having preceded them with two boats' companies of whalers, had discovered seventeen of the dead bodies, and had already commenced their interment on the spot, according to the rites of the Church of England.

As soon as the news reached Nelson, persons were sent round by land with provisions, and orders to keep up large fires. Some returned this way, having subsisted on wild turnips for several days. Others, who had remained hid in the fern or bush till after the departure of the natives, were taken up by the brig on her return.

The first resolve of the natives, after this shocking massacre, was to conceal themselves till night, and, under its shadow, board the brig, kill every one they found there, and then massacre the whole of the Europeans in the Straits. This sanguinary scheme was frustrated by the sailing of the brig for Wellington early in the evening. They are said afterwards to have been seized with great terror, and to have determined to retire up the Manawatu (in the northern island) to a fortified pah in the interior, there to await the vengeance of the white men, whom they fully expected would follow.

This account of the massacre of Wairau is as narrated by the Europeans who were participators in the conflict, and interested in the land question

there. The natives have a different story to tell : they say that the Europeans fired first, and shot Rangihaeata's wife, and that they themselves had no wish to fight until their passions were roused, when they fought in self-defence. The English were undoubtedly wrong in erecting buildings upon lands to which they had no established claim—upon land, the sale of which was disputed, and respecting which the commissioner, Mr. Spain, had not yet given his decision. They were also wrong in apprehending Rauparaha, who had committed no crime, and endeavouring to seize him by main force. But the natives, by putting to death in cold blood the prisoners who had surrendered themselves into their hands, were guilty of a crime that their barbarous system of warfare scarcely allows. It was an act of savage revenge, and was prompted by one individual. Indeed, I have heard it stated, by those who were connected with this sanguinary affair, that Rangihaeata, with his own hand, massacred all those who were taken prisoners, in order to revenge the death of his favourite wife : who was one of the daughters of Rauparaha, and was shot whilst sitting at the fire.

At Rangihaeata's pah, I found his second wife, E Pori, a diminutive old woman, with a most unprepossessing appearance. She was sitting on the ground wrapped in a flax-mat dyed purple, which was very much worn, and her hair was gathered up and tied in a knot at the crown of the head.

Hurihanga, Rangihaeata's *toiunga*, or heathen priest, was also present: he wore a very coarse flax cloak of the kind called *kakahu*, and was certainly one of the most villainous-looking old fellows I ever beheld: his eyes were bloodshot, and his cupidity equalled that of Rauparaha. I presented him with some tobacco, and whilst my friend Kopai engaged him in conversation, I sat down before him and commenced his portrait: every moment apprehensive that this sacred personage would suddenly rise and object to being thus represented, as was the case with Rangihaeata; but the old lady, who had previously honoured me with a sitting, kept his reverence in such a good humour, that he took no notice of me or my brushes, whilst the Maori children crowded round me in utter amazement at seeing the awful *tohunga's* visage gradually becoming manifest upon my sketch-book.

On the brow of a steep hill overlooking this pah stood a singular erection of sticks, almost resembling basket-work, elevated on four upright posts, and having a semicircular top. Within this cage-like building was placed a variety of different articles: household utensils, skins, calabashes, and dried fish; and several garments and baskets were suspended from the sticks underneath. This proved to be a "*wahi tapu*," or sacred place, of a peculiar kind, serving as a receptacle for goods and property that had become subject to the right of "*tapu*" for a certain length of time.

Many of the natives in the pah below the hills were employed in cooking the fish of the *pawa*, or pearl-shell (*haliotis*), in the ashes. It is tough and unpalatable; yet the Maories are partial to it, and gather vast quantities, for the purpose of food; and likewise to obtain the pearly portion of the shells, with which they manufacture the eyes of their grotesque wooden images. They also form their fish-hooks by attaching a thin layer of the iridescent *pawa* to a piece of wood, so as to glitter in the water like a fish, when dangling astern of their canoes. The hook itself is invariably manufactured out of a piece of human bone. With this *pawa*, they were regaling themselves upon small cakes made of potatoes, which had been steeped for several weeks in fresh water, and were of course perfectly putrid. The taste of these *delicacies* is so disgusting, that extreme hunger could scarcely tempt one to touch them; and their odour, when hot, is sufficient to drive out of the pah any European whose organs of smelling are in any degree acute. The houses or huts were many of them thatched with the leaves of the *nikau*, or cabbage-palm (*areca sapida*); and the black stems of the tree-fern frequently appeared amongst the fencing-posts that divided one courtyard from another. The fern-stems are porous and spongy, and the roots are used by the natives to cover over the entrances to their potato-stores; these are sunk in the ground, the porous nature of

the root imbibing the superabundant moisture from above.

With some difficulty I obtained a canoe from Rangihaeata's wife, who pretended they were all “tapu;” and, with three of the slaves belonging to the pah, I crossed to the island of Mana, or Table Island, which is about five miles from the shore. It was a dangerous passage; for, on getting out in the open straits, from beneath the lee of the high land to the eastward, we were nearly swamped in the trough of the sea: the canoe rocking from side to side, and taking in water faster than we could bale it out. Drenched with salt water and spray, we landed at a small pah, now nearly deserted, consisting of not more than a dozen houses. Here, however, still remained two of the most perfect and elaborately ornamented native buildings in this portion of the straits,—the celebrated house, belonging to Rangihaeata, called *Kai tangata*, or “Eat man;” and the mausoleum of E Tohi, the sister of Rauparaha. *Kai tangata*, or “Eat man” house, is a wooden edifice in the primitive Maori style, of large dimensions, with the door-posts and the boards forming the portico curiously and elaborately carved in grotesque shapes, representing human figures, frequently in the most indecent attitudes: the eyes are inlaid with *pawa* shell, and the tattooing of the faces is carefully cut. The tongues of all these figures are monstrously large, and protrude out of

the mouth, as a mark of defiance towards their enemies who may approach the house. The whole of the carved work, as well as the wooden parts of the building, are coloured red with *kokowai*, an ochre, found principally on the sides of the volcano of Taranaki. The portico or verandah of Rangihaeata's house is about twelve feet deep, and the ridge-pole and frame-boards of the roof are richly painted in spiral arabesques of black and red; the margin of each spiral being dotted with white spots, which adds richness to the effect. The spaces between the wood-work are filled up with variegated reeds, beautifully arranged with great skill, and fastened together with strips of flax dyed red, and tied crosswise, so as to present the appearance of ornamental basket-work. Above the centre of the gable-roofed portico is fixed a large wooden head, elaborately tattooed, with hair and a beard fastened on, composed of dogs' tails. Within the house is a carved image, of most hideous aspect, that supports the ridge-pole of the roof: this is intended to represent the warlike proprietor, and is said by the natives to be entirely the work of Rangihaeata's own hand. Many of the chiefs, as well as the *tohungas*, or priests of New Zealand, excel in carving and tattooing; and it is not unfrequent to find, at the head of their canoes, richly executed figures and ornaments, which have been designed by the chiefs to whom they belong.

The tomb or mausoleum of E Toli is erected

near to the "Kai tangata." It consists of a semi-circular erection of wood, within which the body was placed in an upright position. The roof is square, and projects like a verandah all round, sloping towards the back; it is supported by posts at the corners, and, like the central coffin or box, is richly ornamented with spiral arabesques. The ornamental work on the coffin is entirely red and white, whilst the other portions, together with the double row of paling that surrounds it, are coloured black and red. In front of the projecting roof is suspended a richly embroidered *kaitaka* mat; and tufts of the feathers of the albatross are arranged, at intervals, along the frame-work. This spot, and the ground for a certain distance surrounding it, are strictly *tapu*; and it would be more than his life were worth for a slave, or an inferior native, to infringe upon its sanctity. Like all the Maori works of art, these erections are entirely composed of wood, and other perishable materials; and owing to the humid climate, and the custom of never repairing these sacred edifices, they soon rot, and fall to pieces. The natives have now ceased to construct works of so much labour and ingenuity, and content themselves with building a *raupo* hut to dwell in. The consequence is, that in a few years not a single aboriginal edifice, displaying that skill in carving and ornament for which the New Zealanders have been so pre-eminently distinguished among savage nations, will exist throughout the whole country:

even at the present hour they are rarely to be met with, excepting in the heart of the interior. Day after day have I spent exploring ruined and *tapued* pahs, frequently by stealth, searching for these primitive works of an extraordinary and ingenious people. In the most remote portions of the interior, between Mokau and Taupo, and in the neighbourhood of Otawhao, 150 miles up the Waikato river, I have found houses splendidly carved, in ruins, amidst the decay and overgrown vegetation of their long since deserted pahs. A desire to preserve memorials of the skill and ingenuity of a race of savages, who themselves ere long may pass away, and become, like their houses, matters of history, induced me to make carefully coloured drawings on the spot of the most curious and characteristic specimens of Maori architecture and carving.

At the Island of Mana we found Ranghiaeata's only daughter, who is married to a whaler residing there. She is a tall, masculine-looking woman, about twenty-five years of age, with a profusion of black hair, which she ties in a knot at the crown of her head ; she was dressed in the European fashion, in a blue cotton print, but retained the *mako*, or shark's teeth, in her ears, and wore suspended round her neck the *tiki*, or household god of green jade, which passes as an heir-loom amongst families.

Our return to the main land was a hazardous one. We hoisted a small sail, and the canoe darted

through the breakers like an arrow, but heavy squalls came down from the hills with such violence that we were nearly upset ; after taking in the sail, we paddled through a terrific surf till we reached a reef, against which the canoe was dashed by the waves, and we were for an instant buried in the foam of the succeeding breaker. Fortunately we were able to scramble on to the rocks, and the water not being more than breast high, we waded ashore, miserably wet and cold ; where we found Kopai awaiting our return.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOUDY BAY — TE AWA ITI — QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S
SOUND — VOYAGE TO AUCKLAND — DESCRIPTION OF
THE TOWN.

SOON after returning from Porirua and my visit to the Nga ti toa tribe, I crossed to the Southern Island; whither the schooner was bound to procure oil and whalebone from the fisheries at Cloudy Bay. A fair breeze carried us quickly out of Port Nicholson harbour; the day was clear and bright, and the sun shone brilliantly on the Tararua mountains, their snowy ridges appearing almost close to us, forming a grand and beautiful background to the valley of the Hutt. The course of the river lay between successive ridges of picturesque hills, dark woods, and sunny fern-clad heaths; and here and there a curl of smoke denoted some clearing, or native potato ground. Close to the water's edge, along the margin of silvery sand that met the blue

and lake-like harbour, the settlement of Petoni glittered in the sunlight; and the deep blue bosom of the water was enlivened by the white sails of fishing canoes thickly scattered over its surface in that direction. The night was very cold, and an extremely vivid orange glow pervaded the sky till long after sunset. So clear and transparent was the atmosphere, that during the night, whilst crossing the straits, the snowy mountains of both islands were distinctly visible, though miles apart.

In Cloudy Bay we were all day beating up against a contrary wind, to "fetch" the entrance to Tory Channel. This is an arm of the sea, running like a broad river for many miles amongst the mountains, and connecting Cloudy Bay with Queen Charlotte's Sound. All through this passage the water is so deep as to admit of vessels of the largest size, and a frigate might anchor in perfect security. The tide runs in and out at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. The shores of Cloudy Bay consist of high rugged hills, descending very abruptly to the sea. Beyond these a constant succession of mountain ranges present themselves, and the snowy Kaikoras, or Lookers-on, have a grand appearance as they stretch away to the southward, with their stupendous peaks covered with perpetual ice. We "stood in" towards the entrance of the Wairau Valley (the scene of the massacre), where that river empties itself into Cloudy Bay; the open fern hills rising on each side, and the extreme distance revealing other



snowy summits belonging to the unexplored ranges of the interior.

Old Thoms, the whaler, who is the owner of the house and fishing station at Porirua, has also a similar establishment at Te awa iti, about a mile up Tory Channel. When our schooner had brought up at the entrance of the passage in company with the "Nelson" brig, waiting until the turn of the tide which was now running violently out of the channel, Thoms's whale boats came out to assist in towing us in. They were curiously painted, and manned partly by Europeans and partly by Maories: the former were semi-barbarians, both in appearance and manners, and certainly acted more like savages than their so-called companions. The entrance to Tory Channel is narrow and surrounded by steep precipices and abrupt rocks, and beneath them are many caverns, into which the surf rushed with a sound like thunder. The air was very sharp and cold, and the deep orange glow of the sky after sunset, reflected on the snow of the Kaikora mountains, made them look strangely beautiful.

It was night before we cast anchor opposite the whaling station, surrounded on all sides by steep and wooded mountains; the lights from the whalers' fires casting a lurid reflection in the water, that lay perfectly land-locked and tranquil as a mirror.

The morning revealed a scene of romantic grandeur: the blue channel of the Tory seemed a noble

river, and the woods rose from the water's edge to the very summits of the mountains.

In a sheltered nook or bay, beneath these steep precipices, is the settlement of Te awa iti, composed of a group of native houses, inhabited partly by the Europeans engaged in the whaling, and partly by the natives, who constitute a portion of "Jordy Thoms's" establishment. The most prominent object was the substantial and comfortable looking house of the Thoms family—their seat at Te awa iti. They had just arrived from Port Nicholson in a schooner of their own, called the "Three Brothers," after the three half-caste boys left by Thoms's Maori wife. Since the death of his wife, who is buried here beneath a native mausoleum now nearly destroyed, Thoms undertook a voyage to Sydney, for the purpose of obtaining a second bride of his own European race, and he made choice of a most efficient helpmate. The present Mrs. Thoms is enormously robust, and takes an active share in the business of whaling, which appears to agree with her admirably: she can steer, scull, and pull a whale-boat as well as any one at Te awa iti. From the deck of our vessel we witnessed the landing of Thoms's party, and it was like the return of the royal family to their miniature realm; a bevy of whalers almost took the mansion by storm, vociferating loudly for grog, and even the very pigs—the domesticated swine at least—evinced their joy at the

return of their owners by following them to the door of the house. Canoes with natives were constantly arriving alongside the vessel, from the small pahs up the channel, bringing us pigs, fish, and potatoes, with their carved weapons and other articles, for barter.

We landed upon a beach strewn thickly with the vertebrae and ribs of whales, and the stench of the putrid carcass of an enormous whale that lay upon the sand diffused a most offensive odour throughout the whole settlement; yet no one but ourselves appeared sensible that the stench was at all unpleasant, and when we noticed it, they coolly remarked, "that they did not perceive it, they had become so used to it." Vast flocks of gulls were feeding upon the decaying flesh of the dead whale, which also furnished a daily meal for the pigs and poultry.

With George Thoms for my guide, I rambled along the hills, and through the intricate paths of the forest, shaded with deep luxuriant vegetation, and obtained a succession of the most enchanting peeps imaginable of sea and distance through the openings amongst the trees. We entered upon some fern hills, to the right of which were the ruins of a once strongly fortified pah belonging to the Nga ti kahunis, who were entirely cut to pieces by the Nga ti toa tribe from the opposite shores of the straits. We now descended on to a flat adjoining the sea, and entered the remains of a very extensive pah,

Few of the buildings, and a small portion only of the fences were standing; but the occasional straggling vestiges of its former condition, occurred in every direction. About a dozen huts were still inhabited, the occupants of which were at work in an adjoining plantation. Only one solitary slave-woman was left in care of the habitations, who was accompanied by her tame little pig; it being a frequent custom with the Maori females to pet young pigs in the same manner as the European ladies fondle dogs and kittens. The woman's limbs were anointed with *kokowai*, or red ochre and grease, to protect them from the attacks of the *namu*, a small species of sand-fly, the bite of which is peculiarly venomous and irritating. The poor creature showed evident signs of terror at our approach, but on recognising my companion she became pacified, and cooked us some potatoes with extreme good will. I then took her portrait as she leant against the rails, with her little pig standing beside her; during the whole time she stood as one transfixed to the spot, evidently fearful of moving a limb, and wondering, no doubt, what strange art was being practised upon her. We visited another pah, called Okukuri, situated just inside the entrance to Tory Channel, at the head of a picturesque bay, where we met with a number of natives, from one of whom I obtained a *kaka*, or New Zealand parrot (*nestor meridionalis*). These birds are frequently found about the dwellings of the natives, fastened by the leg with a cord of flax

to small perches covered with an awning of bark : they are fed on maize and potatoes. Like most of the New Zealand birds, these parrots will not live out of the island ; the change of climate almost always proving fatal to them. We returned in a canoe to Te awa iti, with a party of natives, who had brought several fowls and some baskets of potatoes to barter at the vessel. The water was very still and clear, and looked intensely blue. Gannets were constantly dashing down from overhead, plunging headlong into the water, and, with their strong beaks, seizing the fish which they had descried from above ; and multitudes of gulls, cormorants, and divers, made the water busy with their restless movements.

A monument to three native children stands not far from Thoms's house at Te awa iti. It consists of an upright series of flat boards, with a post at each end, on the top of which is a rude representation of a head ; and the boards are richly painted with black, red, and white, each board displaying a different pattern, in angular and spiral arabesque work. On the grassy slope of the hill that rises behind the settlement is another tomb, erected over the grave of a whaler who was formerly resident in the Sound : it is formed, according to the custom of the southern tribes, of half a canoe, stuck in the ground in an upright position, and ornamented with broad stripes of red and white ochre.

We took tea at Thoms's house, with his family, and learned from this veteran whaler that he was the

first European to discover and enter Port Nicholson; and that, thirteen years ago, he settled himself at Te awa iti, and commenced building his present substantial house, as a home for himself and his children. Nearly allied, by marriage, to the powerful Rauparaha, he has nothing to fear from the possessors of the soil; and his children, on the death of their native relatives, will become the proprietors of large tracts of land appertaining to the Nga ti toa tribe. Thoms also narrated to us the particulars of several cannibal feasts and deeds of blood, to which he had been an eye-witness; and he could not refrain from contrasting the present period with that only seven years ago, when the ghastly spectacle of twenty headless trunks brought in canoes, and roasted upon the beach in front of Te awa iti, marked the celebration of one of Rauparaha's victories over the Rangitani.

Anxious to explore Tory Channel towards Queen Charlotte's Sound, and to visit the recent Maori tomb of Huriwenua (a chief of great influence, whose death had taken place a few weeks previously), I obtained a boat from the vessel, and, with Thoms's half-caste boys and "Black Charley," an Australian native belonging to the schooner, I pulled for some miles up the Sound. The scenery on all sides is enchanting: numerous little bays, having beaches of bright and firm sand, indented the shores; and, amongst the various shells that lay scattered along these sandy bays, were many examples of the im-

perial or sun trochus, and several fine species of *Turbo* and *Venus*. In some places the progress of our boat was impeded by beds of kelp spreading over the surface of the water, and displaying gigantic specimens of marine vegetation. Gulls and cormorants were hovering over these sea-weed masses, busily watching for the fish that lay concealed beneath them.

About six miles up the channel we arrived at a small island, resembling a sugar-loaf; the summit of which was crowned with the ruins of a pah, once a stronghold of the Nga ti kahunis, who were driven out of the straits by Rauparaha and his tribe. On landing at some rocks at the foot of this steep island, it was curious, on looking down into the calm crystalline water, to observe the various shell-fish feeding, in families as it were, amongst the weed at the bottom, at a depth of many feet below the surface. It was a lovely day, and the view from the summit of the island was magnificent: the eye ranging over an extensive and varied prospect of endless mountains, clothed with gloomy forests, rested on their remote snow-clad peaks, catching a faint glimpse of the ocean beyond; while at our feet flowed the winding channel, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," with every object mirrored on its windless surface. But there was no sign of life there. Around us lay scattered the wreck of a former population, and the deserted and decaying ruins of their once fortified strongholds were undisturbed by the

tread of the living: our voices seemed to intrude upon the accustomed silence. The skulls and tombs of those who had fallen in the fight peered out amongst the rank overgrowth of vegetation, that, year after year, wove a denser covering over the mouldering traces of the slain; the thatchwork of the houses still remaining, had been scattered by the winds of heaven, and the fungus grew thick upon the rotten wood. In former days the inhabitants of villages were accustomed to retreat to a stronghold of this kind, when hard pressed by their enemies; and large stores were dug underground, for holding a supply of potatoes and *kumeras*, sufficient to provide the besieged with food for several months. Similar stores existed at this isolated fortification, and the entrances to them appeared like wells, half hidden by the shrubs and fern that had grown up around. The whole island was thickly overrun with wild cabbage, now in full blossom; which, at a distance, when the sun was shining upon it, resembled a hill of gold, crowned at the summit with the straggling posts and images of its ancient fortifications.*

Not far from this island pah stood the village of Huriwenua, the gaily ornamented tomb of the late chief forming a conspicuous object in the centre. Here, although everything was in a state of perfect preservation, not a living soul was to be seen: the

* The cabbage was introduced into Queen Charlotte's Sound by Captain Cook, in 1774.

village, with its neat houses, built of *raupo*, and its court-yards and provision boxes, was entirely deserted. From the moment the chief was laid beneath the upright canoe, on which was inscribed his name and rank, the whole village became strictly *tapu*, or sacred ; and not a native, on pain of death, was permitted to trespass near the spot : the houses were all fastened up, and on most of the doors were inscriptions, denoting that the property of such an one remained there. An utter silence pervaded the place. After ascertaining that no natives were in the vicinity of the forbidden spot, I landed and trod the sacred ground ; and my footsteps were probably the first, since the desertion of the village, that had echoed along its palisaded passages. On arriving at the tomb, I was struck with the contrast between the monument of the savage and that of the civilized European : in the erection of the latter, marble and stone, the most durable of materials, are employed ; rapidly decaying wood, red ochre, and feathers, form the decorations of the Maori tomb. Huriwenua having been buried only six weeks, the ornaments of the *wahi tapu*, or sacred place, as these erections are called, were fresh and uninjured. The central upright canoe was richly painted with black and red, and at the top was written the name of the chief ; above which there hung in clusters bunches of *kaka* feathers, forming a large mass at the summit of the canoe. A double fence of high paling, also painted red, and ornamented with de-

vices in arabesque work, extended round the grave ; and at every fastening of flax, where the horizontal rails were attached to the upright fencing, were stuck two feathers of the albatross, the snowy whiteness of which contrasted beautifully with the sombre black and red of the remainder of the monument.

“ Black Charley” the Australian, who had heard much of the cannibal propensities of the New Zealanders, was afraid to go ashore for fear of being devoured : he always exhibited the most violent signs of fear whenever any of the natives came on board the schooner, fully expecting they would purchase him for a “ cooky,” or slave, to be killed and eaten. The young New Zealanders, on the other hand, were greatly amused at the dark colour of his skin, and laughed at him for being so ugly ; calling him “ *Mango, Mango,*” or “ black fellow.” These boys were very inquisitive, and asked many strange questions respecting Europe, and more especially the Queen of England : they wanted to know if the palace was any larger than their house at Te awa iti, and what number of *taua reka rekas*, or slaves, the Queen had belonging to her.

We returned to the fishery in the evening, pulling against a strong tide that ran several knots an hour, and regained the vessel just as she was getting under weigh. That night we went out with the tide, old Thoms accompanying us as a pilot into Cloudy Bay. The pertinacious begging

of the whalers was extremely annoying: after the Captain had made them presents of tobacco and rum, they still continued asking and almost insisting for more; and even Thoms himself was unable to prevent them. When the old man parted from us, he took his leave in the most friendly manner; and as the receding boat left the vessel he waved his hand, saying, "Good-bye, tatta," in his artless and simple way.

The next day we encountered a gale of wind from the north-west, and had a tremendous pitching and knocking about off Cape Palliser. Our course now lay round the east coast of New Zealand, the destination of the schooner being Auckland, the Government town; which is situated on the banks of the Waitemata, in Hauraki Gulf, several degrees to the north of Cook's Straits, and about ninety miles south of the Bay of Islands. Our voyage occupied eight days, during which period we fell in with very tempestuous weather. Storms of hail were frequent during the squalls, the wind blowing from the south-east; and the sea ran terrifically. On the fifth day after clearing the Sound, we crossed the 180th degree of longitude, and recrossed again from west to east during the day; and at sunset we sighted East Cape, the most easterly point of New Zealand: the land was very high, and rose darkly against the amber sky of evening.

On the 16th September we sighted the Great Barrier Island, which extends across the entrance

of Hauraki Gulf; and was so called by Captain Cook, from its forming a complete break-water to this capacious gulf. With a fair breeze we rounded Aiguilles Point, where the rocks jut up from the water like so many colossal needles, and entered smooth water beneath the lee of Great Barrier Island. This island is about twenty miles in length, consisting of high mountains broken into rugged and fantastic peaks: a considerable portion of the hills appear like those of Cook's Straits, covered with forest and brushwood; but on the western shores much more open land shows itself. The whole of the island contains a vast supply of copper-ore, and has been purchased by a house in Sydney, who have raised a considerable quantity for shipment to Great Britain. Indeed the cupreous nature of the rocks was exhibited to us on sailing past; for at one particular spot, a huge mass of rock displayed large patches of vivid green on its surface, resembling malachite. The islands studding the gulf, many of which are very lofty and of volcanic origin, impart singular beauty to the scene; and amongst them the peculiar form of Rangitoto, with its triple-peaked crater, stands most conspicuous. Passing Rangitoto, we entered Waitemata harbour, on the southern bank of which the town of Auckland is situated. We were glad enough to land, in order to obtain fresh provisions; having discovered, to our great disgust, when anticipating some chicken broth off Cape Palliser, that

the fowls we had procured at Thoms's fishery were quite unpalatable, owing to their having been fattened entirely upon whale blubber.

The situation of Auckland is very preferable to that of Wellington, as, besides possessing a safe and capital harbour, it boasts of large tracts of land available for the purposes of cultivation in the immediate vicinity of the town: the climate also is more genial than that of Port Nicholson, being warmer, and less subject to the south-east gales that blow with such terrific violence through the funnel of Cook's Straits. At the change of the moon, however, easterly gales occur, which usually last two or three days; but afterwards the wind generally veers round to the westward, and fine weather succeeds. Owing to the insular position of New Zealand, great quantities of rain fall at all seasons of the year; yet such is the transparency of the atmosphere, from the constant winds chasing away the vapours and exhalations after rain, that the climate is remarkably healthy; and the temperature never varying to the extremes of heat and cold, as it does in Great Britain, renders it salubrious and delightful throughout the year.

The latitude of Auckland is $36^{\circ} 51'$ south, and its longitude $174^{\circ} 45'$ east. The channel of Waitemata harbour is, on an average, about a mile in breadth, and the town is situated between two and three miles from the heads. Its site is an undulating open space of fern land, extending for some miles

towards the harbour of Manukao, on the west coast ; between which and the Waitemata is the narrowest part of the island : the distance not exceeding five miles. Over all this undulating district are scattered numerous extinct volcanoes, the craters of which are shaped like the frustrum of a cone, and vary in height from 100 to 300 or 400 feet. These flat-topped craters, to the number of at least twenty, have a very singular appearance when viewed from the anchorage, rising abruptly one beyond another in the background of the town. The most remarkable of them is Mount Eden, the base of which is strewn with blocks of scorix, while the surrounding soil consists of the richest black vegetable mould. The district of Epsom extends in this direction, displaying some of the finest cultivation in the vicinity of Auckland. The Tamaki, also, to the eastward, is a district possessing excellent land on both shores of the inlet of that name ; where many settlers have located themselves for the purposes of agriculture. The population of Auckland is already more than 2000 ; and had it not been for the over-speculating spirit of its inhabitants, this would even now have been a flourishing place, by reason of its central situation, and the easy communication it possesses with the coast on both sides.

Many of the houses in Auckland are good, and the shops in Shortland Crescent, which is built on the slope of a hill leading to the church, are respectable even in the eyes of Europeans. The barracks

are built of scoriæ, and stand on the summit of a cliff overlooking the harbour. The church, too—a pleasing structure—is a conspicuous object from the sea. Government House is a long wooden building, with verandahs and gable-roofs; and, its trellises being covered richly with clematis and a variety of beautiful flowers, it has an attractive appearance. It stands on a lawn, looking towards Hauraki Gulf, across which a most extensive and varied prospect opens of picturesque islands, with the blue mountains of the Great Barrier visible to seaward. Some of the sheltered bays to the right of the town are extremely beautiful, and the tasteful houses and villas of the better classes of settlers, embowered amongst the dark foliage of the *pohutukawa* trees, with gardens teeming with European flowers, that thrive in unbounded luxuriance in the genial climate of New Zealand, appear remarkably enticing. When viewed from the water, they rise one above another, imbedded in rich verdure, forming an alluring picture of colonial prosperity. But, at the period of my visit, money was a very scarce article in Auckland, and payments were given and received in paper debentures issued by the Government; amongst tradesmen, private debentures were also in extensive circulation, and I have frequently received these promissory notes for the prodigious sum of sixpence!

A number of boys, reformed juvenile offenders, from the Parkhurst prison in the Isle of Wight,

have from time to time been sent out to Auckland, for the purpose of being apprenticed to such of the settlers as would take them ; the Government thinking that by banishing them to New Zealand they would be out of the reach of the influence of crime, and the bad example of their former companions in the mother country. A few have turned out well, but the greatest portion of them have left the parties by whom they were originally engaged on landing ; and having changed from one to another so often that at length no one would employ them, some have gone into the bush to live with the natives, and others pick up a precarious subsistence in the streets and about the town of Auckland. A few have obtained employment as sailors in the Government brig, and in some of the coasting vessels and Sydney traders ; and of these several have contrived to get back again to England. During my stay in Auckland, one of these lads, whose good conduct had encouraged his master to place him in a situation of considerable trust in his office, abstracted money to the amount of something beyond 100*l.*, and, in league with another of these youthful delinquents, attempted to decamp with it to Sydney ; he was, however, discovered, tried, and convicted : his destination was changed, no doubt greatly against his inclination, to the penal settlement of Hobart Town, where he was sentenced to remain for a period of some years.

About six miles from Auckland by land is the

native settlement of Orakai, on the banks of a deep and sheltered bay, near the mouth of the Waitemata harbour. At this spot a remnant of the Nga ti watua tribe, with their principal chief Te Kawaw, have latterly resided ; and many of them are of great service to the settlement by bringing in supplies of wood for fuel, and selling their potatoes and the various productions of their cultivated lands around Orakai, to the families resident in the neighbourhood. Several of the natives have in this way amassed considerable sums of money : sending their slaves to the town with loads of wood and baskets of potatoes for sale, they purchase with the proceeds various articles of European manufacture.

The sons of Te Kawaw have sold several tracts of land to the Europeans, and, in exchange, have obtained horses and the costume of English gentlemen. On one occasion I met young Moana, son of Kawaw, and his cousin Rawide, riding furiously along the road to Orakai, mounted upon spirited horses, and gaily dressed in blue coats with bright buttons. When seen in contrast with this innovation upon Maori customs and costume, the recently tattooed face of Moana had a ludicrous effect : the incisions were just commencing to heal, and his cheek presented a succession of spiral scars ; showing how dearly he had paid for his national vanity in being unable to abandon this barbarous custom of his ancestors, although he had so far adopted the manners of the Europeans.

In company with my friend Forsaith, one of the protectors of aborigines, I visited Orakai, where we spent the day in sketching and taking portraits of old Kawaw and several of the principal natives; the influence of my friend easily prevailing with them to sit to me on this occasion.

The walk from Auckland to Orakai is round several deep bays, the scenery in the neighbourhood of which is varied and pleasing. Official and Mechanics' Bays are near the town: the former contains the residences of many of the better class of inhabitants, such as Government officers and merchants; and situated as these houses are in luxuriant gardens, ornamenting the steep sides of the descent to the water, they present a charming appearance. In Mechanics' Bay the houses are of an inferior description, and are occupied by shipwrights, fishermen, and labourers. Many native canoes enter this bay, on their arrival from the Thames and Coromandel harbour; and the landing from them is often an animated and lively scene.

To our right, as we passed to the eastward, were several extinct volcanoes: Mount Eden, Mount Wellington, and One-tree Hill, being the nearest and most prominent ones; to the left, the islands of Hauraki Gulf—the belt of volcanic action being marked in that direction by the triple-peaked crater of the island of Rangitoto—presented a lovely scene, diversifying the calm, blue, expanse of the gulf with their bold and romantic outlines. Here and there

we entered a continuation of close thicket, composed of a variety of shrubs and low trees, some of which were adorned with a profusion of blossoms: through these woods, or native shrubberies, the road had been cut, leaving an infinite multitude of stumps jutting up from the ground, just of sufficient height for the traveller to stumble over without seeing them. The brilliant yellow clusters of the *Edwardsii*, and the large and star-like flowers of the *clematis*, or *piki-arero* of the New Zealanders, adorned these patches of close vegetation: the latter, spreading itself over the topmost branches, makes a dazzling display of its multitudinous blossoms, which cannot fail to call forth the admiration of the traveller; who may observe the native girls, as they pass through the woods, gather its starry garlands to wreath round their dark clustering hair.

Coming from Australia, the different colour of the New Zealand landscape, produced by the distinct character of its vegetation, at once strikes the eye of the beholder. The glaucous hue of the former, with its eucalypti, acaciæ, and casuarinæ, is here exchanged for forests of a perpetual dark and glossy green; the open land constantly intervening, tinged with a russet-brown hue by the fern which covers it, and the almost total absence of the family of *gramineæ*, or grasses. The New Zealand flax grows in every direction amongst the open fern-land; and the *tohi tohi*, a species of long rush-like sedge, is abundant on the margin of the water,

and in marshy and damp situations. This sedge is extensively used by the natives for forming the sides of their houses: it is fastened by bandages of flax to the wooden framework. The humble daisy peeps up from the ground amongst the vegetation of the New Zealand valleys, as well as in the meadows and upon the green lawns of Britain; the species being very similar in appearance to the white daisy that gems the grass in old England.

We passed through a native plantation, or potato ground, where the inhabitants were busily employed in planting their crops. They were using the *ko*, a wooden instrument something resembling a spade, with which they root up the matted fibres of the fern below the surface of the soil. At one corner of the plantation was a cooking-shed, erected with poles, and thatched with *raupo*, beneath which several native women were preparing the mid-day meal for the labourers in the plantation: their repast was composed of potatoes, served in flax-baskets, with a kind of gruel made of stinking maize, boiled with water; and their drink was limpid water from a neighbouring stream, contained in calabashes, the orifices of which were tattooed round their margin, so as to resemble the lips of the women.

On arriving at Orakai, we found Te Kawaw, who was much flattered at the idea of sitting for his portrait. He is a man of advanced years, with a fine intellectual head, from which the hair has

retreated, leaving only a small portion on each side of his temples : he wore a *kokahu*, or coarse garment of strips of black and yellow flax. Kawaw's son, Maona, and his nephew, Paora, with one of the priests of the Nga ti watua tribe, also stood to me for their portraits. Paora insisted on displaying his warlike propensities ; and stripping himself to the waist, came forward with a couple of cartouch-boxes strapped round his body. Nga mako, his wife, is exceedingly vain ; and during the whole time I was engaged in sketching her husband, she was occupied in viewing herself in a small mirror and arranging her ringlets according to what she conceived to be the acmé of beauty.

On our return, we met several natives coming from the direction of Auckland, to whom we showed the unfinished sketches ; all of which they immediately recognised without a moment's hesitation.

Amongst the damp moss at the root of the *rata* trees, in the shady forests not far from Auckland, and also in various parts of the Northern Island, are found those extraordinary productions called vegetable caterpillars—the *hotete* of the natives. In appearance, the caterpillar differs but little from that of the common privet sphinx-moth, after it has descended to the ground previously to its undergoing the change into the chrysalis state. But the most remarkable characteristic of the vegetable caterpillar is, that every one has a very curious plant, belonging to the fungi tribe, growing from

the *anus* ; this fungus varies from three to six inches in length, and bears at its extremity a blossom-like appendage, somewhat resembling a miniature bulrush, and evidently derives its nourishment from the body of the insect. This caterpillar, when recently found, is of the substance of cork ; and it is discovered by the natives seeing the tips of the fungi, which grow upwards. They account for this phenomenon by asserting that the caterpillar, when feeding upon the *rata*-tree overhead, swallows the seeds of the fungus, which take root in the body of the insect, and germinate as soon as it retreats to the damp mould beneath, to undergo its transformation into the pupa state. Specimens of these vegetable caterpillars have been transmitted to naturalists in England, by whom they have been named *Sphæria Robertii*.

Some of the native women and girls in the vicinity of Auckland have almost entirely adopted European costume ; over this they will, however, frequently wear a mat of native manufacture, which has a picturesque and not unbecoming effect. The round straw-hats supplied by the store-keepers are eagerly purchased by them ; and around their hats they will, on certain occasions, twine a wreath of the *piki arero*, or clematis. Several of the daughters of influential chiefs have entered into a marriage alliance with Europeans, and the offspring of these marriages are perhaps the finest half-castes in the world. Ngeungeu, the daughter of Tara or Irirangi, a chief

of the Nga ti tai tribe, became the wife of one Thomas Maxwell, an industrious and enterprising settler, who for many years resided on the island of Wai-hake, situated in Hauraki Gulf, near the entrance of Waitemata harbour ; but about three years ago she lost her husband, who is supposed to have been drowned at sea. He had built himself a small schooner, which he called the " Sarah Maxwell," after his wife ; and from the period of his departure on his first voyage, he has never been heard of. A violent gale of wind from north-east set in shortly after he left the island, and it is generally supposed that his vessel foundered, with all on board. So deeply was his wife affected by her loss, that, although repeatedly solicited by more than one European to re-enter the marriage state, she has declined every offer, and still remains a widow. Her landed possessions are considerable ; but she has generally resided, since her husband's death, at the village of Omupuia, where her relations chiefly dwell. She is left with several very interesting children, who are dressed in the Maori costume, and know no language but that of New Zealand. Tara, the father of Mrs. Maxwell (by which name she is generally known in the settlement), has several sons, who are remarkably tall, good-looking young men ; one of them, the youngest, was for some time under the tuition of the Bishop of New Zealand, and made considerable progress in his studies.

Tara frequently visits Auckland for the purposes of trade, where he bears an excellent character. He is quiet and inoffensive in his disposition; and though he has not rendered himself conspicuous by any remarkable feat, he is known and respected as the friend of Europeans, and as a loyal adherent to the Government. The Government interpreter is also married to a native woman, the daughter of Tepene, or Stephen, whose native name is Moanaroa, one of the principal chiefs of Waingaroa, on the west coast. She has proved herself an excellent wife, and has several children, whom she keeps remarkably neat and clean, and sends daily to school at Auckland, where they receive an English education.

Whilst staying with my friend Dr. Sinclair, the colonial secretary, we used frequently to observe from his verandah the various atmospheric effects that occur in this transparent climate. On one occasion, about ten o'clock at night, we were gratified with the sight of an unusually brilliant lunar rainbow, displaying a double arch, and exhibiting, though faintly, the prismatic colours. The following morning was ushered in with a thick fog, that, as it gradually rolled up from the tranquil bosom of the bay, revealed boats and canoes so vividly reflected upon the glassy surface of the water as totally to deceive the eye; producing an effect as though every object were multiplied in a succession of mirrors.

The rocks along the sea-shore, in the bays surrounding Waitemata harbour, and indeed on almost

every portion of the coast, are covered with a small species of oyster called the crested or coxcomb oyster (*ostrea cristata*), which is very palatable. Numerous fish are taken in the bays; and an annual fishery for the tiger-shark is carried on by the natives in Hauraki Gulf, at a certain season of the year. It is from this fish that they obtain the valuable *mako taniwa*, or shark's-tooth, which is worn in the ear of both sexes. The canoes are elegantly shaped, and elaborately ornamented with grotesque carvings, painted red with kokowai; they have elevated stern-posts, and carry low triangular sails made of *raupo* (a species of rush), and look remarkably picturesque. A fleet of canoes, adorned, as they often are, with the snow-white feathers of the albatross or the gull, and each manned by a numerous band of paddlers, presents a singular and beautiful appearance; gliding swiftly over the blue and crisp waves, and lowering their mat-sails as they dart into the bay, and run up on the beach, shooting like arrows through the white breakers. Many of the canoes that arrive at Waitemata from the Thames, will carry from fifty to sixty men, who all paddle together, singing in unison some Maori boat-song: their strokes and voices are timed by an individual who stands erect in the centre of the canoe, performing the twofold duty of conductor and prompter; beating each stroke with a staff, which he holds in his hand, and prompting the words of the song. The voices of the crew, shout-

ing in measured strain, may frequently be heard when the canoe itself is but a speck on the waves, and the distant sound falls on the ear with a wild and savage effect.

On the slope of a lovely glen, leading inland from behind the eastern extremity of Auckland, is situated the burial-ground belonging to members of the Church of England; and on the opposite side of a road which separates it from the open fern country extending towards Mount Eden, is enclosed a small piece of land, where those of the Catholic faith may find interment. The Jews also have railed in a neat parallelogram of ground, with a simple yet elegant entrance-gate, where they too bury their dead. The dissenters' grave-yard is next to that of the Jews, and is but partially enclosed; and further on, the burial-place of the Scottish presbyterians is pointed out, by a few flower-grown mounds peeping from amongst the fern and heather.

The country round Auckland was formerly occupied by large and powerful tribes, of which the only remaining vestiges are to be found in the terraced walls of scoriæ built on the slopes of Mount Eden, and others of the extinct craters, and the whitened heaps of *pepi* shells that lie scattered in immense quantities about these slopes, that once formed the sites of their fortified pahs. Clearings in the scoriæ are also discernible at the foot of the craters, where the blocks of lava are piled up in heaps: these were evidently removed by the natives to form gardens

for the cultivation of their *kumeras*, and other vegetable productions, near their fortifications; for, in those days of constant warfare, the inhabitants were afraid to go to any distance from their paha, expecting, if they did, to be surprised and killed by their enemies. Amongst the antiquities of this ancient race—the precise period of whose extinction is unknown—are large circular holes in the ground, intended, probably, as reservoirs for water. Not far from Mount Eden is an extensive cavern, formerly intended as a “*wahi tapu*,” or sacred place, where the dead were concealed; and many skulls have lately been discovered in its recesses. The visits of the European to it, however, have been but seldom, and always without the knowledge of the natives; who are very particular that the remains of their dead should not be touched or disturbed.

During my stay in Auckland, Pomare, the chief from the Bay of Islands, and Nene, the chief of Hokianga, arrived in the town. Pomare, who was accompanied by his fighting general, had pitched his tent close to the entrance-gate of Government House; and both himself and Nene lunched with his Excellency Captain Fitzroy on the following day. These two distinguished chiefs sat to me for their portraits, in their full native costume, wearing the *topuni*, or war-mat of dog's skin. Pomare, in keeping with his usual turbulent and offensive manners, was restless, and spoke very abusively of the queen; while Nene, who is all amiability and good

humour, after stepping into the garden to gather a flower, with which he decorated his hair before the glass, stood with the utmost composure and politeness. After the sittings were over the chiefs drank wine with me, when Pomare again exhibited one of his leading characteristics, by emptying the decanters. Since my interview with Nene he has become one of the leading actors in the late war; and during the whole period of the rebellion, he has remained the firm friend and ally of the British troops; affording an example of nobleness of character seldom to be met with.

Nene, or—as he is now more generally known by his baptized name—Thomas Walker (*Tamati Waka*), is the principal chief of the Ngatihao tribe; which, in common with many others, is comprised in the great assemblage of tribes usually called Ngapuis. The residence of this celebrated man is near the Wesleyan Mission station, on the banks of the river Hokianga; where he fully established his character, as the friend and protector of Europeans, long before the regular colonization of the country. In common with most of his countrymen, Nene was, in his younger days, celebrated for his expertness in acts of petty pilfering; and he himself will now laugh heartily, if reminded of his youthful tricks. On one occasion, when on a visit to one of the missionaries at Waimate, a fine gander attracted his attention, and he secretly ordered it to be seized, and prepared for his dinner in a native oven; but,

to prevent detection, the bird was cooked in its feathers. However, it was soon missed, and a rigorous inquiry instituted by its owner, but without success; until certain savoury steams arising from Nene's camp excited suspicion. To tax him with the theft, however, would have been contrary to all the rules of New Zealand etiquette; and the mystery of its disappearance was not unravelled until the morning after he had taken his departure, when the ill-fated gander was found concealed among the bushes; it having been found too tough for even a New Zealander's powers of mastication.

Some years after this, a chief of East Cape killed a relation of Nene's; and, according to the customary law in New Zealand of "blood for blood," Nene went in a vessel, accompanied by only one attendant, to seek revenge. Landing near the spot where the chief resided, Nene entered his pah, called the murderer by name, and, after accusing him of the crime, deliberately levelled his gun and shot him dead at his feet, and then coolly walked away. Though in the midst of his enemies, none dared to touch the avenger: all were paralyzed at his sudden appearance and determined bravery.

But Nene is no longer the thoughtless, mischievous New Zealander: for many years he has been playing a nobler part in the great drama of life; and his conduct has deservedly gained for him a lasting reputation. Some traits may be mentioned to his honour. About the year 1839, the body of a

European was discovered on the banks of one of the tributary streams of Hokianga, under circumstances which led to the suspicion that he had been murdered by a native called Kete, one of Nene's slaves. A large meeting was convened on the subject, and, the guilt of Kete being established, Nene condemned him to die; the murderer was accordingly taken to a small island in the river called Motiti, and there shot! So rigid were Nene's ideas of justice!

When Captain Hobson arrived, and assembled the chiefs at Waitangi, in order to obtain their acquiescence in the sovereignty of the Queen over the islands of New Zealand, the Governor was received with doubt, and his proposals were at first rejected; but when Nene and his friends made their appearance, the aspect of affairs was changed: Nene, by his eloquence and by the wisdom of his counsel, turned the current of feeling, and the dissentients were silenced. In short, Nene stood recognised as the prime agent in effecting the treaty of Waitangi. On another occasion his intervention was of great service to the British authorities. After the flag-staff at the Bay was cut down by Heke, Governor Fitzroy proceeded to the disaffected district with a considerable body of military, thinking by a show of force to overawe the rebellious natives. A large concourse of chiefs was gathered together, and many speeches were made; but amongst them all the words of Nene were conspicuous for their energy. "If," said he, "another

flag-staff is cut down, I shall take up the quarrel:" and nobly has he redeemed his pledge. During the whole course of the rebellion, up to the present period, he has steadily adhered to his purpose, and has on numerous occasions rendered the most essential assistance to the military. He fought in several engagements with the rebels, and each time has proved himself as superior in courage and conduct in the field, as he is in wisdom and sagacity in the council. The settlers in the northern parts of New Zealand are under the greatest obligations to this chief. But for him and his people, many a hearth, at present the scene of peace and happiness, would have been desecrated and defiled with blood—many a family, now occupying their ancient homes, would have been driven away from their abodes, exposed to misery and privation. Those settlers who were living near the disaffected districts, but remote from the influence and out of the reach of the protecting arm of Nene, have been driven as houseless wanderers to seek safety in the town of Auckland; and such would most probably have been the universal fate of the out-settlers, but for the courage and loyalty of this brave and noble chief.

Patuone, Nene's elder brother (whom I also met with and painted at Auckland), is equally distinguished for his attachment to Europeans and his loyalty to the Government; but he has not the strength of mind and energy of purpose of Nene. Patuone's character is one of amiability: he is mild

and unassuming in his manners, and a lover of peace. In former days, when quarrels between different tribes were not only of frequent occurrence, but were often attended with deeds of violence and blood, Patuone was indefatigable as a peace-maker. Travelling about from place to place, he would, by his persuasive eloquence, soothe the irritated passions of the excited disputants, and win them over to amity and peace. He has, however, taken an active part with his brother against Heki and his adherents; and is resolutely determined to support the authority of the Government. He has not resided so constantly at Hokianga as his brother; being related by marriage to the Ngatipaoa tribe inhabiting the circumjacent shores of the Thames, where he sometimes takes up his abode. He, like Nene, is a convert of the Wesleyan mission, and is baptized Edward (*Eruera*). At a late meeting of the Christian chiefs, Patuone made a speech, the following translation of which has been handed to me by the Rev. Walter Lawry, the highly respected superintendent of the Wesleyan missions in the South Seas:—"This is my thought, the thought of Patuone. I am from the seat of wickedness. When I heard of the Gospel, I thought to myself I would recline upon it. God hath made the world—the trees—the herbage; and He has given us His Word, and I will seek to be saved by it. This is all I have to say."

CHAPTER IX.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE NATIVES OF NEW
ZEALAND.

THE people of New Zealand belong to one of two great and distinct races of the human family inhabiting the vast ocean of the Pacific. The dark-coloured variety, termed the Austral negroes, have a skin approaching in colour to that of the African races, with hair occasionally curly, and in some instances woolly; their skulls are of bad proportions, exhibiting a preponderating development of the occipital region; their language consists of a variety of different tongues and dialects; their social relations are in an inferior condition, and they occupy a very low grade in the human family. To this dark-skinned variety belong the present inhabitants of the whole of New Holland or Australia; the now almost extinct natives of Van Diemen's Land; those of New Guinea, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Santa Cruz, New Britain, New Ireland, Salomon

Isles, Loyalty Island, and the entire population of the Figi group. In some of the eastern islands this race appears to have been the original possessors of the soil; but they were either driven into the interior, or exterminated by the superior races of Malayan origin, who landed and settled upon the coasts: and it is a remarkable fact that, at the present time, there are to be found, inhabiting the interior of several of those islands, tribes exactly resembling the savages of Australia in habits, customs, dialect, and physical appearance.

The light-coloured race of the Pacific—the one to which the people of New Zealand undoubtedly belong—have a skin of a light copper colour, in some instances no darker than that of the inhabitants of the south of Europe, with regular and pleasing features. Their language appears to be derived from one common root; though this race extends over the islands of the Pacific for a distance of six thousand miles—from the Sandwich Islanders of the north-east, to those of New Zealand at the south-western extremity of that great ocean. The nations comprehended under this race have superior faculties, both moral and physical; and with some of them a form of government, and domestic and social regulations have attained to a very advanced state. Under the head of this second great division may be classed, the inhabitants of the following groups:—The Marquesas; the Sandwich Islands; the Society Islands, including Tahiti; the Naviga-

tors ; the Friendly, or Tonga Islands ; Mangia, Savage Island, Easter Island, Roturua, New Zealand, and the Chatham Islands ; also, the Kingmills, the Radak and Ralik chain, the Carolines, Mariannes, Ladrones, Pelew Islands, and the various groups to the northwards.

It has been frequently stated (though perhaps without good grounds of conjecture) that the present inhabitants of New Zealand have sprung from two distinct races : the one, a darker and inferior variety, who were the former inhabitants of the country ; and a later race, superior in intelligence and physical character, who, on arriving at the islands, amalgamated with the aborigines.

The early history of the New Zealanders is shrouded in doubt and obscurity ; yet sufficient may be gathered from their native traditions—taken in combination with their similarity in arts, language, and physical appearance, to other inhabitants of the Pacific—to enable us to trace their origin with some considerable degree of certainty.

All their native traditions tell us that they came from the *eastward* ; that their ancestors, in three canoes (all of which had names, and contained the progenitors of the most celebrated tribes) came from a distant land, and after a long voyage reached New Zealand : where they found no inhabitants, and a country covered with dense forest. Tradition further tells us that they came from the island of *Hawaiki* (which lies eastward), bringing with them

taro and dogs. The *kumera*, or sweet potato (*convolvulus battata*), which is indigenous to Mexico and the Sandwich Islands, also came from the eastward. It was brought, according to tradition, from the island of *Tawai*, by E Pani and E Tika, who arrived subsequently to the three canoes; and who, although strangers to the New Zealanders, resembled them in *colour* and *language*: a resemblance perfectly in accordance with that of the Sandwich Islanders at the present day. We easily recognise in the names *Hawaiki* and *Tawai*, those of two of the Sandwich Islands, *Hawaii* and *Tauai*: there being more consonants used in the New Zealand language, *Hawaii* would become *Hawaiki* in the dialect of these latter people. Maui, or Mawi, is the most distinguished person in the mythology of the Sandwich Islanders; and the New Zealanders describe him as their great ancestor, who drew the island out of the sea by means of a fish-hook. The Tonga Islanders have also a very similar tradition as to the origin of the islands they inhabit, which is probably referable to some geological occurrence; many of the islands of the Pacific being considered of comparatively recent formation. The people of Easter Island—whose ancient inhabitants cut out of the soft volcanic rock huge statues, resembling the grotesque figures carved out of wood by the New Zealanders—more closely resemble the Maories than any other of the islanders of the Pacific: if we may credit the accounts given of them by former navigators. The

easterly trade-wind that blows within the tropic might easily have carried canoes from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand; and the inhabitants of Waihu, or Easter Island, may owe their origin to a similar source. At the present day, migrations in the Pacific are very common: canoes containing frequently a dozen or twenty natives have been met with at sea more than a thousand miles from the islands to which they belong; and others, driven by the wind out of sight of land, are frequently carried along at the mercy of the waves, and their crews drifted upon the first shores that may fall in their way. Not long since, the brig *Clarence* of Sydney fell in with a canoe from the Kingsmills group, containing a number of natives who had been twenty-four days at sea, and knew not in which direction they were drifting.

For my own part, I am strongly inclined to suppose that the original stock of the Sandwich Islanders, and of the New Zealanders—for they are evidently the same race, and of one primitive origin—are descendants of the ancient Mexicans; who either emigrated in their vessels to the Sandwich Islands (which are at a comparatively short distance from the American coast), or were driven thither by the winds, in consequence of getting too far out to sea to be enabled, with their deficient knowledge of navigation, to regain the American continent. These people, though acquainted with the arts and learning of their countrymen, would not, when driven to

seek subsistence on an island, have either motive or means to practise such arts: their chief object would naturally be to produce food for themselves and their families; and men, however highly civilized, if placed in such a situation, would gradually degenerate into a more rude and primitive state, being engrossed with the pursuit of the means of subsistence.

We can trace in the carvings of the New Zealanders—in their huge *tikis* or *wakapokohos*, and in their ornamental houses—a strong analogy to the architectural ornaments of the Mexicans. The Mexicans carved in stone, and so did the people of Easter Island; but what is more likely than that the New Zealanders, retaining only a portion of the arts of their ancestors, finding timber in such abundance, and perhaps not possessing tools suitable to stonework, should have wrought their rude fancies in wood? The *kumera*, which they say their ancestors brought with them on their arrival in New Zealand, is indigenous to Mexico; and as all the traditions of these people concur in saying that they come from the *eastward*, strong grounds are afforded for supposing them to be of Mexican origin.

The men of New Zealand are generally tall and muscular; some of the chiefs are above the average height of Europeans, and a few (though instances are not of frequent occurrence) incline to obesity. The women, on the other hand, are rather short in stature, plump, and well made; their hands and feet being frequently small and delicately proportioned.

Their complexion varies greatly in different individuals: sometimes it is no darker than that of an Italian or a Spaniard, at other times it is considerably deeper in shade. The extent of latitude beneath which the islands of New Zealand are situated, may account for the diversity of colour amongst their inhabitants: the people of Cook's Straits, for instance, in lat. 40° , are considerably lighter than those of the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, which are five degrees further to the north. The hair of the New Zealanders generally is remarkably black, glossy, and luxuriant; especially that of the women, who wear it mostly loose and flowing over the shoulders. The hair of the men is often cropped short, but it was the ancient fashion for the chiefs to tie it up in a knot at the crown of the head. Occasionally their hair inclines to a brown colour, and I have seen one or two children in the interior with hair of a flaxen or golden colour, and a girl amongst the Nga ti watua tribe, whose locks were of a beautiful auburn tint; the hair of the men is generally curly, but no approach to a *woolly* nature is discernible. The eyes of both sexes are almost invariably of a dark hazel, and those of the young people are large and eloquent; but the effect of constantly sitting over the smoke of their fires soon destroys the beauty of their eyes, which, in the old people are generally bloodshot and contracted: their eyebrows are regular and well defined, and their eyelashes are strong, but owing to the practice of *tangi*, combined with the

effects of the smoke, they are seldom seen to perfection, except in the young people.

The New Zealanders are a more cleanly race than the natives of Australia, and there is not that perceptible odour about them which is so disagreeable in connection with the latter population. Their heads are good and well formed, and frequently approach in shape those of the most intellectual nations of Europe: both animal and intellectual faculties are strongly developed, and the facial angle is large. Their teeth are regular and remain good to a late period of life. In many individuals the nose is aquiline and well shaped, in others, it is flatter, more resembling those of the people of Luzon or Pelew. The mouth is rather larger than with us, and the lips, especially the upper one, are more fully developed. The countenances of some of the chiefs indicate a great degree of mind, and are totally divested of anything approaching the expression of a savage; while the nobleness of their appearance and bearing proclaims at once their superiority over most of the uncivilized races of man. It is only in moments of excitement and passion that their countenances are lighted up with savage ferocity: at other times they display a combination of dignity and mildness which is sure to win the confidence of the stranger.

The women of the better class, such as the daughters of some of the more important chiefs, may lay claim to be considered handsome; they possess a

gipsy-like style of beauty, which is heightened by a natural modesty and bashfulness. They frequently form matrimonial alliances with Europeans, and the result of these marriages is the finest race of half-castes, perhaps, in the world. The slave-women, on the other hand, are as coarse and unprepossessing as the daughters of the *Rangitiras*, or chiefs, are pleasing and comely. Both classes, however, soon begin to look old : the result of hard labour in some cases, and in others of early intercourse with the opposite sex, combined with their mode of living, which rapidly destroys their youthful appearance. The New Zealander is, nevertheless, long-lived ; many of the chiefs having attained a great age : at the present moment, there is a chief residing at Coromandel harbour who distinctly remembers the visit of Captain Cook to Barrier Island, and several others of the inhabitants recollect events that occurred about the same period.

Throughout the whole of the islands of New Zealand but one language is spoken ; only differing slightly in certain districts, where provincialisms occur, similar to those in England : the Taupo people, for instance, at the lakes of the interior, use a prefix unknown to the northern tribes. The Maori language is soft and euphonious, containing but fourteen letters, in which are included all the vowels ; its syllables are remarkably liquid, and, if we except the *nga*, every consonant is separated by one or more vowels. The letter *r* is frequently pro-

nounced like *d*; and, although their alphabet has no *s*, words commencing with an aspirated *h* are sounded as if they commenced with the former letter: *hongi*, for instance, is pronounced *shongi*.

The language of the Tahitians and that of the Sandwich Islanders have a very close affinity to the Maori tongue; the principal difference consisting in the Tahitians using *t* for *k*, and *r* for *l*, and also in the omission of consonants at the beginning of words in the language of the Sandwich Islanders. The New Zealand language abounds in prefixes, and the pronunciation of the letters somewhat resembles the Italian.

The following native translation of the Lord's Prayer into the Maori tongue may serve to convey some idea of the language:—

“E to matou matua i te rangi, kia tapu tou ingoa tukua mai tou rangtiratanga.

“Kia meatia tou hiahia ki te wenua me tou hiahia i te rangi.

“Homai ki a matou aiane i te matou kai mo tenei ra.

“Murua mo matou o matou hara, me matou hoki e muru ana mo ratou e hara ana ki a matou.

“Kaua matou e kawea atu ki te wakawainga, otiia wakaorangia matou i te kino: Nau hoki te rangatiratanga, me te kaha, me te kororia, ake, ake, ake. Amine.”

Infanticide is frequent amongst the New Zealanders; though the introduction of Christianity by

the missionaries, and the gradually increasing intercourse they have with Europeans, have done much towards abolishing this shocking custom. Occasionally the doomed infant is buried alive; at other times the head is tightly compressed, which speedily causes death. But, in all such cases, the child is destroyed immediately after birth; maternal affection possessing too strong a hold upon the feelings of the mother after the first or second day. Both parents are almost idolatrously fond of their children; and the father frequently spends a considerable portion of his time in nursing his infant, who nestles in his blanket, and is lulled to rest by some native song corresponding to the nursery-rhymes of more civilized nations.

Many of the Maori names have a significant meaning; which in some instances, like those of the Orientals, is highly poetical and hyperbolical. Most of the individuals who have become converts to Christianity have, on adopting their new religion, taken Scriptural names, bestowed upon them by the missionaries, in addition to their former heathen appellations; but the natives are unable to pronounce many of these baptismal names, until softened down by the addition of vowels and the rejection of certain consonants incompatible with their own euphonious language. David, for instance, becomes *Rawide* with the New Zealander; Thomas, *Tamite*; William, *Wiremu*; Stephen, *Tepeni*; Solomon, *Horomona*; and so on.

The children are cheerful and lively little creatures, full of vivacity and intelligence. They pass their early years almost without restraint, amusing themselves with the various games of the country: such as flying kites, which are formed of leaves; the game of *maui*; throwing mimic spears made of fern-stalks, and sailing their tiny flax canoes on the rivers, or watching them tossed about by the waves of the sea. These are the most favourite sports of these merry and interesting children.

From an early age sexual intercourse is frequent, but not promiscuous; children of both sexes are often betrothed by their parents, and are thus rendered *tapu* or sacred to the affianced parties. After marriage, a woman is *tapu* to her husband, and adultery is often punished with death. Families are usually small in number, though twins frequently occur. This may be accounted for partly by the long period during which the New Zealand women suckle their children; not weaning them, as we do, at an early age. Another cause may be the speedy decay of youth amongst the women; a female losing her charms before she arrives at the age of thirty.

When a lad grows up to manhood, he is tattooed; a process which is undergone at intervals, the operation being tedious and attended with the most excruciating pain. The *Tohunga*, or priest, is most generally the operator in the ceremony of tattooing; he being supposed to excel in the art of carving both on wood and on flesh. The instrument used is

a little chisel made of bone, which is driven into the skin by blows of a small mallet. The point of the chisel is repeatedly dipped into a mixture of resin and charcoal, which, after the wounds have healed, renders the lines of an indelible blue colour. Great attention is bestowed upon this species of ornament; and in many instances large payments have been made by chiefs to men more than ordinarily skilled in the art of tattooing, that they might ensure the most regular and elaborate workmanship. Amongst the chiefs it would formerly have been considered the greatest possible disgrace not to have been tattooed, or to have only displayed a few lines of the *moko* upon the countenance. None but slaves were without the spiral carving of the face considered so indispensable to men of birth and courage. Not only are the faces of the men entirely covered with these spiral lines, where the individuals are fully tattooed, but the thighs, posteriors, and occasionally portions of the arms, undergo a similar process. At the present time, however, many of the sons even of influential chiefs—having either adopted the manners of the Europeans or joined the missionary converts—have dispensed with this peculiar and barbarous disfigurement; which certainly does not add to their appearance, at least in the eyes of a civilised community. Ko Katu, the only son of Rauperaha, is not tattooed; and Josiah Taonui, the son of Taonui the Hokianga chief, told me that he is too much attached to the customs of the *Pakeha* (stranger)

ever to disfigure himself with the *moko*. In some individuals the tattooing may be observed only partly completed; and I have met with several powerful chiefs who, having discontinued this custom on embracing Christianity, appear with one side of their face only, or a portion of their features, decorated according to the original method.

The lips of both sexes are generally dyed blue. It is a reproach to a woman to have red lips; and on arriving at a proper age they are invariably rendered blue. This is done by pricking them all over with a sharp instrument until the blood flows freely; soot or charcoal is then rubbed in, which produces the desired effect.

With the women the tattooing of the face only extends to the lips and chin; but they disfigure their breasts and arms with blue lines, which are the marks of their *tangi*, or lamentations for their deceased relations. These incisions frequently run in parallel lines, about a couple of inches in length; and are cut with sharp shells, and dyed, in a similar manner to the lines upon the face, with a mixture of carbonized Kauri resin. In a very few instances I have observed women, whose ankles, from the heel upwards, have been tattooed with ornamental spiral lines.

Polygamy amongst the heathen tribes is still customary. Te Heuheu, the principal chief of Taupo, has eight wives; others frequently possess two or three, all of whom live in peaceful submission to

their lord. Amongst those tribes who have embraced Christianity, this custom is now rarely to be met with; and instances are numerous of chiefs, who formerly boasted of small harems, having, on uniting themselves with the missionary converts, abandoned their surplus wives; reserving one only, as their future partner in life.

The women occupy a far higher position amongst the New Zealanders than they do with the aboriginal tribes of Australia; by whom the sex are degraded and despised to the lowest degree,—a sure mark of the inferior grade of those people in the scale of humanity. Many of the women exercise the greatest influence over their tribes; especially the widows of important chiefs, or aged women, some of whom are supposed to possess the power of witchcraft and sorcery.

Within the last fifty years—indeed, ever since the first visits of Europeans to the shores of these islands—the moral and social condition and habits of the New Zealanders have been undergoing a great and gradual change. Their native weapons have, to a considerable extent, been thrown aside and fallen into disuse, and muskets of European and American manufacture substituted for them; gunpowder and fire-arms being the chief articles of barter brought to the coast by the vessels trading with the natives for their timber, their pigs, and their flax. Blankets, too, are constantly worn; and have, unfortunately, almost superseded the beautiful native garments

formed of the fibres of the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax. This has hitherto proved to be a change for the worse ; for the natives, being able to obtain blankets at a low rate, in exchange for their produce, abandon the manufacture of their indigenous flax, and grow lazy, and consequently vicious. Their health, too, suffers materially from wearing the blankets : these keep their skin in a state of constant irritation, and harbour vermin, and, in wet weather, retain the damp and moisture for a long period ; laying the foundation for many diseases, to which the New Zealanders are now becoming subject.

The introduction of potatoes has also wrought a great change in their diet, probably for the worse. Potatoes were introduced by Captain Cook, along with maize, or Indian corn ; and these two vegetables form almost the entire food of the natives ; those on the coast, or along the banks of the rivers, add fish. They eat their potatoes without salt ; and many, who subsist exclusively on them, do not take sufficient exercise to render such a diet wholesome. Fevers, too, are frequent, from the too abundant use of putrid corn ; the natives steeping the ears of maize in water for several weeks, to render them soft, until they become perfectly rotten, and give forth a most offensive odour. Their only animal food is pork, which is not eaten constantly.

In the neighbourhood of the settlements, and in fact wherever they can get an opportunity of dis-

posing of their pigs, but little pork is eaten by the New Zealanders, excepting it is at a feast on some grand occasion : the supplies of food then collected together are astonishing. The improvident natives prepare for a feast for perhaps a year previously, by raising an extra quantity of provisions ; and then, owing to the extravagant waste that takes place during the festivity, they submit to be half starved until the succeeding harvest. At one feast of this sort, given by a chief in the neighbourhood of Auckland to all the surrounding tribes, the row of blankets intended as presents to his friends, and the baskets of potatoes and dried fish piled up together, exceeded a mile in length ! Thousands of natives were assembled ; many of them having come from distances occasionally exceeding two hundred miles ; and the war-dance was performed at intervals during the feasting. It was then anticipated that Te Wero-wero, the principal Waikato chief, would, in the following year, give a feast to the tribes, which should exceed, in the quantity of provisions collected together, that of the Auckland chief.

The natives generally have but two meals a day,—the one in the morning, the other at sunset ; these consist usually of potatoes, steamed in a native oven between heated stones, or boiled in a pot : their drink is water, contained in calabashes. The food is served in baskets made of flax, or the long narrow leaves of the *tawara* (*Freycinetia Banksii*), plaited so as to resemble coarse matting. These baskets are

usually made whilst the meal is preparing, and are thrown aside when the repast is over. The New Zealanders are very particular about their food; it being connected with many notions of *tapu*, which are as absurd as they are amusing: for instance, food must always be consumed in the open air, and never in a sleeping-house; neither may any one eat in a canoe, if it happens to be laid under a *tapu*, but must wait until they land. No food is permitted to touch the head of a chief; and anything appertaining to food, when mentioned in connection with the head or hair (which is peculiarly sacred), is considered as a curse, and revenged as an insult. A friend of mine, when residing in the north of New Zealand, once told a chief, whilst in conversation with him across the garden fence, that "he had some apples in his plantation nearly as large as that boy's head," pointing to the son of the chief, who stood by. It was too late to recall the unfortunate simile; the chief was highly insulted; and, though my friend assured him of the unintentional cause of the offence given, it was with great difficulty that a reconciliation was brought about again.

In making their nets and fixing weirs for catching fish, the natives are remarkably expert. Eels are greatly sought after in the deep streams of the interior; and crawfish are obtained by diving. Mussels, cockles (*pipi*), the fish of the *haliotis* (*pawa*), and a variety of other shell-fish, are used upon the coast as articles of food.

The *kumera*, or sweet potato, is extensively cultivated, and is esteemed sacred by the natives, many ceremonies being connected with its planting and propagation. It is chiefly eaten on the arrival of strangers, or upon the occasion of feasts and other ceremonies. The taro, the fern-root (which formerly constituted a considerable portion of food), the pulp of the stem of the tree-fern (*korau*), the heart of the *nikau*, or cabbage-palm (*areca sapida*), and the sweet and luscious bractæ of the *tawara*, are amongst the vegetable productions which they use for the purposes of food. In some districts they eat the grub of an insect taken out of decayed trees, and much resembling the white caterpillar so greatly esteemed by the Australian natives: the grubs are first roasted over the fire. Pork, as I before stated, is seldom eaten, except on particular occasions; then the pig, after being opened and cleaned, is cooked whole, in a native oven, and surrounded with heated stones: the flesh, when cooked in this manner, is very sweet and palatable.

Before the introduction of blankets by the Europeans, the clothing of the New Zealanders consisted almost exclusively of garments manufactured from the fibres of the *phormium tenax*, or native flax. These garments, or mats, as they are generally termed, display great ingenuity and taste in their fabrication: the threads are intertwined longitudinally with others placed crosswise, and every thread is carefully fastened at intervals of about half an

inch in the finer varieties, and an inch in those of a coarser material. The making of these mats rests entirely with the women ; who construct, within their dwellings, a framework composed of upright sticks, before which they will sit for hours, busily employed in sorting and arranging the threads, and passing the time in social gossip.

Both summer and winter dresses are composed of flax : the rougher garments, made of the dried leaves fastened into a fabric of stout fibres, are very warm and impervious to the rain, and give the wearer somewhat the appearance of a thatched haycock. These mats are of various descriptions, many of them being worn by both sexes indiscriminately ; but the *topuni*, or war-mat, belongs exclusively to the men, and is only possessed by chiefs, who assume it on all occasions of ceremony or importance. The war-mat consists of a large flax cloak, into which is fastened, with every thread, a portion of dog's hair, assorted into various colours, having the exact appearance of the most beautiful fur. The patterns are varied and handsome : they are often of a pure white, bordered with a broad band of black ; others are varied with black and brown, or black and white hair, arranged in narrow stripes, so as to resemble the skin of a tiger or a zebra. These war-mats have a shaggy collar, composed of strips of fur about six inches long, which falls over the shoulders. They are highly prized ; and their manufacture is a work of considerable labour and time.

The other garments of skins are the *huru huru*, and the *parawai*: the former is frequently worn, especially during the cold season, by the people of Cook's Straits and the districts south of Taupo; it consists merely of a number of ornamental dogs' skins, which, after having been properly prepared, are sown together, and form a winter garment, impervious to the weather. The other dress, called *parawai*, is exceedingly scarce; it comes from the Southern Island, and is made of strips of dog's fur, arranged indiscriminately all over a very large mat of the finest flax. These mats were formerly considered handsome presents, and were sent as such by one chief to another: Paratene Maioha, one of the chiefs of the west coast, possesses a robe of this description, which he only wears on particular occasions.

But the most beautiful of all these mats is perhaps the *kaitaka*, or finest flax garment, wrought of a species of flax cultivated especially for the purpose, the fibres of which almost resemble silk: the whole surface is plain, the ornament being confined entirely to the border, which is, in some instances, a couple of feet in depth, and of the richest character, beautifully worked in vandyke patterns of black, red, and white; the angular character of which resembles the drawings on the tombs of the ancient Mexicans. The *kaitaka* is now becoming very scarce, the natives being indifferent about bestowing so much labour upon their own manufactures, when they are able to obtain European clothing at a much less cost. The

natives of East Cape excel in making these most elegant and delicate mats; and the women frequently devote a period of two years to the fabrication of a superior *kaitaka*.

The mat most generally worn is the black-string mat, called *e koroai*: a flax dress thickly ornamented with black strings, or filaments of twisted flax, about a foot long; which are dyed by means of *hinau*, and have a remarkably graceful appearance over the folds of the drapery. Another kind, called *e tatara*, has fewer black strings, and is adorned with tufts or bosses of scarlet, and other coloured wool, with frequently an ornamental border of the same material. Formerly the natives used the red feathers from the breast of the *kaka* (*Nestor meridionalis*), a species of parrot, and also from another bird inhabiting the forest, to decorate these mats; but wool of the gayest colours has long been preferred by them. Blue and scarlet caps, and the variegated "comforters" brought by the traders, find a ready market amongst the women, who pick them to pieces to form the tufted ornaments for their dresses. Frequently the mat is thickly covered with strips of flax leaves rolled up, like tubes, and dyed black at alternate intervals, resembling porcupine's quills; these dangle from the garment, and produce a loud rustling noise, as they jostle together, at every movement of the wearer. These tubes are thus formed: a strip of the flax-leaf is scraped on one side with a sharp mussel-shell, and the epidermis is cut crosswise at intervals, and alternately re-

moved or permitted to remain; the leaf is then steeped in a decoction of *hinau* bark, and, on being taken out, those portions from which the epidermis has been removed, exposing the fibre, are dyed of a permanent and glossy black, whilst the parts where the outer covering still remains, having rejected the dye, retain their original yellow colour; the strips are then rolled up, and fastened in at intervals with the fabric of the mat. A garment thus ornamented is called *e waiḡawa*, and is much esteemed.

The *kakahu* is a very large and heavy mat, formed of broad leaves of black and yellow flax alternately, and is perfectly waterproof; the rain running off it as it would from the thatched roof of a house. There is also a commoner sort, made of coarse flax unprepared, which is usually worn by the slaves, and constitutes their most inferior garment. Besides, there are mats with white strings, called *e hima*; and others loaded with very slender strings variegated black and white, amongst which are introduced twisted filaments of a black colour, and very thick, like skeins of silk. Before being manufactured into these various garments, the flax is scraped to remove the epidermis, and then beaten upon a flat stone with a pounder somewhat resembling a druggist's pestle, but made of a species of granite.

The New Zealanders, like most savage races capable of civilization, are passionately fond of ornament, and adorn their heads with a variety of fea-

thers; amongst these the tail feathers of the *huia* (*Neomorpha Gouldii*) are the most valued: they are black, tipped with white, and have a beautiful appearance. The chiefs, most of whom possess a considerable number of these feathers, construct small boxes, called *e papa*, for their reception; and many of these boxes display the most elaborate specimens of their ingenuity in the art of carving. Bunches of the white feathers of the albatross or the gannet are frequently worn in the ears by both sexes; and occasionally similar feathers are stuck all over the head, forming a strong contrast to the raven blackness of their hair. Small birds, such as the fan-tailed fly-catcher (*Rhipidura flabellifera*), and occasionally the head and breast feathers of the *huia*, are also introduced into the ear as ornaments; and I have occasionally seen, in the interior, the wings of the eagle and the hawk fastened on each side of the head: the effect of this head-dress resembles somewhat the winged cap of the feathered Mercury; and the forms of the wearers, though more massive, were in point of symmetry not unworthy of the messenger of the gods.

Wooden combs, of small size, but very neatly made, were formerly used by the men for fastening up the hair into a knot at the crown of the head; but these now are becoming obsolete. Oil is employed in beautifying the hair: two sorts of this substance are in use amongst them; one expressed from the seeds of a tree called *titoki*, the other

obtained from the shark, which has a most disagreeable odour, and renders the approach of those using it very offensive. The face, before battle, and frequently on festive occasions, and also during their funeral ceremonies, is painted with *kokowai*, or red ochre; which is very similar to the *karku* of the Australian natives: this substance, mixed with oil, is also rubbed over the arms and legs to preserve them from the merciless attacks of the *namu*, or sand-fly. Flowers, such as the blossom of the *rata* or the clematis, are at times introduced into the ears; but the most usual ornaments are ear-drops made of pieces of nephrite or green jade, called *ponamu* by the natives: some of these ornaments are several inches in length, and vary considerably in form. Around the neck is worn a small and ludicrous figure, representing a man of grotesque proportions, with large red eyes, which is also formed out of green jade. These little images, termed *e tiki*, are regarded as amulets or charms; they pass as heirlooms from generation to generation, and are so greatly esteemed, that it is seldom a native can be persuaded to part with one. The term *tiki* is likewise applied to the colossal wooden images that formerly surrounded their pahs; and the same word is used for similar objects amongst many of the South Sea Islanders.

The hair of the men is usually cut at certain periods, though a few still wear it fastened in a knot at the top of the head. The married women permit

their tresses to flow loosely over their shoulders; and the young girls generally adopt the fashion of letting their hair fall over the forehead, cutting it a little above the eye-brows. Boys and girls have their hair cut short; and occasionally it is fantastically displayed by closely cropping a line cross-wise, and leaving the remainder of the hair in tufts or bunches. The hair is sacred; and to put a lock of hair into the fire is considered a great insult, not only to the party to whom it belonged, but also to those who may happen to be present. The beard is usually plucked out, either with a pair of shells acting as nippers, or with tweezers, which are eagerly sought after by the men. It is a frequent sight to see a chief sitting in the verandah or court before his dwelling, busily employed for hours at a time in eradicating all traces of his beard. Occasionally old men may be observed wearing a beard, but such instances are not of general occurrence.

The principal amusements of the New Zealanders are singing and dancing: they also play at ball, swing, and pass much of their time at the game of draughts. Their songs are invariably accompanied with gesticulations, and frequently with distortions of the countenance, and a shaking or trembling of the fingers. In the *haka*, they strip to the waist, and, sitting in a circle, go through the song, accompanying the time with all manner of strange gestures and frightful grimaces, squinting, and turning up the whites of their eyes.

The war-dance is by far the most exciting of all their exercises, and is performed before commencing a battle, and for successive days previous to an engagement, whilst the warriors are mustering at the *pahs*. The purpose of this savage dance is to excite their warriors to the highest pitch of fury, and to bid defiance to their enemy; accordingly, in its celebration, the tongue is thrust out with the most insulting grimaces, the limbs are distorted, the whites of the eyes are turned up, and the dancing is accompanied by ribald and aggravating songs. On these occasions, the warriors bedaub their bodies with red ochre; for they fight naked, their heads only being ornamented with the feathers of the *huia*.

The only musical instrument of the Maories is one resembling a small flute, which produces but few modulations of sound. This instrument is sometimes made out of human bone—generally the leg-bone of an enemy; and, when this is the case, it is highly valued as a trophy, and worn, attached to the *tiki*, round the neck of its possessor.

Draughts are commonly played all over the interior; and it is questionable if they were introduced by Europeans, as the New Zealanders manage the game in a somewhat different manner from ourselves.

In New Zealand, the "*tapu*" is a custom which almost supplies the place of law amongst other nations. The laying on of the *tapu* literally means to pronounce the individual or the article in question to be sacred for a greater or less period of time.

This is done by the *Tohunga*, or "wise man." The rite of *tapu* is general amongst those Polynesian races possessing a similar origin with the New Zealanders: in the Sandwich and other islands it is known as "*tabu*." Burial-places, articles consecrated to the dead, property left in an uninhabited place, the corn and kumera plantations, and other objects, are made *tapu*; an entire *pah* is often laid under the same restriction, as are roads, houses, and canoes. An individual who has been sick is *tapu* until a certain period after recovery; and the head, and frequently the whole person, of a chief, is strictly *tapu*; so is a girl when betrothed in marriage; and a wife is always *tapu* to every one but her husband. Doubtless this law is the result of some wise regulation for the protection of property and individuals, and it has in many things a beneficial influence amongst a people who have no written or regularly-established code of laws of their own; each tribe being governed by one or more chiefs, whose rule may be considered almost despotic, as they have the power of life or death over their slaves. At the present time, however, the *tapu* is frequently carried to excess, and it is made use of for many foolish purposes: such, for instance, as not permitting any one to eat or drink in a canoe that is *tapu*, because a certain chief happened to injure his foot in stepping out of it; or forbidding any one from attempting to ascend a mountain, or travel along a road, because it is *tapu*.

Witchcraft possesses a strong hold over the minds of the people; and even those natives who have embraced Christianity are not altogether free from the dread of its supposed power. Diseases are usually attributed to the influence of witchcraft or sorcery, and not to natural causes.

On the death of a chief, or any individual of rank amongst them, a great lamentation ensues, which is called a *tangi*. The women cut their arms and lacerate their faces and breasts in a dreadful manner, with the sharp and broken shells of the *pipi* or the mussel; until they become covered with blood. The clothes and property of the chief are generally put into the tomb with him; or they are collected together and placed in a *wahi tapu*, or sacred place, surrounded with railings, where they rot away exposed to the winds and the weather. The body is enclosed in a mausoleum of carved woodwork within the *pah* for several months, and at the expiration of this period, the ceremony of lifting the bones takes place, which is performed by the nearest relation of the deceased. The bones, after being well scraped and cleaned, are then deposited in a *whata*, or elevated box, somewhat resembling a provision store; or they are secreted in a cavern, or some sacred place, known only to the *tohunga*.

The New Zealanders do not worship idols. Before the introduction of Christianity amongst them, they believed, as do the heathen tribes at the present day, in invisible spirits, called *atuas*, to which they

ascribed the form of a lizard. They believe that after death the soul goes to the *reinga*, or place of future abode, which they affirm is to be approached only down the face of a steep precipice at the northernmost extremity of the island : the place is known to Europeans as Cape Maria van Diemen.

The New Zealander has a fixed and settled habitation : he resides either in his *pah*, which is a fortified stockade ; or in a *Kainga Maori*, or native settlement, which is not enclosed, where the houses are scattered about as in a village. In times of warfare the whole tribe seeks refuge within the *pah*, which is often erected on the summit of a steep hill, or on an island, or along the bank of a river. The *pah* is surrounded with a strong, high fence, or stockade ; and the interior is divided, by lower fencings, into numerous court-yards, which communicate with each other by means of stiles ; in each court stands the house and cook-house of one or more families, and also the *patuka*, or storehouse for food. The dwelling-house, and frequently the storehouse, is ornamented with grotesque carving, and coloured with *kokowai*, or red ochre. The cook-house is merely a shed, built of posts or slabs of wood placed several inches apart, so as to admit the air and wind, and roofed with beams, over which is a thatchwork of *raupo* : in these houses the domestic operations of cooking and preparing food, corn, &c. take place during wet weather ; at other times they are carried on in the open air. The houses are partly sunk in

the ground, and a true native house is always built with a gable roof and a portico or verandah, where the occupants generally sit. The inner chamber, which extends a long way back, serves as a sleeping apartment, and towards evening is heated by means of a fire ; after the family enters for the night, the door and window are tightly closed, and in this almost suffocating atmosphere they pass the night : when day comes they creep out of the low door into the sharp morning air, dripping with perspiration.

Within the enclosure of the *pah* also stand the *wahi tapu*, or burial-places of the chiefs, which, being coloured red and ornamented with rich carving and a profusion of feathers, are attractive objects to a stranger. As the natives at certain seasons of the year are constantly in their plantations and potato-grounds, they erect in them temporary sheds, and long thatched buildings, beneath which to repose in wet weather, and also for the purpose of cooking their food. In the plantations, *patukas* or store-houses, are also frequent, in which they deposit the seed during the winter ; these *patukas* are always raised upon a pole, or placed between the forked branches of a tree, to preserve them from the attacks of the rats which overrun both islands.

Some of their *pahs* are very extensive, and contain a population of 1000 to 2000 people ; others are much smaller, and are inhabited merely by one chief, with his family and dependents. Since the introduction of Christianity amongst the New Zea-

landers, the use of these fortifications is become less constant, and in whole districts the natives may be seen dwelling at peace in their scattered houses, without either wall or fence to protect them from an enemy. As Christianity spreads, wars cease amongst the various tribes, and even those formerly the most belligerent are now quiet cultivators of the ground : the New Zealander finds it more to his advantage to produce pigs and potatoes, which he barter to the Europeans in exchange for other commodities, than to be carrying on an endless and mortal strife with his neighbours for no accountable reason whatever.

Although fire-arms have now almost entirely supplanted the native implements of war, a notice of the latter may be interesting. In battle a chief always carried a staff of hard wood with a carved head, the sharp point of which, designed to resemble the human tongue thrust out in an attitude of defiance, was urged forwards as a mark of insult towards the enemy ; the eyes were made of small pieces of *pawa*, or pearl shell, inserted on each side, and the staff was still further ornamented with red parrot's feathers and tufts of dog's hair. This staff, called *e hani*, is not only used for the purposes of war, but is also carried in the circle of debate : the chief, whilst speaking, runs up and down before his hearers, holding in his hand the ornamented *hani*. The use of a rod or staff of this sort, as an emblem of authority, is of remote antiquity, and there is a

passage in Homer* which alludes to a similar custom. The *meri*, or war club, is a flattened weapon, from one to two feet in length, which is used in single combat: it is commonly made out of a bone of the whale; when formed of green jade it is called *meri ponamu*, and is valued exceedingly. This weapon is fastened round the arm, suspended by a string, which confines it to the wrist when in use. None but chiefs carry the *meri*; and on the death of a chief, his *meri* is either buried with him, or it descends to the nearest male relation of the deceased.

The tomahawk was introduced by the European and American whalers, and is used in the same manner as the *meri*. Like the Red Indians, the New Zealanders have mounted the heads of these tomahawks upon handles of their own manufacture, either of wood elaborately carved, or of human bone adorned with grotesque devices. In the interior, a small wooden dagger is occasionally to be met with: it is carried for purposes of self-defence, by native travellers who go alone through the woods. Another weapon, called a *patu*, is a light wooden instrument, about four feet long, having a semicircular head resembling a bill-hook or chopper, which is sharp towards the edge; it is ornamented generally with a

* Iliad, lib. xviii. v. 503 to 508; Κηρυκες δ' ἀρα λαόν, το ἰθοντατα εἵπη. "The heralds at length appeased the populace, and the elders sat on rough-hewn stones within a sacred circle, and held in their hands the sceptral rods of the loud proclaiming heralds," &c.

bunch of *kaka* feathers, and the handle is sometimes adorned with carving. A spear, about twelve feet long, is mentioned by Captain Cook as being in use amongst the New Zealanders in 1774, but it has now become obsolete. In Cook's Straits, I met with one (of which I made a drawing) exactly similar to those mentioned by that celebrated navigator: it was ornamented with grotesque human figures, and the natives said it was the work of men long since dead.

The domestic animals reared by the New Zealanders have been introduced at various times by the Europeans who have visited their coasts. The pig, which is bred in great numbers throughout the country, is said to have been first left on the island by the Spaniards, before the period of Cook's visit: the native name for it is *poaka*, a word resembling in sound the Spanish term *puerca* (a sow), and the English porker. The dog is likewise called in some parts of the island by its Spanish name, *pero*; though it is more usually termed *kuri*. The horse, the goat, the cat, and domestic poultry are frequently to be met with amongst the natives; especially those on the Waikato, and towards the northern districts. Every *pah* abounds with dogs, which are used principally to hunt the wild pigs that run loose in the woods.

The population of the islands of New Zealand has never been correctly ascertained. The census of both islands, according to a computation made

by the missionaries, does not exceed 120,000; though others have estimated it as high as 200,000. Of this number, by far the greater portion belongs to the Northern Island; the only remaining inhabitants on the Middle Island being those under Rauparaha of the Nga ti toa tribe, who inhabit the shores of the Straits, and a small tribe at Otago, whose chief, styled "Bloody Jack," is recently dead. The last-mentioned people are making rapid strides towards civilization: their late chief, though designated by so savage a name, was one of the most intelligent and Europeanized of the natives of New Zealand. The east coast swarms with natives, especially about Hawke's Bay. On the Waikato and Waipa they are also very numerous: the Waikato tribe alone can bring 6000 fighting men into the field. The Nga Pui tribe, to the north, including the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, is an extensive tribe; and under E Hongi, their celebrated warrior, they carried on a series of wars which depopulated many once numerous and flourishing tribes. A colony of New Zealanders, headed by Pomara their chief, emigrated some years ago to the Chatham Islands, nearly 300 miles to the south-east of New Zealand; where they still reside, having conquered the aboriginal inhabitants of those islands, who are a distinct people.

The New Zealanders are universally friendly and hospitable to Europeans, and they exhibit traits of character worthy of the most highly civilized and

enlightened of the human race. Their change from barbarism to Christianity has been rapid; and it has also been complete, and will prove permanent. From a people addicted to cannibalism, and giving loose to the worst and wildest passions, they have, in a period of but a few years, become an intelligent and superior race, worthy of holding a high position in the scale of the human family, and frequently, by their noble and consistent conduct, putting to blush the more educated and advanced European.

The ever-galling question of *land-claims* is the only cause of all the various disputes that have arisen between the Maori and the stranger; and with reason. The Maori has now his eyes open: he looks forward; and in the perspective of a dark and gloomy future, he sees his children's land no longer their own, and his proud and swarthy race disappearing before the encroaching European. He broods over this; for he loves his country and the rights of his ancestors, and he will fight for his children's land. He reasons thus:—as the red Indian has been driven back into the far west, and the *mungo mungo*, or black man of New South Wales, has dwindled away before the civilization of the white man, so his nation—having no outlet, no untrodden wastes and silent forests, still further away, to which they may retreat—must pass into oblivion. It is this that rouses his feelings into jealousy and mistrust; and this feeling it is, which among *ourselves* would be called patriotism, that

kindles in him the seeds of so-called rebellion. When first the stranger came to dwell amongst them, he was well received; and, as long as there was no fear of his encroaching on their cultivations, they were glad to have the benefit of his aid and superior knowledge; but when avaricious and greedy men, who had never set foot upon the land, claimed whole districts and territories as their own, and had (almost before the natives themselves were aware of it) purchased for a mere bagatelle the choicest of the soil, the natives saw the approaching crisis, and the future result flashed at once upon their discerning minds. Sad and fearful as have been the effects of a simple, but brave and intelligent native population endeavouring to resist by force the tide of European immigration, it is still to be hoped, that, under the wise and prudent legislation of the present Governor, things may be so ordered and arranged that the original possessors of the soil may enjoy *all* their former rights and privileges; and that the natives and settlers may live and amalgamate together, so as to form a powerful and a distinguished nation, combining the good qualities, physical and moral, of two fine races of men.



View of the river at the mouth of the river

View of the river at the mouth of the river

View of the river at the mouth of the river

SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND :

BEING AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF COUNTRIES AND
PEOPLE AT THE ANTIPODES.

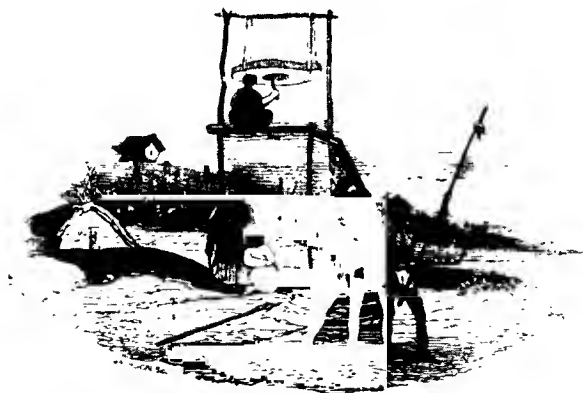
With numerous Illustrations.

By GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW ZEALANDERS ILLUSTRATED;" "SOUTH AUSTRALIA
ILLUSTRATED;" "A RAMBLE IN MALTA AND SICILY," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR OF NEW ZEALAND—
THE WAIKATO.

TRAVELLING in New Zealand is very different from travelling in Australia, where the open nature of the country enables one to ride for hundreds of miles in almost any direction : in New Zealand the traveller must go on foot, and so dense and extensive are many of the mountain forests, that he has to cut or force his way through them ; whilst the frequent precipices, swamps, and rivers, offer obstacles to his progress that require some ingenuity to overcome.

Early in the spring of 1844, I set out on a journey of upwards of eight hundred miles, on foot, to explore

various portions of the interior of the Northern Island ; and in the course of my progress I became acquainted with many tribes, settled on the shores of inland lakes and amidst sequestered valleys, whose character, and existence even, are but little known to dwellers on the coast. At setting out, and for the first portion of my journey, up the Waikato river and along the western coast, I was accompanied by my friend Forsaith, one of the protectors of aborigines; who was on his way overland to Taranaki, or New Plymouth, the British settlement at the foot of Mount Egmont. But when penetrating to the interior, and visiting the districts of Mokau and the Taupo lakes, I was accompanied only by natives ; and during the whole period of my sojourn with the New Zealanders, I invariably experienced both hospitality and protection. My mission amongst them was one of peace : I did not covet their land ; and my coming from Europe for the purpose of representing their chiefs and their country was considered by them as a compliment. The chiefs readily acceded to my requests, and facilitated the purpose of my journey ; and I was everywhere known by the title of "*Te pakeha no te Kene Ingerangi*," or "The stranger from the Queen of England:" loudly and proudly did my native guides herald my approach to a *hainga maori* with this appellation.

The day of our starting from Auckland was calm and cloudy : not a breath of wind ruffled the wide expanse of the gulf ; and as we brushed through the

fern and heather along our onward way, the stillness was intense: the pervading silence was unbroken save by the occasional flutter of a locust, and the low rumbling, at intervals, of distant thunder. Clad in our "bush" costume, but without weapons, and each with a *toko toko* or long walking-staff in our hands, my fellow-traveller and myself set off in excellent spirits, accompanied by five Maori lads, who carried our baggage; this consisted of bundles of clothing, sketching apparatus, collecting boxes, a small tent, and a basket of provisions: which they severally carried in their *pikau* or knapsacks, strapped over their shoulders with the leaves of flax. As we passed along, our lads exchanged farewell salutations with their native friends; the latter shouting out, with a long condoling whine, "*Haere ra! haera ra!*"—which means, "Go, my friends! go!" This was returned by "*E noho!*"—"Remain, my friends! remain!"

Our route lay through the region of extinct volcanic eraters, described in a former chapter. We skirted the low shores of the harbour of Manukao, a large but dangerous inlet from the west coast; and the view of Manukao heads, with a high peaked bluff, shut out the horizon to our right. On the banks of this harbour, is the rich and extensive farm belonging to Mr. Fairburn, who possesses an immense territory in this district. The cattle were grazing amongst the low fern, and looked remarkably sleek, and in excellent order.

From this point, we struck into one of the native

paths, which are never wide enough for two persons to travel abreast ; and after wading through several swamps and flax marshes, in which we found our long *toko tokos* of great assistance, we arrived at the banks of the Tamaki river. The tide being out, mud and slime covered the margin of the stream for a considerable distance, and the sight of some stout wild-ducks waddling along over these exposed flats, made us regret we had no rifle to procure a few for our supper. Here we had no alternative but to strip and ford the river, wading across the mud flats, into which we sank at every step nearly up to our middles. It was a difficult matter to get our feet out of the mire, while thousands of small crabs kept biting our legs as we toiled slowly through the sludge, rendering our situation anything but an enviable one. We at length regained the opposite shore ; and after scraping the mud off our limbs with flax-leaves, we resumed our journey.

We passed several volcanic craters, with terraced sides, near which blocks of lava were piled up artificially ; and many signs of ancient *pahs* were observable, especially vast heaps of *pepi*-shells that lay scattered in all directions around. The tea-tree shrub (*leptospermum*) was in full bloom amongst the fern ; and a small flowering plant, with sharp prickly leaves, its blossom a minute white bell, exhaled a sweet spring perfume, scenting the air with its delicious fragrance : yet the tiny source of this grateful enjoyment was so concealed beneath

the moss and fern, as to require a diligent search before its presence was discovered to the eye.

Our day's route lay through a sombre and desolate-looking region, almost without trees. The undulating country was clothed with russet fern, and bunches of flax occurred in every direction, reminding one of the aloe, which at a distance it somewhat resembles. This entire district was once the scene of intense volcanic action, to which the numerous funnel-shaped craters before mentioned acted as safety-valves. An occasional *ti*-tree (*dracæna*) gives a foreign and palm-like aspect to the swampy ground; and a small black and white moth (*agarista*) flutters plentifully over the fern and along the banks of bulrush and *tohi tohi* swamps.

Towards the close of day, we arrived at the termination of this volcanic and open district, and; on the borders of a dark forest, we descried a small clearing, with one or two huts belonging to European settlers. We tried in vain at one of the huts to procure either a kit of potatoes or some flour as food for our lads; the settlers being very poor, and potatoes exceedingly scarce, in this part of the country: the great native feasts at Auckland a few months ago had well nigh exhausted the stock, and there will be no more until the spring crop comes up. It was now sunset; and we suddenly struck into a belt of forest—a glen of profuse vegetation—through which the lingering beams of day were in vain struggling to penetrate. A break in the forest re-

vealed to us an open space, through which a murmuring stream flowed, and the ruins of an undershot water-mill, that had never seen completion, marked the unsuccessful toil of some settler in the wild. The full moon, like an amber shield, rose over the dark wood, and its light stole through the crisp leaves of the spreading tree-ferns, making them look extremely beautiful. The lone cry of the *ko ko* (a species of goatsucker) echoed plaintively from amongst the dense copse-like underwood, and the song of night-birds amongst the fern, made a low, soft music, that told of calm and peaceful solitudes. Suddenly emerging from the wood, we again struck out into an open fern country, along which we travelled by the light of the moon, crossing swamps and small streams gurgling beneath an overgrowth of luxuriant flax bushes.

We sought refuge for the night under the hospitable roof of an old captain, who, from commanding country ships in the opium trade, had exchanged China, and India, and the luxury of the East, for a humble barn in the forests of New Zealand. Our host complained sadly of the depredations of the natives, and positively assured us that their ill-behaved dogs ate all his butter, which had been made with infinite trouble, by shaking up the cream in a green glass bottle. His guns were kept cocked, in case of an alarm; and the very people, amongst the least civilized of whom I was going alone and unarmed, were represented to us as a race of banditti.

Our native lads, tired and hungry, on arriving at the end of their day's journey, dropped each one as usual into the fern, with his flax-tied bundle on his back, and, giving the accustomed grunt, each removed his load. Whilst the lads made themselves comfortable beneath a *raupo* shed, at a short distance from the barn, we betook ourselves to the shelter afforded us by the worthy captain's hut, where we found his family, with the usual accompaniments of a settler's log cabin,—dogs, fleas, and a good blazing fire. Our host, as is usual in Europe, conducted me to my night's quarters. Lifting a piece of depending canvass, he requested me to crawl beneath it; this done, I was enabled, by the light of the moon which was shining full into this corner of the barn, to make a complete survey of the crevice into which I had been thrust by the overwhelming kindness of my host: he would not for a moment think of my sleeping on a heap of fern, which I greatly preferred, but obligingly compelled me to occupy "the best bed," which was styled "the mattress,"—a filthy, ragged thing, full of fleas, and without any covering. Two herdsmen, on an opposite tressel, with the moonlight shining brightly upon their faces, lay snoring and scratching themselves alternately with great vehemence; troubled, no doubt, by the same nimble parasites that blackened my "mattress," with their countless hosts. Horrible noises in the thatch, which the natives would probably have ascribed to the *atuas*, afforded a subject for speculation, as I lay all night

with my eyes wide open, counting the mosquitoes I had killed: sometimes I was inclined to think that *they* were the greatest plague; but a vigorous sally from the myriad inmates of the mattress "feelingly" convinced me that they were not unrivalled, and turned the fulness of my wrath against the wingless foe. Longing for sunrise to banish my vile tormentors, I envied Forsaith on his heap of fern; but in the morning he told me that he too had slain his thousands, and the trophies of his prowess lay scattered around him. During the day the *namu*, or sand-fly, is almost as troublesome as the mosquito; but it is instant death for them to bite me, as my entomological propensities make me pretty certain in my capture.

Sept. 27th.—At daybreak we gladly rose up, and were off into the clear and dewy air of the morning. Proceeding onwards through fern and belts of forest, we at length arrived at the banks of a rapidly flowing river, which we crossed on the shoulders of our guides; and soon afterwards we reached a small ruined *pah*, on the slope of a hill, having around it several grotesquely carved figures much decayed. At the native settlement of Papakoura, we found but four individuals at home; food was very scarce, and the improvident natives, for some time past, had been almost starving; their early potato crops not yet being sufficiently advanced to take them out of the ground. With some difficulty, our lads obtained one basket of potatoes, and made up the remainder of their meal

with boiled sow-thistles. It is remarkable that the natives will not eat salt, and though I have repeatedly offered it to them, I have met with but a solitary instance of their accepting it. On our approach to the scattered huts constituting the settlement of Papakoura, a body of lean dogs attacked us with the utmost demonstrations of fury; but after throwing a few sticks at them they were crouching at our feet, imploringly watching for a morsel of potato.

The thunder and lightning, which had been violent during the morning, were succeeded by torrents of rain that wetted us through; and as the slippery state of the soil rendered walking along the native paths very unpleasant, we found our *toko tokos* of considerable use, both as walking-sticks and also to feel our way through the swamps and peat-bogs that we constantly had occasion to cross. Onwards, through gently undulating fern-land, interspersed with bushes of *phormium tenax* and an occasional dragon-tree, we again found belts of forest-land. The thunder rattled angrily over the Maunuotu hills, and after a thorough drenching, the weather once more cleared up.

Amidst a grove of tree-ferns, the sight of a tent agreeably surprised us; for we at first concluded that it belonged to the native party who had conveyed one of the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Buddle and his family, from Waipa to Auckland, in a sort of chairs or litters (*amo*), “a la mode Sicilien;” and this party we were anxious to overtake, so as to be able

to proceed with them in their canoes up the Waikato river. The tent, however, proved to be that of a surveyor, and several Maories were encamped around it.

To-day we had several small rivers to cross: the yellow *howai* tree, at this season of spring, covered with a profusion of golden blossoms, ornamented the banks of the streams with its gracefully bending stems. We waded a broad and deep river, at the only fordable spot we could discover, which was over very smooth and slippery rocks; and the violence of the enurrent threatened to carry us off our legs into the foaming rapids beneath. At noon we crossed another river, twelve feet deep, by means of a narrow tree, along which we passed, holding each other's hands, and supported by our poles: on the opposite bank we rested half an hour, and partook of a mouthful of *hui* (food).

One of our natives constantly carries a slate in his hand, and whenever we halt to rest, he amuses himself by working sums in arithmetic: he is now lying at full length on the fern, busily engaged with a calculation that Forsaith has set him; and my lad, E Pera, is reading aloud from a native testament, extremely fast. Not only do the young people, in this way, improve themselves in education, but they are very fond of teaching others; and many individuals in the interior, who had no instruction whatever from the missionaries, have acquired the arts of reading and writing, merely by aid of these native

instructors, who have a pride in communicating their new acquirements.

We now reached a river—a deep and sluggish stream—and, as no trees were near, nor any means of crossing except by stripping and plunging in, we waited until our lads came up; they all soon divested themselves of their shirts and trousers, which they flung across to the opposite bank along with their poles and blankets, and then waded the river with the luggage on their heads, the water being up to their necks. After conveying the bundles across, they returned for ourselves, and carried us over, with our feet resting on one fellow's shoulders and our backs on the head of another. It was ticklish work, and the lads enjoyed it amazingly; joking my friend, who lay remarkably still, by saying that they were carrying a dead body. The Maories are remarkable for their natural gaiety: they are merry fellows; always laughing and joking, especially during the adventures of a journey, to which they are extremely partial: look when you will they are sure to laugh, and though they have had but little to eat to-day, they are full of fun.

The soil of the district through which we passed was a sandy loam; the country gently undulating, covered with fern, and intersected by innumerable gullies, filled up with swamps yielding flax and *tohi tohi* grass.

Towards the afternoon, we came in sight of the native settlement of Tuimata, prettily situated in a

rich valley on the borders of a *kaikatea* forest, part of which had been cut down for a potato ground. The natives prefer the soil reclaimed from the decayed vegetation of the woods for their agricultural purposes, and they take infinitely more pains in clearing forest land than in rooting up the fern, as they consider the soil of the former superior. At the *kainga*, or native settlement, we found about thirty people, together with the party returning to Waipa, whom we had been so anxious to overtake. The chief, whose baptised name was Haimona (Simon), a strong grey haired man, sat to me for his portrait, as did also his wife and child. After pitching our little tent, and partaking of some food, I set to work, though the rain again descended in torrents. I sat beneath the shelter of a native verandah or porch, whilst my patient sitters were exposed to the rain. I resolved on sketching Haimona's wife in the posture she had involuntarily assumed whilst gazing intently at me as I transferred the lineaments of her spouse to paper. She lay at length upon the ground, exactly in the attitude of a sea-lion (*phoca*) when basking in the sun. The lady insisted, greatly to my dismay, in robing herself for the occasion in a clean white *chemise* of European fashion; and, putting aside her native habiliments, down she lay upon the wet ground thus attired. Although her vanity was thus singularly gratified, I really pitied the poor woman: notwithstanding, it was impossible to refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh at the idea of a European lady, thus scantily

attired, lying for her portrait in the pouring rain in such a posture. She appeared highly satisfied with my sketch, as did the old chief who sat by my side: saying it was "*wakapaipai*," or "beautiful;" whilst all the time I was nearly stifled by the horrible odour that issued from a vessel of stinking Indian corn: a relish to which the natives are remarkably partial.

The rich tints of the evergreen forest were gilded by a transient sunbeam, and just at sunset a rainbow stretched across the eastern sky; the clouds cleared off, and then the moonlight that succeeded this day of storm was lovely and unclouded—the moon being at its full. Our tent is pitched on a bed of chickweed, and spread thickly with fern by our lads, which makes a delightful couch to repose on; outside, round the fire, our natives are going through their multiplication table, and laughing and joking at intervals as usual. At sunset, the natives went through their *karakia*, or worship, which is performed by the Christians every night and morning. Not having a bell, the signal to prayers was given by striking an iron pot with a stone; and presently afterwards we heard their voices, all singing the evening hymn in the Maori tongue. The native teacher, a well-tattooed man, came to us after prayers, and remained all the evening with his head and shoulders thrust into our tent, talking with Forsaith, in the native language, about incorrectly translated passages of the New Testament.

Sept. 28th.—Started at six o'clock, and marched

several miles before we halted to cook our breakfast. The party returning to Waipa were already off, but we overtook them at an old potato-ground, where they were taking their morning's meal.

We crossed two native bridges over marshy creeks: they were constructed by laying a great quantity of fern across small trunks of trees, and brushwood placed lengthwise. The appearance of the country was here very picturesque; the hills became of a more undulating aspect, clothed with deep forests, and every now and then opening into tracts of fern: from these clear spaces, the view of hill and dale, and belted forest, bounded by the distant appearance of Manukao harbour, with the faint and dim outline of the extinct craters jutting up from the volcanic region we had left far behind us, formed a singular and pleasing scene.

We now entered a gloomy forest, the path through which was rendered difficult and annoying by the liands and roots of various climbers catching our feet at every step beneath the mud. In this forest, and also in the next through which we passed, were complete groves composed entirely of the beautiful *nikau* palm (*areca sapida*) mingling with tree ferns (*cyathæa* and *mahrattia*) and the other exuberant vegetable productions of these still and sombre dells; which are shaded eternally from the sun by a lofty canopy of *kaikatia* foliage overhead, and fed by the ceaseless moisture that drops from every spray, and renders these antipodean forests rank with vegeta-

tion. Parasites sprout from the loftiest trees, and mosses and ferns of numerous varieties clothe the trunks with green, carrying a profusion of vegetable life up into the topmost branches of the noblest forest-trees. All is of the deepest green, and amidst the gloom and shady recesses of these dense forests, there reigns a solemn and almost unbroken stillness: the fluting cry of the *kaka* (*nestor meridionalis*) or the moonlight-accompanying voice of the *ko ko* but occasionally sounding through these primeval solitudes. Truly beautiful at this season of the year are the clustering blossoms of the large white clematis, hanging here and there high overhead, twining round some stately trunk, or spread like a snowy mantle over its leafy summit, and anon descending in chains of bloom, wreathing fantastic garlands around the brushwood.

We halted for our morning meal amidst the charred stumps that marked an old potato-ground, the rich soil of which was overrun with wild cabbage now in blossom. Huiputea, the chief who led the party, spread some *nikau* leaves for us to sit upon, and, opening our provision box, we commenced breakfast. We had, in addition, potatoes roasted in rows upon sharp sticks; and one of the natives contributed a beautiful pigeon, of a large size, which he had just brought down with his musket. Before he could reach the fires, little Hori, son of Huiputea, snatched out the tail of the bird, and commenced sticking the feathers upright in his hair, and another

of the natives covered his head with tufts of the snow-white feathers from its breast. The delicate rose-coloured feet of this pigeon, are used by the natives of the Southern Island to stain their cheeks red.

We again entered a dense forest, frequently travelling through mud which was knee deep, where the tangled roots and liands caught our feet continually; and for some miles we pushed onwards in this manner: now toiling up a steep and slippery bank, then climbing over a fallen *kaikatea* tree, or descending from root to root down a ravine, holding on by the trees in our descent; and presently after crossing some swollen torrent dashing over blocks of stone of a volcanic character.

One of our lads felled a *nikau* palm (*areca sapida*), and cut out the heart, of which we all partook: it was refreshing, and tasted rather pleasant than otherwise, its flavour somewhat resembling that of the cocoa-nut. This portion of the palm-tree is eagerly sought after by the New Zealanders, who fell every tree which they consider likely to contain a young and succulent heart: the leaves are also much used for thatching the temporary sheds which they erect whilst travelling in the forest; likewise frequently for roofing their houses and cooking-huts in the plantations. The *nikau* palms are consequently fast decreasing, and this graceful tree will probably soon disappear, unless means are taken to preserve its growth: in all directions we saw destroyed stems,

and their broad pinnated leaves lay scattered on the ground. Our party halting amidst a grove of *nikau* palms, formed a wild and picturesque group.

The rain fell in torrents during the morning, and the dripping forest resembled a shower-bath. Fern and forest-land alternated all the way, until we came in sight of the Waikato river, meandering through a rich country, amidst hills clothed with trees. It was a welcome sight, as here we knew that our journey on foot would be interrupted for a day or two; having to ascend the river in canoes to Waipa. On entering the last forest, before we arrived at the margin of the river, a delicious fragrance, like that of hyacinth and jessamine mingled, filled the warm still air with its perfume. It arose from the petals of a straggling shrub, with bright green shining leaves, resembling those of the nutmeg-tree; and a profusion of rich and delicate blossoms, looking like waxwork, and hanging in clusters of trumpet-shaped bells: I observed every shade of colour amongst them, from pinkish white to the deepest crimson, and the edges of the petals were irregularly jagged all round. The natives call this plant *horopito*.

On reaching the banks of the Waikato, we found that one large canoe had already started with a portion of our native escort, who were pushing on to reach Koruakopupu before sunset: there, being Christian natives, they intended to spend the Sabbath, which was on the following day.

The yellow *kowai* tree, which, at this season, was one

mass of golden blossoms, grew abundantly near the water's edge : some of our natives gathered bunches of it, and suspended them as ornaments in their ears. The Waikato river, at this spot, cannot be less than four hundred yards in breadth, and it flows onwards with a rapid current of at least five miles an hour, towards the west coast.

Our canoe, which was hewn out of a solid tree, was of that kind used for river conveyance, called *kau-papa* : it is quite simple, deep, and trough-like, without either the ornamental carving or the painting of *hokowai* that adorn the war-canoe and the gaily decorated *waka* of the harbours on the coast. It was from forty to fifty feet in length, but the breadth did not exceed two feet and a half. The bottom of the canoe, well strewn with fern, received our luggage and various packages belonging to the natives.

The number of our party amounted to about twenty-five, and away we started for Koruakopupu ; keeping near the bank to avoid meeting the strength of the current, which flows most rapidly towards the middle of the river. Our people, stripped to the waist, each with a mat round his loins, paddled away most lustily ; and we glided on swiftly, propelled by at least a dozen paddles.

As we proceeded, the most luxuriant vegetation overspread the banks of the river, and even extended into the water. Gigantic flax and the *tohi tohi* grass, with its razor-edged leaves, formed a complete jungle ; whilst the dragon or *ti*-trees, in full beauty, imparted

quite a foreign character to the scene. An occasional *nikau* shed appeared on the margin of the stream, beneath groves of dragon-trees and kahikatoa pine. The graceful *rimu*, and the *koroi* pine, seventy or eighty feet in height, mingle their evergreen foliage, and occasionally a small *cowdie*-tree appears here and there; though the Waikato is the southern limit of this magnificent timber-pine. Our natives, anxious to reach the village where we were to halt on the Sabbath (for the missionary natives very seldom travel on that day), pulled merrily, timing the strokes of their paddles with a chant, shouted with deafening noise; one responding to another: their loud and barbarous singing may be heard at a great distance on the water. The burden of our paddlers' chant was, "Pull away, pull away—this is not pulling;" but occasional improvised allusions to any casual object we might be passing varied the song, and had an inspiring effect on the rowers.

It was a calm and lovely evening, and nothing broke the serenity of its repose but the splashing of the paddles as our canoe dashed onwards. How many a scene of barbarous and warlike times has this noble river been witness to! Fleet after fleet of gaily decorated war-canoes have passed up and down its surface, from the places of slaughter, reeking with blood, perhaps deeply laden with human flesh, and filled with savage heroes, whose war-shouts and yells of triumph disturbed the stillness of the lovely scenes of nature around them. But now the picture is changed.

A far different era has dawned upon the descendants of those fierce warriors. The New Zealanders are no longer a fighting people; they find raising supplies for the Europeans a far more pleasant and profitable occupation. The good effects arising from the influence of the missionaries is apparent, even if civilization had been their only aim. The New Zealanders are an intelligent and interesting race; they have fine minds and good dispositions; and if properly treated, no people can behave better. Much has been foolishly alleged against them, by individuals who are entirely ignorant of the true character and meritorious conduct of many of the Maories.

Pieces of pumice-stone, carried by the current from the Lake of Taupo, where the river has its real source, are constantly floating down with the stream of the Waikato: they are the products of the great active volcano of Tongariro, which is the centre of volcanic agency in the northern island of New Zealand.

We landed at a small *pah* or settlement, close to the right bank of the river, which proved to be Koruakopupu; here we pitched our tent, overlooking the broad surface of the Waikato, at about half a dozen yards from its brink. The fear of too many visitations from that active parasite, the flea (cleverly styled "*e pakea nohinohi*," or "the little stranger," by the natives, who say it was introduced by the Europeans), prevented our encamping within the enclosure of the *pah*; we were, however, annoyed by the

mosquitoes during the night; and no sooner had the sun risen, and we issued from our tent to wash by the river side, than those peculiarly vexatious pests, the sand-flies (*namu*), commenced their attacks on our bare hands and feet. The sand-fly is a small black insect, and swarms in such myriads, that one is never free from their vengeance, if remaining for a single instant in the same position? whilst sketching, my hands are frequently covered with blood, and their numbers being inexhaustible, one at last gets weary of killing them.

At this village I made a sketch of a chief named Te Taepa, who was on a visit at this *kainga*: he was employed, on my approaching him, in plucking out the slightest remaining vestiges of his beard with a pair of shells, which answered the purpose of tweezers. Whilst taking his portrait, an acquaintance of his entered the verandah, and the cordial salutation of *hungi*, or "pressing noses," took place: it appeared to be a particularly fond salute, for they continued pressing their noses together, more or less violently, for a considerable time, uttering numerous comfortable little grunts during the ceremony.

Just outside the railings of the *pah* stands a "*ware puni*," or "hot-house," for strangers to sleep in. Our lads occupied this lodging, which they heated nearly to suffocation with a large fire, and then closing the door and window, they crawled in, and lay huddled together all night in an atmosphere that would stifle almost any European: in the morning they came out

into the sharp, cold, dewy air, with the perspiration dripping profusely from their bodies. This practice is, doubtless, one of the many causes of consumption being so prevalent amongst this people: another, as has been before remarked, is the introduction of blankets as articles of clothing.

The hospitality of the Maories to strangers is proverbial; travellers are always welcomed amongst them. Tobacco is the only money needful for a European in passing through the country; a present of a small quantity of this weed, on leaving, being considered as an ample remuneration for food and shelter: for a fig of tobacco they will willingly furnish a dozen eggs, or a basket of potatoes or *kumeras*. It is only on the coast, in the vicinity of the European settlements, that the natives require *utu*, or payment in coin.

The evening bell sounded for worship within the *pah*, and the native teacher, Wirihona, or Wilson, read prayers to his party. Our lads cooked an excellent supper for us; consisting of masses of small fish enclosed in flax-leaves, and tied up in bundles: these packages were placed upright before the fire, against a frame of sticks, and were kept turned round until sufficiently cooked, when they emptied out of the broad leaves beautifully done, and we thought them the most delicious supper imaginable. During our repast, a facetious native popped his head into the tent, and exclaimed, "How fast you are eating your suppers!"—and next morning, whilst breakfasting in front of our tent, we gave a plateful of frag-

ments to several lads who were watching our operations, when one of them shrewdly remarked, "The dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table; so we are eating your leavings." They are naturally witty, and fond of a joke or repartee.

Sept. 29th.—During the night we had heavy rain, and the clouds hung low upon the hills this morning; the air in the neighbouring woods was rendered quite fragrant with the *horopito*, and the dark trees were reflected on the breathless surface of the Waikato. Several canoes, filled with natives, arrived from the opposite side of the river for morning worship, and returned again after the service was concluded. The worship was conducted with great apparent propriety and decorum, and the hearers were devout and attentive. There were three services during the day; and the Sabbath appeared to be more strictly regarded by these people than it is amongst Europeans in general. The horrid sand-flies attacked us to-day more unmercifully than ever, and in such clouds that I should imagine them to be a species very nearly allied to those that constituted the fourth plague of Egypt. It became necessary to send away the chief's little boy from the doorway of our tent, as the stench arising from a cake that he was eating, made of shark and putrid maize, was more than any nose that had the most remote claim to civilization could in any way tolerate. The children soon afterwards began to cram themselves with *hinau* cakes,—a black, filthy mass, consisting of the fruit

of the *hinau* tree compressed together, and kept till quite rotten and musty, which they eat with avidity. With the exception of the putrid corn, one can hardly imagine anything more disgusting: they tell us it is good for them, but would not suit the *pakeha*. From the bark of the *hinau* tree is extracted the rich black colour with which they dye the strings of their mats, and the black portions of the wood-work of their canoes.

Sept. 30th.—Up at half-past five: the morning calm, and the dewy mists hanging in broad masses over the still, deep-flowing Waikato. At six, the bell of the pah sounded for morning prayers, and one by one the natives, wrapped in their blankets and mats, silently emerged from their various dwellings, and came dropping into the house appropriated for worship, with their hooks in their hands. Whilst sketching, I was much annoyed by stupid natives and dogs: I obtained only two portraits, and left one half finished to partake of a hurried breakfast; the natives being all impatience to start. Our party consisted of two canoes full, comprising about forty persons: the canoe in which we took our places was very deeply laden, and contained twenty-four paddlers, besides my friend and myself. The inhabitants of the pah who remained behind sat in groups along the banks, or upon the tops of their houses: perched here and there, they resembled so many haycocks in their *kokahus*, or coarse flax garments. About a mile from Koruakopupu we halted a few

minutes at a small settlement, where a white man and his family resided amongst the natives: the whole population were here and there scattered about in groups, either squatting on the ground or seated on their canoes or logs of wood, watching the arrival of our party.

The magnificence of vegetation in the forests along the margin of the river, cannot fail to strike the eye of a lover of nature with wonder and delight: deep, rich, and varied are the tints of the evergreen woods of New Zealand. 'The large white stars' of the clematis are wreathed like garlands round the sombre foliage of the tall trees; and the golden blossoms of the *houai* are scattered in showers over the bosom of the stream, from the drooping tresses that bear them.

At one settlement which we passed, there was a singular fishing-net near the water's edge, suspended upon poles: its shape resembled that of a boat, and its fine meshes were composed of the fibres of the *phormium*. At another spot I observed a *rohi*, or native landmark, formed of three upright stakes or poles, curiously decorated with bunches and festoons of the dried stems of a climber.

Whilst paddling, many of the natives wear a *tatua* or belt, made of flax, in black and white angular designs, ornamented with tufts of red wool: it is broad in the centre, tapering to a point at each end, and is fastened round the waist like a girdle.

Several low, sedgy islands occur in the river: they are all covered with gigantic flax, *tohi tohi* grass,

wild cabbage, and bulrushes. The large coarse flax growing on the banks of the river is used by the natives in manufacturing the *kokahu*, or rough winter garment. The flax for making the *kaitaka* and finer varieties of mats, is usually cultivated for that purpose, by which means the fibre becomes much more silky and beautiful.

As we glided onwards, the scenery was in places varied by open fern-hills, with peeps of the distant blue ranges beyond. Now and then the quantity of pumice floating down with the current of the stream was so great as to have gathered with the drift-wood and duck-weed, and formed considerable masses, which occasionally impeded the progress of our canoe; as we kept near the banks to avoid the strong current against us which flowed in the centre of the river. Our canoe was too deeply laden; and, though we were in still water, its edge was frequently not more than a couple of inches above the surface of the stream. The paddles were plied with great spirit; the exertions of the natives being stimulated by the animated shouting song kept up incessantly by one or another of the party. At length the splashing was so violent that we became nearly drenched; and on requesting the Maori before us to throw less water in our faces, he replied with a proverb amongst them, that "no one is dry who travels with the Waikatos;" meaning that the people of this tribe excel all others in the speed and dexterity with which they manage their canoes. Our

natives were in excellent spirits; they had been on a long journey to Auckland, where they had seen the *pakeha* (white man or stranger) in his settlement, and had witnessed many sights of civilization to which they were previously strangers; they had also purchased articles of European manufacture, and were longing to return home to the peaceful banks of the Waipa, to present them to their friends as tokens of their regard. Their wild, deafening songs, with their heads all undulating at every stroke, the contortions of their eyes, and their bare tawny shoulders, finely developing their muscles as they all dashed their paddles simultaneously into the water, rendered the scene at once novel and animating. The canoe songs are generally *improvised*, and frequently have reference to passing objects: such ejaculations as the following were uttered by our companions at the highest pitch of their voices:—"Pull away, pull away, pull away!"—"Dig into the water!"—"Break your backs!" &c. From the prow of one of the canoes a native flute sounded plaintively: this is a very rude and imperfect instrument, and they do not play it with any degree of skill, it having only two or three notes. The native art of balancing a canoe is extremely nice, the slightest preponderance of weight on either side being sufficient to upset it. From a want of proper caution in having the canoe exactly balanced, Europeans have frequently lost their lives by being capsized. Meeting a large canoe on the river, well manned, as

it approaches end on, with all the paddles dashing into the water at once, has a curious effect; giving one the idea of a huge centipede moving along.

The dark glossy foliage of the *puriri* tree formed groves in some places on the banks of the river: the colour of the leaf appears of the richest purplish-green, almost approaching to black, and is very ornamental; the blossom is of a delicate lilac, sometimes approaching to rose-colour, and resembles in shape that of the snap-dragon; the timber is extremely hard, like iron-wood, and is employed by the natives in the construction of several of their weapons and implements.

We landed at Kapau, where are a few old huts and a grove of dragou-trees (*tī*), on the left bank of the river. Whilst our friends were employed in kindling fires, and cooking food for their mid-day meal, I made a sketch of the spot, thus suddenly transformed from a solitude to a lively and animated scene. Our lads, as usual, roasted our bacon in thin slices, between two sticks tied with flax; and potatoes were plentiful. During our repast, one old man perseveringly sat close to my side, plucking out his beard with a pair of tweezers.

Railed enclosures of some twenty feet square are erected in the water, near these river-side settlements, expressly for the purpose of preparing the favourite stinking corn. The cobs of maize are placed, when in a green state, in flax baskets, and put under the water for some weeks, until quite putrid: they are



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then taken out as occasion may require, and made up into the disgusting cakes before mentioned. At other times the putrid mass is put into a *kohue*, or large pan, and, when mixed with water and boiled over the fire, is converted into a species of gruel that sends forth an effluvia over the whole settlement. No one who has been fortunate enough never to experience the vile odour arising from corn thus prepared, can form any idea of its extreme offensiveness.

After halting for a couple of hours, we again started. The canocs were all full of men, women, and children; and at the head of Wirihona's canoe sat his little son, with a small fire before him, carried between some pieces of dry bark: the child, paddling away, formed a living figure-head to the sharp and frail vessel as it glided onwards. Next came the elder children, all arranged according to their sizes: the bigger ones placed where the canoe widened towards the centre; and on the flat projecting end of the stern sat the chief, steering dexterously with a paddle. The latter part of the afternoon was splendid: the showers had cleared off, and large white rollers of cloud lay gathered up over the distant mountains, leaving the canopy overhead of a deep and pure azure.

The graceful *tui*, or parson-bird (*prothemadera Novæ Selandicæ*) sported amongst the yellow blossoms of the *kowai*—the tuft of white feathers on its breast, from which it derives its name, contrasting with the glossy black of the rest of its plumage; and occasion-

ally one of the beautiful New Zealand pigeons (*carophaga Novæ Selandicæ*), disturbed while feeding on the berries growing near the stream, would flutter away into the darker recesses of the forest. The wild-ducks were numerous, and so tame that they frequently allowed us to approach within a few yards of them.

We fell in with an old woman most actively moving about in a very small canoe, who used her paddles in high style, and ran in between our two canoes. She then commenced a *tangi*, or crying match, as a salute, with one or two of her friends who happened to be of the party; still paddling, and continuing her dismal *tangi*. Having put a basket of potatoes on board as a present, she received in return a fig of tobacco; the *tangi* concluded, she turned about, laughing merrily, and, handling her paddles as briskly as before, was soon out of sight, as we turned an angle of the stream.

The natives are all remarkably fond of smoking; and it amused us greatly to observe a sickly-looking child in Wirihona's canoe, who wore a straw-hat without any brim, constantly carrying a little fancy pipe in his mouth. At rare intervals, this pipe gets a shred of tobacco, but for hours, and perhaps days, it remains empty; still, however, adorning the mouth of its juvenile possessor.

We passed several primitive landmarks on the margin of the river, one being composed of three upright posts, with balls of *mange mange*—a dried creeper—fastened upon the top, and festoons of the

same material connecting the posts. Sometimes these landmarks are formed by planting *harikeke*, or flax, in rows in a straight line. This is generally done in valuable land, such as ground fitted for *kumeras*, &c.

We observed numerous small settlements (*kainga maori*) on both banks of the river. Many appeared deserted, the natives being temporarily absent at their cultivations and potato-grounds ; but one of these villages boasted a solitary old woman, whose little pig was in faithful attendance at her heels.

At the junction of the Puatia River with the Waikato, the scenery around assumes a bleak and open character : undulating fern hills, destitute of wood, slope to the water's edge, and a range of blue mountains bounds the view to the eastward. The Waikato here is much broader than at Tuakau, the spot where we first embarked on its bosom. Some wide, open reaches were to be passed, and our canoes had to cross the current diagonally to the opposite bank.

The wind now blew violently, and, meeting the current, caused an unpleasant sea in the middle channel of the river. Our heavily laden canoe was not fitted to encounter anything beyond still water ; and as our natives related to each other where this and that canoe were upset, they dashed their paddles into the water with all their energy, and our bark was soon in the midst of the troubled current. We were every moment in imminent danger of being swamped : the water washed in on both sides, and nothing but the extreme swiftness with which we

glided through the current prevented us from filling. As the canoe darted against the opposite shore, our natives gave a loud shout, and commenced baling out the water, which we had shipped in great quantities, with a *tatau*, or scoop. We now looked anxiously towards the second canoe, and watched them literally pulling for their lives, splashing and dashing with the utmost vehemence. The frail bark appeared almost swallowed up by the angry stream ; but she glided securely through, and the drenched chief and his family repeated the shout of welcome to the opposite shore, as their canoe also darted in safety against its banks.

We landed for the night at a small *kainga*, where we pitched our tent, close to some neat graves belonging to the Christian natives. These were railed round with a double fence of low pailings. An enclosure of corn looked well, and several peach-trees grew at the other extremity of the settlement. Our numerous party, as usual, busied themselves in preparing a sufficient supply of food ; a large oven of heated stones, heaped over with earth, contained the general supper, and was surrounded by all the busy old women, squatting in the smoke and anticipating the opening of the oven. The wife of Wiri-hona met the wife of an inferior chief, who was an old acquaintance, which led to a warm *tangi* between the two parties ; but, after sitting opposite to each other for a quarter of an hour or more, crying bitterly with a most piteous moaning and lamentation, the



View of the Hotel Duquesne.

Hotel Duquesne, New Orleans, La.
The Hotel Duquesne is a large, ornate building with a prominent arched entrance and a tall, pointed tower. It is surrounded by a large, open field with some trees in the background.

Hotel Duquesne, New Orleans, La.

tangi was transformed into a *hungi*, and the two old ladies commenced pressing noses, giving occasional satisfactory grunts. During all this time, no one around appeared to take the slightest notice of the ceremony: neither the crocodile tears of the first salute, nor the loving caresses of the second, aroused any sympathy in the hearts of the surrounding spectators.

While making my sketch of this rustic *kainga*, the setting sun lit up the fern and distant hills with ruddy purple, and the evening tints reminded me of Australian scenery; such was the brilliancy of their hues. A keen westerly wind was blowing, and the night was sharp and clear. At sunset an iron pot was again struck in lieu of a bell, and the natives assembled in a circle in the open air, around a blazing fire, for their evening *karakia* or worship.

Oct. 1st.—The morning was shrouded in thick dewy mist, that fell like small rain, and the black and white moths fluttered drowsily in the raw cold air. The ovens were now opened, and great was the bustle and business of breakfast. Several natives were cooking fern root in the fire, in pieces of about a foot long; after being sufficiently roasted, the root is scraped clean with a mussel-shell: it has an earthy and rather medicinal flavour, and is full of black and stringy fibres. An old slave woman was shelling mussels (*anadon*) most expeditiously: she scooped out the fish with another mussel-shell, and it was astonishing to watch the extreme rapidity with which

she emptied the shells of their contents. Another old woman was assisting her, whose breasts were most elaborately tattooed with small straight lines.

We obtained some fine *kumeras* for breakfast. These are the choicest of the New Zealanders' produce, and their *whatus*, or stores for these vegetables are frequently more carved and adorned than the houses they dwell in. The *kumera* in shape resembles a kidney potato, its flavour is sweet, and it contains a quantity of starch. Our companions cooked slices of stinking shark with their potatoes, and the women having made baskets of green flax for the reception of the food, a supply was carried forward in the canoes, so that the whole day we were regaled with the filthy effluvia of putrid shark.

At a small *kainga* one of our party left us, with his musket and basket of *et ceteras*, wading through the marshy flax and bulrushes to gain terra firma, and saying "how d' ye do" in English as a farewell salute to his companions. Away he went, pushing through the fern, and we speeded onwards towards Kaitote, the pah of the celebrated Te Whero Whero, who is the principal chief of all the Waikato tribes.

Kaitote is famous for its fine *kumera* grounds. The banks of the river are low, and fern extends to the water's edge, with about three or four feet of light vegetable soil, or sand, through which the roots of the fern extend, thickly matted together. Towards the afternoon the scenery changed: steep wooded hills descended towards the stream, and the mountain of Taupiri, famous as a landmark of old renown, reared

its pyramidal cone before us ; its sides were clothed with thick forests, and at its base, on the opposite bank of the river, stood Te Whero Whero's pah of Kaitote. The site of an ancient fortification occupies a hill close to Taupiri. The land around Kaitote has been the scene of many a desperate fight, and extensive cannibal feasts have taken place on the very ground where we halted to dine. Numerous *whatas*, or elevated repositories, are scattered about this district ; and the natives have extensive cultivations of potatoes, *kumeras*, Indian corn, and occasionally wheat. There was not a single native at Kaitote on our arrival : in company with their chief, they were all at their extensive *humera* grounds on the Waipa, at a place called Whata Whata. As usual, I explored the remotest corners of the pah, in search of anything new for my pencil, and seeing a square deal box elevated on posts and covered with a roof raised by means of slender sticks, I was curious to know what it contained ; it was evidently *tapu*, and on lifting up the lid I found that it was filled with old garments, which I afterwards learned were the property of a very celebrated person lately deceased, and that these garments had been placed within this *wahi tapu*, under the most rigorous *tapu*, by the *tohunga* : who would probably have pulled my ears had he discovered me peeping at these sacred relics. In another portion of this settlement were several neat Christian graves, around which had been planted tufts of the white and blue iris, now in full blossom.

Kaitote pah consists of an open quadrangle, with houses ranged on each side in the primitive style, the whole surrounded by a lofty palisade of wooden posts, having an entrance at each end. At one end of the pah stands a chapel, built of *tohi tohi* grass, by the Christian portion of the inhabitants; and Te Whero Whero, though not professing Christianity himself, frequently attends the worship held here by the missionary.

Three very large canoes were drawn up on the bank of the river, just outside the pah: the largest, about 70 feet in length, was gaily painted red, and ornamented with a profusion of white feathers, and the head and stern post were richly carved. The canoes were all thatched over with *raupo*, to protect them from the weather. Like other nations, the New Zealanders have various high-sounding names by which they designate their war canoes: the one in question was styled "*Maratuhai*," which signifies literally "a slaying or devouring fire."

A walk across the country of about two miles again brought us to a bend of the river, where we arrived at the Church Missionary Station of Pepepe, the residence of Mr. Ashwell. We had thunder and heavy rain, and the mists hung about the lofty wooded hills that surround this enchanting spot. Our walk was a very wet one, through swampy flax and fern, and we were obliged to cross one swamp on the shoulders of the natives.

Numbers of pigs were feeding amongst the fern. The fern root gives to their flesh a delicate flavour



unknown to other pork, so that it more nearly resembles veal. The New Zealand pigs are generally black; and, on the approach of a European, they erect their bristles, and, grunting, gallop off like wild boars. In the vicinity of deserted pāls, and in the forests, wild pigs are numerous and fierce, and frequent accidents have occurred from their attacking the natives when in pursuit of them. We saw large piles of bushes in stacks amongst the *kumera* grounds through which we passed: they are used for sheltering the tender plants when young. Great care is required in rearing this precious vegetable, owing to its susceptibility to frosts and severe winds.

At a bend of the river, the romantic cottage of the missionary suddenly appeared in view. It was as lovely and secluded a spot as it is possible to imagine: the little cottage built of *raupo*, with its white chimneys, and its garden full of flowers—of sweet English flowers, roses, stocks, and mignonette—was snugly perched on an elevated plateau overhanging the Waikato; and the access to it was by a small bridge thrown across a glen of tree ferns, with a stream murmuring below.

The interior of the cottage, which was constructed entirely by the natives, under the direction of Mr. Ashwell, is lined throughout with reeds, and divided into a number of small rooms communicating one with another. The cottage, the situation, the people, and everything around them, were picturesque.

Pepepe signifies *butterfly*: and surely the name is not misapplied to this lovely spot.

The missionary and his wife received us with the utmost hospitality, and we remained with these worthy people during the next day.

I had not long entered the house before a sweet little girl, with a very fair complexion and long flaxen ringlets, came running up to me. It was pleasant to hear, in this secluded spot, the prattle of a little English child: she lisped to us of the roses she had been gathering, and said that the rain had made them so pretty.

Thus the prattler went on; when I observed in the next apartment, upon a sofa, a delicate and sickly boy, who was suffering from a disease of the heart. "Do you paint portraits?" inquired the father of me, with a look of almost agonizing earnestness. I guessed his meaning, and glanced at the sick boy on the pink sofa. He said no more; but I felt that it was in my power to make the hearts of those anxious parents happy; for I knew they expected to lose their child. It is a blessed thing to have the power of contributing one's mite towards mitigating the trials of the missionary. On the following morning, I made a sketch of the boy; the father was overjoyed, and the mother's looks told what she had not words to express.

Beside the dark Waikato's stream,
That mother watched her dying child;
Brooding, as one in fitful dream,
With mingled hopes and fancies wild.

And as the boy grew thin and weak,
He grew more beautiful and fair,
And the bright flush upon his cheek
Told Death had set his signet there.

She murmured not; for she had seen
The wild waves closing o'er the dead,
Famine and flame, where she had been—
Hopes crushed, and joys for ever fled.

Her woman's heart, by love made strong,
Had fearless sought that southern shore,
And the dark race she dwelt among
Were strangers to the Word no more.

She murmured not, though, one by one,
Her every tie to earth was riven;
For always, as the day was done,
The fading sunlight told of heaven.

Like Hagar and the desert child,
She bowed before her Maker's will;
A stranger in the distant wild,
Beside that river dark and still.

And as she watched her dying boy,
His young life ebbing day by day,
A kind of melancholy joy
Would often through her musings stray:

Though in the forest's calm retreat,
Upon his grave the flowers might bloom;
She knew that they once more should meet
Beyond the quiet of the tomb.

'T was a sweet place wherein to die—
Too bright a spot to call a grave—
Beneath the tree fern's shade to lie,
Beside Waikato's murmuring wave.

During my stay at Pepepe, the missionary sent for Te Paki, the old chief next in importance in the Waikato districts to Te Whero Whero: he arrived, with his wife, in a small canoe, from a *kainga* about three miles up the river; and they had both arrayed themselves in their primitive costume, for the purpose of sitting to me for their portraits. Paki was formerly a great priest, or *tohunga*, and one of the most eloquent speakers in Waikato. About ten years since, he began to entertain favourable opinions respecting Christianity; but a considerable time elapsed before he could break through his superstitious and heathen customs: the *tapu* had nearly as strong a hold upon his mind, as the idea of *caste* has upon that of the Hindoo. At length he was induced to learn to read; his own son offering to be his teacher. After this he entered into a violent dispute that arose respecting some land, and, for a time, appeared inclined altogether to forsake his newly adopted religion; a quarrel about an eel pah then occupied his whole attention, and the death of his favourite son, who was drowned at Manukao, caused him to absent himself entirely from the Christian natives. He attributed the death of his son to the disrespect paid to the heathen *atuas*, or spirits; and as it was this lad who had taught him to read, he imagined the *atuas* had shown their anger, by punishing him in this manner. At length, however, he became a firm adherent to Christianity; gave up all his heathen notions and habits, and has

ever since remained one of the most upright and conscientious chiefs of the Waikato.

I also painted Te Amotutu, a young chief of Waikato, belonging to the Nga ti pou tribe, who is related to Te Paki. He is a fine lad, not more than sixteen years of age; and about a month ago he was married to a pretty girl of Kaitote, to whom he had long been betrothed by his friends. The young bridegroom is very well satisfied with his bride; but she, unfortunately, is partial to another lad, whom the customs of her tribe forbid her to marry.

In the afternoon our natives were all impatient to start; for the rain had cleared off, and the blue sky was revealing itself in every direction, as the mists rolled up upon the sides of the woody mount of Taupiri; but Mr. Ashwell gave them a little pig for a feast, and they then readily consented to remain until the next day. Our chief, Wirihona, with his party, had started in two canoes early in the morning, and this made the others anxious to follow.

During the evening Mrs. Ashwell played upon the piano, and several hymns were sung in the native language at their evening worship. Had it not been for the three little native domestics (or rather "*helps*") that were in the room, I could, for the moment, almost have fancied myself in England again. These girls Mrs. Ashwell had taught to read and sew, and they assisted her in the domestic arrangements of the mission station: they were droll, fat creatures; and whenever they wanted to pass across the

room, they crept upon their hands and knees under the table. I made a sketch of the stoutest of the trio, who is described as a "regular vixen." The moment I had completed the sketch it was shown to her; whereupon she instantly rushed out of the room, fancying she was bewitched.

From the hills, near Pepepe, there are very extensive views of the surrounding country. From the summit of Taupiri the fresh-water lake of Waikari is seen: it is remarkable for having a salt stream running through it, in which the sea-fish called *kani* are caught; although they are not found in the other parts of the lake.

This Waikari has a communication with the Waikato, in which an occasional stray *kani* from the salt stream of the lake is now and then to be found. Six other fresh-water lakes may be seen from the top of Taupiri.

Oct. 3.—At an early hour we took leave of our friends at the mission station of Pepepe, and were once more seated in the canoe, pursuing our course up the river. Half an hour after breakfast, we passed a number of natives at a small village on the banks of the river. They were calling to us,—“Come on shore, come on shore, or you will be dead for want of food;” when one of our party shrewdly replied,—“It is not for love of us you are calling; it is our tobacco that you want.”

We now entered the Waipa, which joins the Waikato about three or four miles beyond Pepepe. It

is a deep, placid, meandering river, about half the breadth of the Waikato at Pepepe.

We passed the little village of Whakapaku—and afterwards Noterau, where there were a great many natives in their canoes.

The banks of the Waipa are in some places very picturesque, with steep, wooded hills and dense foliage extending down nearly to the water's edge. The land is rich, and the whole district is thickly peopled with native inhabitants, whose plantations and potato-grounds exhibit a degree of neatness and skill in the art of cultivation that but few savage races attain. As the canoes approach the little settlements along the banks, it is amusing to observe the alacrity with which the children, in a state of nudity, run to put on their mats at the sight of the *pakeha*, and then squat down in their usual attitude to gaze at us.

We met a large canoe coming down the stream, having in it two Europeans, accompanied by about a dozen Maories. They were pork-traders, a class of men in New Zealand corresponding somewhat with the overlanders of Australia. These individuals go up the rivers into the interior, and procure pigs from the natives in exchange for powder, tobacco, and blankets. The pigs thus obtained they bring down to the coast, where they sell them for a good price, either to the people at the European settlements, or to the captains of whalers and trading vessels. The natives term these men “Pakeha Maories,” or “white men of no consequence.”

On arriving at the village or *kainga* of Ko Ngahokowitu, we found all the natives in a state of extraordinary excitement. We had observed numbers of people running in that direction along the margin of the river from the different plantations ; and, on inquiry, we learned that, an hour previously to our arrival, the son of an influential chief had committed suicide by shooting himself with a musket.

Our fellow-travellers, with Wirihona their chief, were all assembled, and we followed them to the shed where the act had been perpetrated, and where the body still lay, as it fell, but covered with a blanket. The mourners were gathered round, and the women commenced crying most dolefully; wringing their hands, and bending their bodies to the earth. We approached the body, and were permitted to remove the blanket from the face and breast : the countenance was perfectly placid, and the yellow tint of the skin, combined with the tattooing, gave the corpse almost the appearance of a waxen model. The deceased was a fine and well-made young man. He had placed the musket to his breast, and deliberately fired off the trigger with his toes, the bullet passing right through his lungs. Blood was still oozing from the orifice made by the bullet, and also from the mouth, and the body was quite warm.

The cause of this sad occurrence was a case of adultery, which had taken place some time ago, between this man and the wife of another person residing in the same village. The friends of this

young man sent away the woman to a distant settlement, which caused the deceased to become gloomy and sullen. Some of the party having that morning reproached him with his conduct, he suddenly rose in an angry mood, and went unobserved to the spot where he destroyed himself.

The tears shed by the mourners were marks of genuine grief: it was quite melancholy to observe the young man's uncle, bending over the body and frequently placing his hands upon it, whilst the tears ran down his furrowed and tattooed cheeks. Only two other mourners approached close to the body: the sister and brother of the deceased. The former I did not at first observe; she was sitting at the feet of the corpse, entirely wrapped in a portion of the blanket that covered it: the same drapery enveloping the living and the dead. The latter, a fine boy about twelve or fourteen, came in and sat down close to his uncle; he had striven to conceal his feelings for some time, but at length he hid his face in his mat and cried bitterly. The old man saluted us most cordially; but his heart was too full to speak, and he only kept shaking his head as the tears wetted his wrinkled countenance.

We left this scene of weeping, with which the heavily falling rain was in accordance, and returned to our canoes, from which we had to bale out the water.

At Hopetui we landed and took shelter beneath a little tent that our chief, Wideona, had erected there.

Sitting huddled together with his family, we found employment in bathing the eye of his little girl with warm water; the poor child having received a dreadful blow, that had caused the part to swell to the size of a pigeon's egg. These people are but very indifferent doctors. Amongst the heathen tribes they attempt to cure all diseases by witchcraft or sorcery; and these Christian natives were actually rubbing the wound with their dirty fingers, while the mother wiped away the discharge from the eye with a piece of old blanket.

A slight incident occurred in the tent, illustrative of native character. The chief caught a large spider on his blanket, and taking it by one leg, held it carefully for a minute and then let it go. I asked him why he did not destroy the spider? He replied—"He has done no wrong: if he had bitten me I should have killed him."

The entrance to the tent was shut in with a crowd of heads, amongst which were those of two old men, who were most anxious to sell us some eggs. The air of the little tent was insupportable; added to which, the whole family were successively chewing a large piece of filthy pork rind, which was handed from one to another, and had now been divested of nearly all the fat it previously contained.

At Hopetui we met with a sister of Karaka or "Clark," the chief of Waikato heads, whose portrait I had painted when at Auckland. This portrait I showed to the old woman, who had not seen her

brother for some time, when, to my surprise and amusement, she at once commenced a most affectionate *tangi* before the sketch; waving her hands in the usual manner, and uttering successively low whining sounds, expressive of her joy. After she had, as I imagined, satisfied herself with seeing the representation of her brother, I was about to replace the sketch in my portfolio, when she begged of Forsaith that she might be permitted to *tangi* over it in good earnest, saying, "it was her brother—her brother; and she must *tangi* till the tears come;" and sure enough presently the tears did come, and the old woman wept and moaned, and waved her hands before the picture with as much apparent feeling as if her brother himself had thus suddenly appeared to her. I could not prevail upon the old creature to desist, and was at length compelled to leave the portrait in Forsaith's care whilst I was employed in sketching elsewhere. In future I shall be more cautious how I show my sketches to the old women, finding they are liable to produce such melancholy results.

This evening, service was held in a small *raupo* building near which our tent was pitched. Three Europeans—*Pakeha Maories*, who were proceeding up the Waipa to trade for pigs with the natives—passed the night at this place.

In the evening, Wirihona came into our tent, and we conversed about cannibalism. I inquired of him, through Forsaith, if he himself had ever partaken of

human flesh? "Yes," he said, "we have all eaten it, when we knew no better."

Wirihona then gave us a detailed account of the mode of preserving the heads of their enemies: which "*tapued* heads" are frequently to be met with in Europe in the museums and cabinets of the curious. If they were heads of enemies taken in battle, the lips were stretched out and sewn apart; if, on the contrary, it was the head of one of the chiefs of their own tribe, who had died, and they were preserving it with all customary honours, they sewed the lips close together in a pouting attitude. A hole was dug in the earth and heated with red-hot stones, and then—the eyes, ears, and all the orifices of the head, except the windpipe, being carefully sewn up, and the brains taken out—the aperture of the neck was placed over the mouth of the heated oven, and the head well steamed. This process was continued until the head was perfectly free from moisture, and the skin completely cured; fern root was then thrust into the nostrils, and in this state the heads were either placed under a strict tapu, or bartered in exchange for muskets or blankets, to Sydney traders. To the shame of the Europeans thus engaged it must be told, that so eager were they to procure these dried heads for sale in England and elsewhere, that many chiefs were persuaded to kill their slaves, and tattoo the faces after death, to supply this unnatural demand. Heads belonging to their enemies slain in battle were prepared and stuck up in rows upon stakes within the pah; to these,

every species of savage indignity was offered, and the conquering party danced naked before the heads, uttering all manner of abuse to them in terms of bravado and insult, as though they were still alive.

Oct. 4th —The morning was dry and perfectly calm: the blue and distant mountain of Perongia formed a fine background to the river, presenting a series of bold and jagged peaks. The deep bosom of the Waipa looked dark, and upon its glassy surface our now reduced party embarked in one large canoe, following up the tortuous course of the river. The steep banks forming the margin of the Waipa were in some places covered with the long and drooping leaves of a peculiarly elegant species of fern, that presented the appearance of a continuous sheet of palm-leaves. The yellow *houai* trees scattered their blossoms in golden showers upon the face of the stream; and the graceful *tui** sported in flocks amongst their branches, apparently enjoying the gay place they had chosen to display their glossy plumage.

We now reached the settlement and potato-grounds of Whata Whata, where we landed to pay a visit to the celebrated old chief Te Whero Whero, or Potatau, at whose pah we had been a couple of days previously. Te Whero Whero is the principal chief of all the tribes of Waikato, and has an almost unlimited influence amongst his people. The population

* Parson bird (*Prosthemadera Nova Zelandiæ*).

of the Waikato district amounting to 25,000, renders its tribes second only in importance to those of the Nga-ti-kahuhunu upon the east coast, whose numbers amount to 36,000: in cases of emergency, the Waikatos can bring from 6000 to 7000 fighting men into the field. On the occasion of our visit we found Te Whero Whero engaged in superintending the planting of *kumeras* in the rich soil of the grounds at Whata, and also directing his people in the erection of a house for himself at that place. My friend had important business with this chief on matters connected with Government; Te Whero Whero having lately proffered a request to the Governor to allow Europeans to settle on the Waikato, being anxious to have *pakehas* amongst his people, to purchase their produce, and give them European articles in exchange; and he had offered certain lands for sale to the British Government for that purpose.

At the moment of our approach, we found the old chief seated on the damp ground, leaning against a fallen tree, and clad in several old blankets, over which was a piece of sail-cloth. The only effect our arrival had upon this veteran warrior was a smile of welcome: without in any way moving his position, he shook hands with us most heartily; and my friend, seated on the fallen log, was soon engaged with him in deep conversation and argument. Te Whero Whero, like most of the New Zealand orators, is full of imagery and figurative language: alluding to a more recent application than his, which had been

made to the Government by the chiefs Wiremu Nera, Paratene, and others at Waingaroa on the west coast, for settlers to come amongst them, he said, "Tell the Kawana (Governor) that he must not neglect the elder brother for the sake of the younger."

It having been explained to him that I wished to take his portrait, which would be seen by the Queen of England, and that I had come so many thousands of miles for the purpose of representing the *rangatiras** of New Zealand, he readily consented; and whilst he was discussing the all-engrossing topic of land, I was busy with my pencil. As it rained pretty fast, I requested that we might remove to some place of shelter; but, owing to a superstitious notion that Te Whero Whero was *tapu*, and would render *tapu* any of the surrounding store-houses, he refused to change his position: at the same time he most politely ordered some of his people to erect a temporary shed over me. This was at once done, by fastening some blankets to upright poles, and enthroned beneath this canopy, I painted old Te Whero Whero just as he sat leaning against the tree.

It is a frequent custom for the old heathen chiefs to sit for days together in this apathetic state. When at Porirua in Cook's Straits, I found the aged chief Na Horua, the elder brother of Te Rauparaha, sitting in his potato ground against a fallen tree in a precisely similar manner.

* Gentlemen, or men of rank.

At the request of my companion, Te Whero Whero was good enough to give me a letter of introduction to Te Heuheu Mananui, or Tukino, the celebrated chief of Taupo Lake in the interior; whither I intended to direct my steps after leaving Kawhia. The following is an exact copy and translation of the letter:—

Copy of a Letter from TE WHERO WHERO to old HEUHEU, at Te Rapa, Taupo Lake.

Whata Whata, Akatopa 4, 1844.

E te Heuheu tena ko koe. E tai kia pai tou atawai ki ti pakeha e haere atu na ki a koe. Na tou ingoa i kawea atu, he kai tuhi tubi ahua ia, naku hoki na Potatau tenai pakeha. E tai kia atawai koe ki tenei pakeha. Kei he koe ki taku pukapuka, he pakeha tauhou no Ingarangi.

Naku,

Na te hoa,

POTATAU.

Ki a te HEUHEU.

(Translation.)

Whata Whata, October 4, 1844.

Friend Heuheu,—Health to you! Let your hospitality be very great to this foreigner who is going to see you. Your name has carried him away. He is a writer of images; he belongs to me—to Potatau. Be kind to this European. Take heed you do not despise my book. He is a strange foreigner from England.

By me,

Your friend,

POTATAU.

To HEUHEU.

Translation of a Letter from TE WHERO WHERO to the QUEEN, written after the death of Governor Hobson:—

Mother,—How farest thou? Great is our love to you, who are residing in your country. My subject is a governor for us, and for

the foreigners of this island. Let him be a good man ; look out for a kind person—a man of judgment. Let not a troubler come here ; let not a boy come, or one puffed up with pride. We, the Maories, shall be afraid. Let him be as good as this governor who has just died.

Mother Victoria, let your instructions to the foreigner be good : let him be kind : let him not come here to kill us, seeing that we are a peaceable people. Formerly we were a bad people—a murdering people—a killing people. Now we are sitting peaceably : we have left off the evil. It was you who (appointed) this line of conduct ; therefore it is pleasing (to us). This is all I have to say.

From me,

TE WHERO WHERO.

Leaving Whata Whata, we proceeded along the river Waipa to Kowai, a romantic-looking place, where we landed. After cooking some food, we took leave of the canoe, and bidding farewell to our agreeable companions, with Wirihona and his family, we again resumed our old pedestrian mode of travelling, and struck off to the right across the country—through fern and forest, forest and fern, hills and valleys, swamps and rivers—towards Waingarua harbour, on the west coast of the island. Our chief and his wife appeared quite sorry that we were going to leave them : the latter shook hands with us several times, accompanying each shake with a low prolonged squeal, which we endeavoured to imitate again in return.

Our road during the remainder of the day lay through a succession of flooded fern land, swamps, and dripping forests,—ofttimes we were compelled

to wade for a hundred yards together, and many of the swamps required us to exercise all our ingenuity, to enable us to cross them without disappearing entirely in the middle. The close damp forests, through the intricate mazes of which we wound our way over slippery roots, ankle-deep in mud, were almost overpowering from the fragrance of the delicious *horopito*, mingled with the gases that arose from the quantity of decaying vegetable matter.

The *fuschia* is indigenous to the forests of New Zealand as well as to those of Chili and Patagonia, and the woods through which we travelled were everywhere adorned with an undergrowth of beautiful fuschias, now in full bloom. This shrub, in its uncultivated state, bears two distinct sets of flowers—one green and purple, the other purple and red; and the pollen on the anthers of the green blossoms is of the most brilliant cobalt blue colour. So exuberant is vegetable life in these New Zealand forests, that it is difficult to find a space, however small, even upon the trunks of the trees, which is not the receptacle of some plant or lichen. Upon one species of fern I observed that the seeds had already germinated and taken root whilst still upon the back of the leaf: hundreds of young ferns were thus springing up upon the parent plants.

Toiling up the slippery clay sides of some of the open fern hills that intersect the belts of forest, we were repaid by magnificent views of the sur-

rounding country, and the plains bordering the banks of the Waipa; blue mountains stretched away in the hazy distance, and all the variety of light and shade, storm-cloud, rainbow, and sunshine, played upon the landscape with a singular beauty of effect—and in the windless dells of the woods beneath our feet, above the starry tree ferns, stole stray lingering mists, like unwilling vapours hiding from the breeze.

In crossing a river this afternoon the current was so rapid that it took my lad off his legs, and we were immersed in the stream; we then travelled on till long after dark, seeking in vain for a suitable camping place, and at last we pitched our tent in a wet marshy hollow by a stream, on the borders of a dense forest. Some wild hogs from the forest grunted round our camp all night, and the vile mosquitoes managed to get into the tent. Having been knee-deep in rain-water nearly all day, it was not surprising that, combined with sleeping on wet blankets in a swamp, and breathing miasma all night, I should wake in the morning stiff with rheumatism and nearly blind with cold in the eyes.

Oct. 5th.—This morning we started early, as it was our intention to reach the harbour and mission station of Waingarua the same evening. We crossed a small ravine near a potato ground, where we met a young woman, who accosted us, with a letter in her hand, which she begged us to take to her brother, who was one of the chiefs of Waingarua;

the letter was written with a sharp style, upon a leaf of the New Zealand flax, *Phormium tenax*; it was about two feet long, and covered with writing on both sides, the characters showing out clearly upon the dark and glossy surface of the leaf.

We passed through much open fern land, hilly, and intersected in the hollows with swamps; and crossed several streams: sometimes on flax leaves tied together, and fastened to the bushes on each bank, sometimes on a fallen tree, and at others we plunged in and waded across. We were joined by numerous natives going to Waingaroa, and soon obtained a glimpse of the many-branched harbour winding amongst the hills before us. The mountain of Kareoi (Woody Head), which forms the southern entrance to Waingaroa harbour, was the resting-place of dense clouds. We descended the hills, and kept round a branch of the harbour for some miles, wading through soft black mud. Rocks of basalt occur here and there, and lava lies scattered in blocks upon the beach: I also procured specimens of gypsum from this neighbourhood.

The first peep of the blue and hazy ocean, from the brow of one of the hills overlooking the mission station of Waingaroa, was grand and solemn. Beyond that ocean lay all I cared for on earth, and many a thought stole across its bosom: the sudden sight of that vast and watery barrier of human hopes and ties, made me feel how truly I was a wanderer in a strange land—a voluntary exile from all I love.

The sun was going down over the Pacific, brightening the western sky, as though it told of hope and joys yet to be fulfilled, and the low booming of the waves as they dashed upon the shore resounded in the calm air of evening; the day and the week had well-nigh ebbed away, and all nature seemed as though it were preparing for the holy serenity of the morrow's Sabbath.

Oct. 6th.—Late last evening we reached the hospitable roof of the Wesleyan mission station. Mr. Wallis, the missionary, was from home, but his wife received us most kindly, surrounded by a group of half a dozen fine rosy-cheeked children, who bore testimony, in their healthy and happy countenances, to the salubrity of the New Zealand climate.

The mission station stands upon the side of a hill, sheltered from the westerly winds, and overlooking a valley, along which winds one of the many branches of the harbour. The scenery around is remarkably picturesque. The house is about a mile distant from the sea-shore, against which the southern ocean beats in the winter with terrible fury. Along the black sand composing the beach, that small and delicate shell, *Spirula Australis*, lay scattered in considerable abundance.

In the afternoon I visited the chapel, where I found two classes, composed of persons of all ages, squatted on the floor, reading the Testament in the Maori language with the native teachers, and all intent on their books. They formed a strange-looking

medley: here and there the richly tattooed face of a chief, and now and then the wrinkled visage of a shrivelled old woman, varied the group. One poor decrepit soul was in mourning—I think it was for her husband; her weeds consisted of a profusion of shreds of red cloth tied round her head, and hanging in a bunch over her forehead. Both the native teachers wore European costume: one of them was strutting round his class, loudly vociferating to his pupils, dressed in a pair of military pantaloons and a white blouse. The other and senior teacher was a mild little man, neatly tattooed, and dressed in an entire suit of faded black cloth: he gave out a hymn, and concluded the service with a prayer.

Oct. 7th.—All day at Waingarua taking portraits of the principal chiefs. A *korero*, or gathering of the native orators, was held at the mission station, to meet Forsaith; and the most distinguished of these individuals sat to me for their portraits. So great is the sensation created by the exercise of my art amongst these people, that during the entire day the court-yard has been crowded with natives, all anxious to have their likenesses taken, that they may go to England with those of the *Rangatiras*: upwards of thirty found their way into the room where I was engaged in painting, and the passage leading to it was crowded to excess, so that there was no getting in or out. In fact, what with Forsaith's Government business, in which they are deeply interested, together with my painting, the whole settlement is in

a state of unwonted excitement. The day is over; the chiefs have concluded their meeting, at which many energetic and eloquent speeches have been delivered; and two of the principal leaders, Wiremu Nera (William Naylor) or Awaitaia, and Paratene Maioha, are sitting with me at the table, writing letters to the Governor; they made me fold their letters for them, and have given me their signatures beneath their portraits.

Oct. 8th.—The chiefs were up at their *korero* nearly the whole of last night, consulting and conversing with Forsaith: they are exceedingly desirous for Europeans to come amongst them, and have offered a large tract of land to Government for the purpose of forming a township.

I painted Paratene attired in an elegant robe of large size, ornamented with dog's hair: one of those from the southern island, and called by the natives *e parawai*. Before commencing my sketch, personal vanity overcame the grave orator, and the cannibal warrior of other days; he went into the parlour to Mrs. Wallis, and said, "Mother, let me have a glass, to see that my countenance is right:" being anxious to compose his features in a manner suitable to his own ideas of propriety, before he took his stand for so important a proceeding. Paratene is, notwithstanding numerous peculiarities, a sensible and intelligent man, and much esteemed by those Europeans to whom he is known. Paratene (Broughton) is his baptismal name; his native appellation being Te

Maioha. He is a cousin of Te Whero Whero, and one of the leading men belonging to the Ngatimahuta branch of the Waikato tribes; and he generally resides in a village, or *kainga*, on the northern banks of Waingarua harbour. Eccentricity is the principal feature in the character of Te Maioha; and the scrupulous attention which he invariably pays to those trifling circumstances which constitute his notions of etiquette often makes his conduct highly amusing; yet the correctness of his general conduct, his erudition, and the imperturbable gravity of his demeanour, has obtained for him deferential respect, and a marked ascendancy over many of his equals in rank,—indeed, he is regarded as a perfect oracle. By unwearied application he has obtained a smattering of arithmetic; and one of his most self-satisfactory exploits is the correct solution of some such important problem as the value of a pig of a certain weight, at a given price per pound, making the usual deduction for offal.

Te Awaitaia, baptized Wiremu Nera (William Naylor), is the principal Waingarua chief, and is a zealous friend both to the mission and to the various European settlers scattered about the harbour. He belongs to one of the subdivisions of the large Waikato tribe, called Nga ti mahanga, and resides at the foot of the mountainous cape designated on the charts as Woody Head. He is celebrated over all the island for his daring courage as a warrior, having been closely allied with Te Whero Whero,

and actively engaged in most of the sanguinary conflicts that took place between the united tribes of Waikato and the inhabitants of Taranaki. He was one of the leaders of the expedition against the Taranakians about fifteen years ago, which resulted in the total destruction of the pah Puke-rangiora. Upwards of 1800 natives were assembled in the pah, very few of whom escaped; the greater number being killed, and the residue carried captives to Waikato. He was also present at the siege of Nga motu, a pah formerly situated at one extremity of the site now occupied by the settlement of New Plymouth. The inhabitants of this pah were assisted in their defence by several Europeans, who had mounted the guns of a vessel which had been wrecked on the coast, and worked them with such deadly effect that the Waikatos were at length compelled to raise the siege. Several incidents occurred during this siege, which, while they almost elicit a smile at their absurdity, yet strikingly display the unsophisticated character of these people. During the very heat of the contest, a vessel arrived in the offing; a truce was immediately agreed upon in order to secure the advantages of trade, and the besiegers and besieged were soon seen promiscuously hurrying off to the vessel to barter their commodities and supply their wants. The besieged being in possession of a quantity of ready-dressed flax (an article much sought after at that period by the trading vessels on the coast) they exchanged it for a

plentiful supply of tobacco, an article of which the besiegers were destitute. The vessel soon departed, and hostilities recommenced; but, after a few days, another truce was proposed and concluded, for the purpose of trading with each other! The Waikatos were in possession of a great many spare muskets, which they had captured at Pukerangiora, while the besieged were very deficient in arms; a brisk trade was immediately commenced, the Waikatos supplying their enemies with arms, to be turned the next day against themselves, and receiving in exchange a portion of the tobacco that had been procured from the vessel. The scene, as described by an eye-witness, must have been most ludicrous:—the Waikato thrust his musket half way through the palisades of the pah, retaining, however, a firm hold of his property until the intending purchaser from within thrust out in a similar manner the quantity of tobacco he was willing to give; neither party relinquishing his hold of the property about to change hands until he had secured a firm grasp of that offered by his adversary! So pacificating is the influence of trade, even upon savages.

When Awaitaia embraced Christianity, Te Whero Whero exclaimed, "I have lost my right arm!" such was that chief's estimate of Awaitaia's prowess as a warrior. Since his profession of Christianity his character has been without a blemish, and if any native might be singled out as an individual evidencing the power of the Gospel truth he professes

to have received, Wirimu Nera is the man. His deportment and general demeanour are mild in the extreme, and his countenance, when in repose, exhibits a shade of melancholy which at once awakens a feeling of interest; and, except in moments of unusual excitement, when the kindling of his eye betrays the latent embers of a fiery spirit, there is nothing in his appearance calculated to remind the beholder of his proximity to a man whose very name was a terror to his foes. He has proved himself invariably the friend of the colonists, and since the disturbances in the north has offered his services to the Government to defend the capital with the power of his tribe.

CHAPTER II.

AOTEA—KAWHIA—AHUAHU—MOKAU—PARI PARI—
VOLCANIC REGION OF WANGANUI.

WE started from Waingaroa this morning, calling on our way at the house of the chief Te Moanaroa, or Tepene (Stephen), which is situated on the banks of one of the branches of the harbour. Here we remained for half an hour, that our lads might get some food, and the chief's wife boiled some eggs for us to carry with us on our journey. Te Moanaroa is related by marriage to the government interpreter, whose native wife I have previously alluded to. Before we entered the court-yard at the back of the house, we were almost suffocated by the violent stench of kaanga, or stinking corn, arising from a large pot over the fire in the yard, filled with a sort of gruel prepared by boiling the putrescent maize. Two slave women sat stirring it round with sticks, inhaling

with evident delight the odour that to us was indescribably disgusting. My companion, looking across the mud flats left uncovered by the tide, remarked that we should have a difficulty in crossing. "Oh, no," says Tepene, "you shall have my horses, and ride over like Rangiteras." "But you have no horses," replied Forsaith. "They are there," responded the chief, pointing to some of his men who sat near the door of the house, "and on the tops of their shoulders you shall ride across the flats."

It was a lovely and cloudless day of spring, and our road lay for eight miles through continuous forests, until we reached Te Mata; where we found extensive clearings for potato grounds, and a few Maori huts, round which were congregated about twenty natives. Here we rested, and partook of some food. The children were besmeared with *kokowai*, or red ochre and grease, to defend them from the attacks of the sand-flies (*namu*). An aged woman, reduced almost to a skeleton, was assiduously engaged in making a basket of the long leaves of the parasitical *tawara* (*Freyinetia Banksii*); and another woman appeared equally busy in preparing flax for an ornamental mat. She was forming the long strips of rolled flax leaves in the manner before described, which are worked into the cloth at intervals, and being alternately banded black and yellow, somewhat resemble the quills of a porcupine. The violent colds some of these poor people had, and the spitting of this old creature all round us as we were taking our food,

together with the lingering odours of kaanga, made it a trial for the strongest stomach.

Travelling onwards for some distance through dense forests, with occasional steep fern hills commanding exquisite scenery, we arrived at sunset on the shores of Aotea harbour; and, after wading across a succession of mud flats, in another hour we reached the mission-house of Aotea, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Smales, where we were hospitably entertained. The harbour of Aotea is remarkably picturesque, and, when the tide is up, presents a noble expanse of water; but the extensive mud flats, that are uncovered at low tide, stretch out for miles, leaving but little water to be seen. These mud flats abound with the *cardium* (pepi), the *mya*, and several species of *turbo*, which form part of the food of the natives: the settlements and *kaingas* on the shores of this harbour being numerous.

Oct. 9th.—A clear and balmy morning. The summer birds of passage are already arriving, and a most brilliant little cuckoo (*Chrysococcyx lucidus*), with green and golden plumage, was brought in from the garden, killed by a cat. From whence come these birds of passage? Are they from the South Sea Islands? or do they merely migrate from one part to another of New Zealand: which possesses nearly eight hundred miles of latitude?

At Aotea, old Paora Muriwenua stood to me for his portrait. He is one of the most important chiefs of this district, and has quite a patriarchal appear-

ance, which is heightened by a white and flowing beard. He is tall and thin, with a commanding aspect ; but his great age frequently causes him to exhibit signs of imbecility, and his second childhood is coming on apace. The costume that he wore consisted of a *topuni* or war-mat of dog's skin, with the hair woven in alternate stripes of rufous and black, so as to resemble the skin of a tiger. Muriwenua is strongly attached to the heathen customs of his race. The following incident will show how deeply the belief in witchcraft, and the supposed influence of the *atuas*, obtain amongst those who are still heathens. The missionary was showing me some small green lizards preserved in a phial of spirits, Muriwenua and another man being in the room. We forgot at the moment that the little creatures in the phial were *atuas* or gods, according to the superstitious belief of Maori polytheism, and inadvertently showed them to the man at the table. No sooner did he perceive the *atuas*, than his Herculean frame shrank back as from a mortal wound, and his face betrayed signs of extreme horror. The old chief, on discovering the cause, cried out, "I shall die ! I shall die !" and crawled away on his hands and knees ; whilst the other man stood as a defence between the chief and the *atuas*, changing his position so as to form a kind of shield till Muriwenua was out of the influence of their supposed power. It was a dangerous mistake to exhibit these *atuas*, for the chief is very old, and in the course of nature cannot live long ; and, if he dies

shortly, his death will certainly be ascribed to the baneful sight of the lizard-gods, and I shall be accused of *makutu*, or witchcraft.

The *katipo*, a small, black, and very venomous spider, is found upon the beach on the west coast; and the natives all say (as a girl assured us this morning) that, if a *katipo* bites you, you will most assuredly die; but if you are clever enough to catch the *katipo*, and make a fire round him, so that he perishes in the flames, you will then recover from the effects of the poisonous bite.

In the afternoon, which was brilliant, we left Aotea, and walked along the sand flats towards Kawhia; having in charge a little girl, the daughter of one of the missionaries. She travelled in an *amo*, or litter borne upon poles, which was carried alternately by the lads. Several Maori children accompanied us; and one pretty little fellow assisted me to gather shells, and the flat white sea-eggs (*Echinarachnius Zelandiæ*) which occur plentifully on the west coast.

We crossed an arm of Aotea harbour in a canoe, passed a picturesque promontory skirted with fine pohutukaua trees, and, after a couple of hours' more walking through the bush, reached the margin of Kawhia harbour, where we found Mr. Whiteley's boat moored, ready for the reception of our party. It was now sunset, and the rich orange glow of the sky above the line of the distant ocean, and the garish purple of the hills across Kawhia, rendered the scene very lovely. Our lads pulled

away merrily, singing, and tossing their heads at every stroke of the oars. The breadth of Kawhia harbour is about six or eight miles; but, it being low water, we had to pull round several sand-banks, and got aground twice, so that it was very late before we arrived at the mission-station at Ahuahu. It was a cold night, and the water so phosphorescent that our boat appeared as though it were cleaving a lake of fire. Long flights of small coast birds passed rapidly against the glowing sky, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy. A meteor, shooting across the dim and distant ocean, seemed like a beacon, flashing for a moment to tell of kindred spirits in that far and glowing west. The lights from the mission-house at Ahuahu reflected their cheerful ray in the calm water, and we received a hearty welcome beneath the hospitable roof of the worthy missionary.

During the few days we remained at Mr. Whiteley's, I was engaged in portraying the most important chiefs of the neighbourhood, together with their families; and through the kindness of that gentleman I was enabled to procure likenesses of many who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been difficult of approach.

Oct. 10th.—Whilst in the verandah at Ahuahu, several natives came up from their canoes at the water side and looked over the paling; among them was a very remarkable old chief and *tohunga* (the father of Te Pakaru, the principal chief of Kawhia), who had a large bump or wen upon his forehead, imme-

diately over his right temple, the size of a goose's egg, and which was as carefully *tattooed* as the remaining portion of his face. Being *tapu*, he refused to enter the verandah, and I took his portrait as he stood resting against the rails. He was evidently delighted at the representation of his "bump," and the natives screamed and shouted with ecstacy at seeing old Te Upehi and his bump on paper; putting their double fists against their foreheads to exaggerate his deformity.

Oct. 11th.—The natives are gathering from all quarters to be present at the great meeting or *korero* that is to take place between Forsaith and the chiefs of Kawhia, respecting the settlement of lands; amongst them are Te Pakaru or Apokia, and Te Waro; two of the leading men of the Nga ti Maniapoto and the Nga ti Apakura tribes.

Several miles up the Waiharikiki river, a stream which flows into the harbour of Ahuahu, is a *wahi tapu*, or sacred repository of the property of a deceased chief, which stands at a small heathen *kainga*. The scenery along the Waiharikiki is varied and romantic; steep banks clothed with the most luxuriant foliage rise on either side, and almost every opening discloses a *kainga maori* or native settlement: the water was strewn with the golden-coloured blossoms of the *kowai*, and the day was warm and sunny. On arriving at Te Pāhe, we landed from the boat and proceeded to the *wahi tapu*, which stood upon the side of a hill sloping

towards the river. The sacred enclosure was surrounded with a double set of palings; and within the inner row, which were painted red, were the decaying remains of the *tapued* property, elevated upon a framework of raised sticks; the weather-worn garments were fluttering in the wind, and the chests, muskets, and other property belonging to the deceased were arranged in front: a little canoe, with sail and paddles, was also placed there to serve as a ferry-boat for the spirit to enter in safety into the eternal abodes.* Calabashes of food and water, and a dish prepared from the pigeon, were placed for the ghost to regale itself when visiting the spot; and the heathen natives aver that at night the spirit comes and feeds from the sacred calabashes. So fearful are the natives to approach this *wahi tapu*, that they will not even come within some yards of the outer enclosure.

This afternoon the meeting of the natives with the Protector was held on the slope of a grassy hill, not far from the mission-house: three old chiefs sat (like the three wise men of old) above the speakers, against a fence; the others were scattered around in groups along the slope of the hill. Te Waro and Te Pakaru were the principal orators. During the speechifying, I painted Ohu, the *tohunga* or heathen

* There is a remarkable similarity between this idea and the mythological belief of the ancients, that the spirits of the departed were conveyed in a boat by Charon, the grim ferryman, across the river Styx.

priest of the Waiharikiki river, and the little lame old chief Rangituatea, who was wounded in the battle of Taranaki. The latter is a man of note amongst the Nga ti Maniapoto tribe, and I requested him to wear his war-mat instead of a dirty blanket all besmeared with *kokowai*, in which he was clad; but he gravely touched his *meri poonamu*, his *tiki*, and the ornament of boar's tusks about his neck, signifying that these were sufficient indications that he was a great *rangatira*.

After the meeting was concluded, the old gentlemen sat down to a delicious repast of the gruel made from stinking corn; which they ate out of the iron pot in which it was cooked, dipping their fingers into the vessel and then licking them.

Forsaith's lads are enjoying a few days' rest, before proceeding onwards to Taranaki. One of them is a youth of the Puketapu tribe, who was taken prisoner at Taranaki by Hamana, a Waikato chief; and having recently been liberated, through the influence of Christianity, is now returning to his native district. Another of our travelling "helps" is a merry young fellow, rejoicing in the singular name of "troutete" or *trousers*, from his having appropriated to his own use a pair of those peculiarly European articles of dress, which had belonged to a deceased relation.

The arrival of Kiwi, a great chief returning from the south, caused a considerable commotion, accompanied by the usual speechifying. The women stood upon the hill, and loud and long was their *tangi* to

welcome his approach ; occasionally, however, they would leave off, to have a chat or a laugh, and then mechanically resume their weeping. The old sages spoke in turns : the *tohunga* looked like some priest of the furies with his gorgon locks streaming in the wind ; and, as he grew excited with his speech, he stamped upon the ground and uttered deep-toned shouts, that rent the air like the roarings of some wild beast.

Oct. 13th.—The mission-house is prettily situated on a point of land jutting into the harbour of Ahuahu, which is a branch of Kawhia ; a glassy sheet of water extends in front of the house, and beyond it rises the bold and rugged outline of the mountain of Perongia. To the left of the house is a steep cliff, with an abrupt descent on the other side, where the goats belonging to the mission-station generally browse ; and from this elevation a fine commanding view may be obtained over the surface of Kawhia harbour, with the ocean breaking into foam beyond. The chapel stands on an elevated terrace behind the house. At the morning service, which was conducted both in the Maori and English languages, about fifteen Europeans, including the missionary's family, were present, and the number of natives congregated together could not be less than two hundred ; they all sat grouped about on the floor in their customary attitudes, and nothing could exceed their attention and decorous behaviour. In the afternoon the chapel presented a lively and

interesting scene; the children were gathering for school, and it was a striking sight to observe the old chief Kiwi, who had arrived in state on the previous day, now sitting quietly in the midst of them, employed in teaching the little ones to read! The bright and sunny faces of the pupils showed the interest they took in their learning; and this delight was equally manifest in the countenance of the deeply-tattooed warrior.

Oct. 14th.—From Ahuahu my companion and myself prepared to start on separate routes; his being along the coast towards Taranaki, and mine striking at once into the very heart of the interior, through the wild region of Mokau and Wanganui to the Taupo Lakes. Forsaith, who had proved a most agreeable and intelligent companion during the journey to Ahuahu, left in Apokea's canoe, accompanied by his four lads, whilst another canoe conveyed my party in an opposite direction across the harbour. My travelling companions now consisted of my two natives, E Pera, who was a Nga Pui from the Bay of Islands, and E Rihia, a mission lad of Waipa, belonging to the Ngati Apakura tribe; we were also joined by a couple of natives proceeding homewards to Wakatumutumu. Our departure caused quite a commotion in this peaceful little settlement of Ahuahu, and as our canoes diverged in their different directions, farewell shouts rent the air from the groups on shore, which were loudly responded to by the departing travellers.

Landing at the head of one of the branches of Ahuahu harbour, we came to a European cottage, with a settler's clearing; we then struck at once into the bush up very steep hills. The *ponga*, one of the species of tree-fern, is very beautiful at this season of the year; putting forth a double coronet of fresh curls, which gradually expand into leaves. The crimson fuschia and several other elegant flowering shrubs also adorn the bush. From the hills we obtained a succession of fine views of Kawhia and the surrounding country, with the southern ocean beyond. At four miles we halted at a plantation of Cape gooseberry plants, where we found a few old slave women and some children; the latter stripped the plants of all the remaining fruit, as a present for the *pakeha* (stranger), whilst my natives regaled themselves with stinking maize, a calabash of which the old women had (fortunately for all but me) just prepared as we arrived.

All day we travelled onwards through a dark and gloomy forest without a single break; and the narrow track lay up and down steep gullies and over fallen trees. A peculiar odour arises from the decaying vegetable matter, which at times is almost overpowering.

In this forest I saw the *hinau*-tree growing, from which the natives prepare the black dye; and of its seeds, when compressed, the unwholesome-looking cakes are made to which the children are so partial. The fuschia and the *horopito* were also abundant;

and several of the large shelving *fungi*, growing from the trunks of the trees, near their roots, are so broad and strong as to form capital seats. At night these moist woods are peculiarly luminous; the decaying vegetable matters sparkling like stars in every direction, producing an effect of singular beauty. We frequently observed among the branches a small green parroquet (*Trichoglossus aurifrons*), which was so tame as scarcely to move at our approach.

About sunset, an opening in the forest showed us the Marakopo river, which we crossed; and passing through a patch of fern-land, arrived at Piri-piri. A remarkable appearance is here produced by the white limestone rocks, cropping out on the edge of a hill in cubiform masses above the fern. Immediately above this brow are a number of straggling huts, which are occupied by a community of Jesuit natives, who style themselves *pikopo*, in contradistinction to the *miho-nari* people.

At the time of our arrival at the settlement, all the inhabitants of the *kainga* were congregated in an open court on the brow of the hill, partaking of their evening meal. Almost before we had entered the court, we were most violently assailed by upwards of twenty fierce dogs, and had I not instantly seized a stick and defended myself, I should, in all probability, have come off badly; the natives threw their potato kits and sticks at the dogs, and the confusion and din were universal.

We halted for some time in a court-yard appro-

priated to strangers, where we found a cook-house and a dormitory. As no food is allowed to be prepared in a dwelling or sleeping house, cooking-sheds are built expressly for the purpose; they are usually composed of stakes, or the trunks of the arborescent fern, placed upright in the ground, a little apart from one another, so as to admit a current of air to carry off the smoke, and covered with a roof of *tohi-tohi*, or *nikau* palm leaves. Seated on some fern in the verandah of this cooking hut, I ate my supper; the natives regarding me with almost the same sort of wonder that they would some strange animal.

Presently the bell tolled for vespers; the "Ave Marias" of these poor people sounded very differently from the rich and melodious chants I have heard in Sicily and Brazil, yet, in their soft and simple language, the effect was pleasing, as their voices, chanting the evening hymn, sounded at a distance, through the dull and dewy night. I took up my quarters on a heap of dry fern, and was just dropping off to sleep when my lad Rihia commenced his devotions aloud, which lasted without intermission for at least an hour.

Oct. 15th—A thick fog ushered in the day, and after travelling for some hours through dew-drenched forests, we reached a deep ravine, where the road descends winding into the glen. On a mossy bank on one side of this ravine the natives showed me the foot-prints (according to their tradition) of Whatu-mai, a giant of former days, who, on arriving at

this spot, instead of taking the trouble to descend into the ravine, jumped across it, a distance of at least 160 feet: these foot-prints are two hollows in the rock, each about twenty inches in length. We next passed over steep fern hills, and through a tract of country completely devastated by fire—all black as a cinder—and crossed the small river of Wahuatakawau, where there is a pretty waterfall over blue limestone-rock. At the next stream, Pera told me there were plenty of snakes, and whilst I was looking out to avoid them, my guides were suddenly in the water, divested of their garments, busily searching for eels, which were the *snakes* alluded to by Pera. From the summit of a ridge of steep fern hills, rendered very slippery from the night's rain, we obtained a view of Pirimokau mountain, celebrated in the journey from Kawhia to Taranaki, as being a most difficult and dangerous pass—where the native women are obliged to be let down and drawn up with ropes, whilst the men venture along a ledge of rock overhanging a giddy precipice, beneath which the ocean lashes in whirlpools of boiling surf. Beyond us we could trace the course of the Marakopo, winding between hills clothed with endless and gloomy forests. Upon the margin of the small streams and moist swampy watercourses, there peeps up from the ground a little white flower with a faint jessamine-like perfume: nothing but the blossom appears above ground, and that is quite close to the earth.

The forests in this unfrequented part of the coun-

try are almost impenetrable. Many of the hill-sides were so clothed with roots intertwining one with another as to form a series of steps, down which we forced our way; the liands (*smilax*) continually catching us like ropes round our bodies.

Late in the afternoon, we struck out of the path, when on the side of a lofty ridge covered with dense forests, to gain a steep buttress of limestone rock that covered the summit of the mountain. We were now somewhere about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and after pushing through the brushwood and matted liands, we reached the summit of the naked rock, which commanded a most extensive and magnificent view across the region of Taupo, with the volcano of Tongariro and the still loftier Ruapahu rearing their snow-clad summits at a distance of at least eighty miles. The intervening scenery consisted of range beyond range of hills in every variety of form, with the pale and shadowy mass of these vast mountains, relieved by a clearly defined outline against the blue of heaven. It was a glorious sight to look around, from that rocky pinnacle, upon the grandeur and the majesty of nature. The Tongariro was pouring forth volumes of steam, which rolled down the mountain's side; and a cloudy mist passed over the Ruapahu whilst we gazed upon its broad and eternal snows. Descending this steep range, a few miles farther brought us to the *kainga* of Warikaokao, consisting of a few decent huts within a square enclosure. The shades of evening were grow-

ing longer ; and as we had had a fatiguing journey, we halted here for the night, instead of proceeding onwards to Mania.

Oct. 16th.—Last night I lay in a very windy cook-house, and got no sleep, though extremely tired. At daybreak we started for Mania, a distance of eight miles, where we breakfasted on potatoes and kumeras. There I painted the chief Ngohi and his principal wife. This lady had once been handsome, and even in her declining years she still bore traces of her former charms. She was under a *tapu* ; and, whilst in this state, was not permitted to touch any article of food with her hands. A female slave brought water in a calabash, which she poured out into her filthy hand, applying it to the lady's mouth, who drank eagerly from the hand of the slave ; for, had she touched the calabash herself, it would have become *tapu*, and could not again have been used for ordinary purposes. The boy who had accompanied us from Ahuahu was a son of Ngohi, and remained here. Instead of saluting his parents and friends, he sat down in silence upon a fallen stump. The journey had been undertaken solely for the purpose of fetching a domestic fowl from Kawhia, and the newly arrived bird underwent a long nursing from the younger branches of Ngohi's family, before the poor hungry thing was liberated. There were several pet pigs at this settlement ; at almost every plantation, indeed, they are to be found : they will run for miles after their mistresses, and, being very

small as well as very tame, they are nursed for hours, as lap-dogs are amongst a more refined community. Extensive maize and potato grounds occur in the neighbourhood of Mania, and an ancient carved house stands not far from the *kainga*.

On leaving this place we were joined by Ngohi's eldest son, who was proceeding to Whakatumutumu along with our former companions from Ahuahu. We crossed the river Mokau, here about ten yards in breadth, and passed along a valley shut in on one side by a vast wall of perpendicular rocks. In this wild valley was a deep-toned echo; and young Ngohi's cries and shouts reverberated again and again as we went by. Here, too, a river, which falls into the Waikato, bursts out suddenly from the limestone rock, forming a thundering cascade, which flows in a deep stream along the valley. At 4 P.M. we reached the native settlement of Whakatumutumu, situated amongst romantic hills covered with fern.

The scenery here somewhat resembles that of the Highlands of Scotland, in the bold outline of the hills and the barren rocks jutting up in huge and picturesque masses. In this secluded spot, buried, as it were, from all intercourse with the surrounding world, dwell a missionary and his wife, named Miller, who most kindly welcomed me to their humble abode. The cottage stands on an elevated and rocky steep, overlooking an extensive country, with the river Mokau flowing beneath, and the native village occupying a hill to the right: from the

summit of a lofty rock behind the cottage, Mount Egmont, or Taranaki, is clearly discernible when the atmosphere is unclouded. On the top of a neighbouring hill is a small *wahi tapu*, surrounded by railings, where the bones of about a dozen chiefs, taken from a cavern, were buried some few years since by the *tohunga*. Here I painted the chief Te Ngaporutu and his wife: he was formerly a distinguished warrior belonging to the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, but has lately embraced Christianity; and his wife, who belongs to Wanganui, was bought by him for thirty pigs. This chief had several wives previously to his becoming a convert; but he put away all, excepting only Rihe, whom he retained as his partner in life. The cast-off wives are all anxiously waiting for Rihe to die; each one hoping that she may be the successful candidate for the next wife.

Near Whakatutumumu, on the Mokau, there resides a European, or *Pakeha Maori*, who has become almost more savage than the natives themselves: he is partially tattooed, and clothes himself in a mat or blanket; he has at least six wives, and adopts all the habits and manners of the Maori people.

Te Ariki (lord), who was the most celebrated chief of all Mokau, died two months since at *Pari-pari*, a native settlement and *pah* one day's journey from Whakatutumumu; he was unconverted, and even during his last illness he was carried on to the field of battle. After his death a great contest ensued, respecting the disposal of his body, between the

Papist natives and those who still adhere to their heathen customs: the latter argued that he had died a heathen, and ought therefore to be buried in a secret cave, according to the heathen form for the greatest chiefs. The contest resulted in a scuffle for the body, and, after it had been placed in a box or coffin by the Jesuits, Taonui, the chief next in importance to the deceased, tore the body from the coffin, and, in his rage, threw it across the *pah*: it was eventually carried off by the heathens, and placed in a secret cave. About a mile from this place the body of another chief is hidden in a hollow tree in the forest.

Eko, the celebrated witch of Waikato, is the wife of a chief not far from Mokau: she performed some actions which were considered by the natives as attesting her powers of witchcraft, and ever since she exercises, by her arts of sorcery, unbounded sway over the minds of the superstitious inhabitants: to such an extent is her power exerted, that many natives die under the influence of fear. Not long since she told one of her victims that she had taken out his heart; and he actually died, out of a belief that his heart was gone.

Oct. 17th.—Early this morning we took leave of the missionary and his wife. Their isolation from the civilized world may be inferred from the fact that Mrs. Miller has not seen a European female since she has resided at Whakatutumu: nor does she expect to do so without undertaking the long

and tedious journey through the forest to Ahuahu, which she must accomplish on foot. We proceeded to Pari-pari, a distance of about eighteen miles. On arriving at the small *pah* of Whakatumutumu we heard a loud *tangi*; and, on entering the stile, found the natives all crying and lamenting over the body of an old woman, which was wrapped in a blanket, and laid out beneath the verandah of a small *wari pune*, or sleeping-house. The corpse looked bloodless and callow, and the surrounding women were beating their breasts and cutting themselves with shells, howling all the time most dismally.

About four miles beyond Whakatumutumu we reached the falls of Mokau, an exceedingly romantic spot, where that river dashes down a perpendicular wall of rock, from a height of about sixty feet, in one broad sheet of water. The rocky steeps on each side of the chasm are clothed with evergreens, amongst which the graceful *rimu* pine stands pre-eminent; high broken rocks, resembling castles, fortresses, and towers, rise on the opposite side of the glen; and the surrounding hills are wild and covered with fern. During the day we passed many swamps, and followed the winding course of the river Mokau along valleys surrounded by strange, desolate-looking hills, with rocks of micaceous schist cropping out. In various parts of the river, native weirs for catching eels are frequent; these the natives keep up with great care, as they also do their eel-pahs, for the reception of these fish. The importance and value

of the eel-pahs is frequently a subject of dispute amongst the chiefs. At the summit of a steep hill we met a party of slave girls, travelling towards Whakatatumutumu, heavily laden with baskets containing cakes of stinking maize ; they were accompanied by a pretty-looking young woman, the daughter of one of the chiefs at Pari-pari, gaily attired in a string-mat, with a bunch of myrtle leaves in her ear. The grace and gentle bashfulness of this *rangatira* damsel were in strong contrast with the coarse and rude appearance of the half-clad slaves who were her fellow-travellers.

The day was hot and the hills steep ; we passed along a desolate and swampy valley, where there grew many fine dragon-trees (*tī*) ; and after fording the Waipa across drift timber, at a place where that river was not more than a dozen or twenty yards broad, we reached Pari-pari about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Pari-pari means, literally, " broken ground ;" and the whole country in the neighbourhood is a succession of hills and gullies.

At Pari-pari there lives a European, named Lewis, who has married the daughter of Taonui, the principal chief of the district, and successor to Tariki. Under the auspices and protection of his father-in-law, Lewis enjoys his Robinson Crusoe-like life in perfect security. He has a hut of his own construction, together with a garden, and a flock of seventy goats, besides pigs, fowls, and other small domestic animals. During my stay for a few days at Pari-pari

I experienced every hospitality from Lewis, who took infinite trouble and pleasure in pointing out to me all the antiquities and remains of *pahs* and ornamental architecture in the neighbourhood. It was an unexpected treat to sup upon brown bread and milk: the former made by my host from the produce of his last year's crop. The concluding dish at supper would appear less inviting to a European appetite, for it consisted of a quantity of fine plump grubs, nicely browned before the fire; and repulsive as such an article of food might at first appear, they are not only agreeable in flavour, but resemble in taste the most delicious cream. Taonui's daughter had procured them from the decayed timber of the *rimu* pine in the adjoining forest.

At a small *pah* not far distant from the abode of his *pakeha* Lewis, Taonui, the chief, has his residence. He is one of the most powerful and superstitious of the old heathen chiefs, and is scrupulously attached to the religion of the Tohunga; around his neck he usually wears a small flute, constructed out of the leg bone of Pomare, a northern enemy of his tribe, and upon this instrument he frequently plays with peculiar satisfaction. He has also in his possession the original suit of armour that was given by King George IV. of England to the Bay of Islands chief Shongi (E Hongi), when that warrior visited England.

The subsequent history of this armour is somewhat curious: it passed from the Nga Puis to Tetori, and from Tetori to Te Whero Whero at the Wai-

kato feast, and came into Taonui's hands under the following circumstances. On the death of a favourite daughter, Te Whero Whero made a song, the substance of which was that he would take off the scalps of all the chiefs except Ngawaka, and fling them into his daughter's grave to revenge her untimely death. The words of this song highly insulted the various individuals against whom it was directed: more especially as it was a great curse for the hair of a chief, which is sacred, to be thus treated with contempt. But the only chief who dared to resent this insult, from so great a man as Te Whero Whero, was Taonui; who demanded a *taua*, or gift, as recompense for the affront, and received the armour of E Hongi in compensation. I made a drawing of the armour, which was old and rusty: it is of steel, inlaid with brass; and, although never worn by the possessors in battle—for it would sadly impede their movements—it is regarded with a sort of superstitious veneration by the natives, who look upon it as something extraordinary.

About half a mile from the present native settlement stands the ruined *pah* of Pari-pari, which contains, in a state of almost perfect preservation, two of the finest carved and painted Maori houses still existing in New Zealand. This *pah* was erected on the memorable occasion of the Taranaki war, when the Mokau warriors set out on their expedition to that fated district; where the inhabitants of the principal *pahs* were either slaughtered and eaten, or

taken as slaves, by the conquering party. In this manner the beautiful district of Taranaki was almost depopulated, and human bones whitened many of the battle-fields. At the present moment, many of the former slaves, and their children, are returning to occupy the land of their forefathers, having been liberated from their bondage through the combined influences of Christianity and civilization. Within a small railing, in one corner of the verandah of the largest house, is a *wahi tapu*, where the head of Te Kawaw (fowl), with his feathers, *hani*, and mat, were deposited. Te Kawaw was a great warrior, and very swift of foot, which obtained for him the appellation of "bird," or "fowl:" he was killed during one of the engagements of the Taranaki war, close to the *pah* of the besieged; and his people, not being able to remove the body, cut off his head, which they deposited within the sacred inclosure at Pari-pari. The head has since been removed by the Tohunga, but the mat and other articles still remain, though in a very decayed state. For several days I was constantly exploring the ruins of this once magnificent *pah*: rich fragments of carved work, of the most elaborate character, lie scattered on the ground, concealed by the tangled masses of vegetation that have long since grown over them; and I had to cut down a large and spreading *pura-pura* bush, that almost concealed the verandah of one of the most exquisitely ornamented houses, before I could make my drawing. With a view to perpetuate the singular

and beautiful architectural remains of these people, I made carefully finished drawings on the spot of all those most worthy of record, and thus rescued from certain and speedy oblivion the works of art of a race of men who are undergoing a most rapid and extraordinary change.

At the period of my visit, I found Taonui and Ngawaka his ally preparing to go to Taupo to join Te Heuheu in an expedition to fight the Ngatiruanui people, who reside on the shores of Cook's Straits between Wainganui and Taranaki. I was anxious to take the portrait of Taonui, and eventually succeeded, after some trouble, in obtaining a good likeness of him, as he sat upon the roof of his house, abusing the qucen, and using all manner of provoking language. He was angry because I had painted one of his slaves—"That ugly slave of mine," exclaimed the haughty chief, "before me, the lord of all Mokau!" At length he became pacified, and I successively painted his whole family as they sat in the verandah of his carved dwelling-house. His eldest son wore over his blanket a small black mat, made from the fibrous bark of a tree, and dyed with *hinau*. It was the only one of the kind I remember to have seen in the country.

Oct. 18th.—All day sketching at Pari-pari. I took the portraits of the widow and child of the late Tariki before mentioned. The widow was a middle-aged woman, dreadfully disfigured by the cuts and gashes which she inflicts upon herself with a pepi-

shell whenever she cries; and she wore a crown or garland of large green leaves upon her head as the emblem of mourning. Since the death of her husband, which took place about eight months since, she has been *tapu*, and not allowed either to feed herself or to change her garments; which are all in rags. She is either fed out of the hands of another native, or she eats like a dog by putting her mouth to the ground. The period of her mourning and the force of the *tapu* are to continue for four months longer, when the unhappy widow will be released from her trammels, and permitted to re-enter the marriage state.

I have nowhere seen the law of *tapu* more rigidly adhered to than amongst these wild inhabitants of Mokau. Even poor Lewis himself is a sufferer from this cause: to-day he wanted to kill a pig, that we might make merry, and have some provision to carry along with us on our journey towards Taupo; but the unfortunate pig in question having unwittingly trespassed upon some sacred ground, it had become *tapu*, and neither Lewis nor any one else dared to touch the sacred porker. Not long since, Taonui laid a *tapu* upon the road through the forest from hence to Taranaki, so that no one could travel that way without incurring the anger of the chief and the wrath of the invisible *atuas*. Taonui has just undergone the solemn ceremony of having his locks cropped; this duty was intrusted to his wife alone, and she is thereby rendered *tapu* for the period

of one week—the penalty for touching the sacred hair of a chief: the hair itself was carefully buried, that it might not come into contact with any object connected with food.

An instance occurred near this place of a suicide of a most determined character: a man deliberately throttled himself with his hands, whilst lying in a sleeping house, beneath his blanket.

On the 19th we started for Waipa; but hearing at Pukemarpou, a small *pah* upon a hill about two miles from Pari-pari, that the chief Wirihona, our fellow-traveller on the Waikato, was absent from Waipa, with Mr. Buttle, the missionary, I resolved not to proceed further in that direction, but to take the road to Taupo, by the way of the Wanganui.

In the mean time I visited and explored some limestone caves that are situated in the side of a lofty hill, about a couple of miles further on. The rain fell in torrents; but we carried fire-sticks with us, and made torches at the mouth of the cavern, from the light and inflammable bark of a tree. A large *fusehia* grew at the opening of the cavern, which was evidently an occasional place of shelter with the natives. The entrance to the largest cave is a spacious arch in the side of a perpendicular wall of limestone rock. For about sixty feet the cave runs inwards, forming one grand and lofty antechamber, hung with stupendous masses of stalactite; the stalagmitic encrustations on the floor assuming the forms of huge mushrooms,

tables, and pillars, and frequently joining with the stalactites from above, producing columns of a picturesque appearance. At the inner extremity of this vaulted chamber is a steep descent, nearly dark, at the bottom of which a rapid subterranean stream flows across the cave ; and beyond this river the cavern was supposed by the natives to terminate.

The tide being much lower than ordinary, I succeeded in crossing, by the light of a bonfire that my natives had kindled at the entrance of the cave. I was bent on exploring this subterranean fissure to its full extent, thinking it probable that other chambers and galleries existed beyond the river ; and without waiting for the torches, I managed to climb up the almost perpendicular side opposite, and reached the entrance of a gallery about twenty feet above the river, and just large enough to admit four persons crawling in on their hands and knees. I entered, but had not proceeded far, when the smoke setting into the cavern, enveloped me in total darkness ; and, almost in a state of suffocation, I was compelled to feel my way back as I best could, and scramble for my life, towards the mouth of the cavern. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, we lighted our torches, and leaving the timid natives at the entrance, Lewis and myself pursued our way into the cave, crossing the river, and regaining the opening that led to the gallery I had before reached.

After crawling along a corridor of sparkling stalactites for about thirty feet, forcing our bodies between

huge pillars of stone, we suddenly entered a spacious chamber of indescrivable loveliness: it appeared as though gnomes and fairies had been at work to adorn this magic hall. The roof, hung with stalactites of the most exquisite and pearly whiteness, was supported by columns of yellow and transparent spar, that gave it the resemblance of a natural temple; and the crystalline walls and floor were covered with a sort of fluoric bloom of the most delicate hue and texture. Ours were the first human eyes that beheld this resplendent saloon hid in the bowels of the earth: it was evident that no one had ever entered this fairy abode, for our footsteps destroyed the bloom on the floor, and not the slightest mark of intrusion was anywhere discernible. We felt it to be almost an act of desecration to intrude on this secret and glorious chamber, whose chaste splendour shone forth in the unsullied purity of its pristine beauty. The scene seemed to realize Coleridge's poetic description, in his "Kubla Khan," of "that sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice"—

"Where Alph the sacred river ran
'Neath caverns measureless by man,
Down to a sunless sea."

After we had fully explored this cavern to its further extremity, we retraced our steps back to the open air, and to the sunshine that had succeeded to the morning's rain. The natives have a tradition

that whoever enters this cavern, and brings away any portion of the stalactite, however small, is certain of being drowned; and it is a singular coincidence that two Europeans, who in passing entered the outer chamber and broke off pieces of the stalactite, were afterwards drowned: one of these was a missionary, who was upset in a canoe at the mouth of the river Thames in Houraki Gulf.

In the forests near Poukemarpou we regaled ourselves on our return with the sweet and fleshy bractæ of the *tawara* (*Freycinetia Banksii*), which are now in season. The taste of the lower portion of these bractæ, when fully ripe, is somewhat like that of a rich and juicy pear, with an aromatic flavour resembling vanilla. The plant yielding this vegetable luxury is parasitical; climbing in clusters of long narrow leaves to the summits of the lofty forest trees.

Oct. 20th.—Again at Pari-pari, where I received a letter from the chief Wirihona, the purport of which was that he regretted not being able to accompany me to Taupo, but that if I returned to Waipa he would let me have his canoc to go down the Wai-kato.

Oct. 21st.—This morning I started with only my two lads for Taupo: our road lay for the first eight miles along the same path we had travelled from Whakatumutumu; we then struck off to the left, fording the river Mokau twice; and many swamps had to be crossed, during our passage through an

open fern country, the valleys of which were clothed with a coarse wiry grass, called by the natives *wiwi*. In the woods beyond Pari-pari we encountered a number of wild hogs, that roam at large through the forests of Mokau: at periodical intervals the natives go out to hunt these animals, with dogs trained for the purpose; and they not unfrequently receive dangerous wounds from the infuriated boars. It was formerly the custom for the chiefs to wear the tusks of the boars they had killed, strung round their necks as trophies.

The country now began to assume a volcanic character: small lumps of cellular pumice were thickly scattered over the ground in every direction, and the soil appeared formed from the decomposition of light volcanic ashes. On the margin of the swamps, a small white violet, slightly scented, grew in the utmost profusion; the New Zealand daisy and the little aromatic white bell which I have before alluded to, were also abundant amongst the moss and fern.

We reached Pouketouto towards the evening: a small *kainga*, the residence of an inferior chief with his family and a few slaves, occupies the side of a hill. I took up my night's quarters in an open cook-house, where my lads prepared me some food; but several filthy slave women came in and cooked a mess of gruel of stinking corn, the odour of which almost drove me from the premises. It was a bitter night: the wind blew terrifically; and in so exposed

a situation it was difficult to obtain the repose that we needed.

The sun sank in a stormy sky, and a solitary *kaka* now and then whirring homewards, passed over the *kainga*, uttering its shrill cry. The fires in the warm-houses were lighted; and when heated like ovens and full of smoke, the natives as usual crept into these dens, and stopping every orifice, shut themselves up until morning.

The few natives residing in this district are either Papists or Pagans. The women are tattooed considerably on their breasts and shoulders, with cross-lines; and some wear human teeth round their necks.

Oct. 22nd.—We started very early, taking on with us a supply of potatoes; as there are no more native settlements for a distance of forty miles along the desolate and dreary region we had now to traverse. Near the path leading from Pouketouto, I observed a miniature *pah*, constructed by the boys, who amuse themselves by building tiny fortifications, and emulate the courage and skill of their sires in the sport of besieging and defending them. The mounds were made by heaps of earth, and the fence-work constructed of upright sticks, displaying the characteristic ingenuity of the Maori children.

The scenery was wild, and not unlike that of some portions of Dartmoor; whilst the rain falling heavily nearly all day, added to the dreary prospect. Some of the swamps we crossed were strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The river Mokau

here runs through a valley, bordered on each side by precipitous chasms of rock ; and the steeps are covered with fern. Wild ducks were numerous along the river, unmolested in these waste solitudes. At one bend of the stream, where it breaks into foam over masses of rock, we observed an eel-pah, whither the natives occasionally resort for the purpose of taking these fish in their *kupengas* or nets. The swamps were all thickly studded with white violets ; and the country continued to present a wild and rocky aspect until we once more arrived upon the borders of the forest. Here we halted to cook some potatoes ; my lads having brought materials for procuring fire after the native manner. Their method is this : a piece of hard-pointed wood is rubbed very briskly along a groove in another piece of wood of a flattened shape, but less hard than the former ; the friction soon produces a fine dust from the groove, which kindles and acts as a tinder ; when it smokes, this is carefully collected and put into a parcel of dry fern, or a wisp of grass ; and upon being blown gently, the whole bursts into a blaze.

After toiling, wet through, up and down an intricate mountain forest for some miles, we suddenly came in sight of a most remarkable region, from the brow of a steep hill, where the forest abruptly terminated upon open fern. Beneath us was stretched out, for miles in extent, a plain entirely destitute of trees, broken with deep ravines and chasms, and

scattered over with an infinite multitude of abrupt little hills, like Alps in miniature. Some of these hills rose into tapering cones, resembling eraters; others presented the appearance of castles, and steep ridges crowned with masses of rock: the whole scene, backed by distant ranges of mountains, had the aspect of having once been the seat of intense volcanic action. Through this singular region the river Wanganui wound its serpentine course, along a bed of white sand and pumice: it is here about twenty yards in breadth, and so tortuous are the windings of the stream, that during the day we crossed and recrossed it nine times. The entire country is covered with lumps of pumice, and the rocks appear of igneous origin; the rounded hillocks presenting cliffs consisting of tufaceous lava, or of lapilli of pumice and sand cemented by volcanic ashes. Dark clouds hung in sullen masses over these broken peaks, and the scene might be truly called the Valley of Desolation: almost the only vegetable production consisted of a coarse wiry grass, with here and there occasional tufts of low fern. Toiling on till after sunset, we arrived at the opposite side of the extensive valley that we had contemplated from the verge of the forest; and, to our infinite delight, we found a camping place, where there was a roof or shed of *tohi tohi* grass, that had been erected by native travellers, on the edge of a chasm of pumice, and close to the margin of the swiftly flowing Wanganui. Here we took up our quarters for

the night ; we kindled a blazing fire in front of the shed, dried all our wet clothes, roasted our potatoes in the glowing embers, and ate them with a satisfaction and relish to which the sons of luxury are indeed strangers : in short, we passed the night comfortably in this romantic and secluded glen.

CHAPTER III.

TUHUA—TONGARIRO—RUAPAHU—TAUPO LAKE—THE
CHIEF TE HEUHEU—BOILING PONDS AND SPRINGS
—TE RAPA—WAITAHANUI—ROTO-AIRE LAKE AND
MOTUPOI PAH.

Oct. 23rd.—Off at sunrise. The morning was clear, though the fern and forests were dripping like a shower-bath, and we were wet through before we were out of the first wood ; but as the sun obtained power the moisture vanished, and the day was fine and warm. The scenery continued of a very similar character to that through which we had travelled on the previous day. Strangely broken pumice-hills rose on every side ; the Wanganui winding its course through a narrow valley, with occasional cliffs of white sand and loose pumice, through which the river has gradually formed a deep basin or channel, presenting here and there regularly terraced sides and platforms, that can only have been produced

by the gradual subsiding of the waters. The upper soil is a rich black vegetable mould, covering beds of pumice, which again rest upon basaltic rock. Our road still lay through *wiwi* and fern for about ten miles farther along the valley of the Wanganui, crossing incessant chasms, rent as if by earthquakes. The romantic appearance of the scenery is heightened by occasional cascades, dashing down abrupt precipices of rock that rise on each side of the valley.

We at length reached the settlement of Tuhua; and, as the lads were very tired, we gladly rested there until the next day. This place is famous for its potatoes, which are grown in the sandy pumice soil; and extensive potato-grounds occur all through this district. A fine range of wooded heights rises from the Wanganui, but the surrounding hills are chiefly clothed with fern. The first intimation of our approach to the vicinity of an inhabited district, after the solitary region we had passed, was the sight of a young slave woman, attended by her dog, busily engaged in gathering flax on the borders of a small stream. Her only garment was a coarse brown mat, extending from her waist to her knees, and her limbs were anointed with *kokowai*, or red ochre, to keep off the attacks of the sand-flies. Astonished and delighted at the sight of a *pakeha*, the girl led us to the village, where she lit a fire in a cook-house, and bounced about with great alacrity to provide us with a meal, laughing and chattering in high spirits. The cry of *te pakeha* (the stranger) soon resounded through the

woods, and the natives dropped in one by one from their potato grounds, to have a look at the newly-arrived visitors. In a very short time the courtyard of the village was thronged with natives, who were exceedingly kind and hospitable to us; and no more work was done on the potato grounds that day. Tired as I was, I was led a chase of three miles through the woods, by about a dozen young urehins, who insisted on taking me to a spot from whence I could obtain a view of the Ruapahu, crowned with its sparkling glaciers and perpetual snows. The chief goodnaturedly killed a little pig for me; and soon afterwards E Pera, one of my lads, came to know if he might not suggest that another ought to be killed for him, as he too was a visitor at the settlement.

The evening passed pleasantly amongst these interesting and primitive people. In the glorious sunshine of the evening, that mellowed the tints of the surrounding forest, and glowed upon the pearly sides of the lofty Ruapahu, all nature looked beautiful and happy. Several natives were sitting upon a raised platform, engaged with their favourite game of draughts, while others crowded round me in an ecstasy of delight at the contents of my portfolio. The *tamarikis* (children) set to work endeavouring to delineate each other, and one boy drew my likeness upon his thigh, with a piece of charcoal. When the stars came out, my little bright-eyed companions, who had been my willing guides to see the Ruapahu,

gathered round me in the clear moonlight, pointing to the various heavenly bodies, telling me their Maori names, and asking what the *pakeha* called them; repeating over and over again what I told them, in the gentle accent of their own soft language.

The people are all Christianized, although no missionary has yet been amongst them; they have been instructed entirely by a native teacher, who calls himself Mr. Maunsell. I attended their evening worship, or *karakia*, until driven out of the building by the smoke; an enormous fire was kindled in the centre of a *tohi-tohi* house that constituted the chapel, the sides of which were blackened from their contiguity to the fire; and in this place about thirty natives were assembled, who went through their prayers with great apparent devotion.

Oct. 24th—We left Tuhua, and on taking leave of our hospitable chief, I gave him five figs of negro-head tobacco (worth about three pence) which he considered as handsome payment for the pig besides other food and accommodation afforded to myself and my guides.

Our first ten miles lay over grassy hills and along valleys clothed with fern and *wiwi*, continually intersected by yawning chasms of pumice; and the volcano of Tongariro rose full before us, but only the lower portion of its snow-streaked sides were visible beneath the clouds. About a dozen of the young people from Tuhua accompanied us on our way as far as Tereringa; where I found the Taupo chief, Rawide, or Te Rangiarawaha. Tereringa con-

sists of a few native houses, built on the summit of a steep hill of pumice overhanging a tributary of the Wanganui. A Taupo native met us, and, flourishing his tomahawk over his head, ran back to his companions, crying out that the *pakeha* was come; the cry was taken up by those on the hill, and shouts of *te pakeha* re-echoed through the valley. I took the portrait of Rawide, though for some time he ran and danced about so vigorously—brandishing his old primitive wooden *meri-meri*, ornamented with bunches of *kaka* feathers—that I feared the attempt would be useless.

We left our young companions playing draughts in one of the houses at Tereringa, and crossing a river called Teringamutu, ascended a cliff of pumice nearly one hundred feet in height; we then entered a precipitous glen, and climbed two steep mountain ranges clothed with dense forest. At another small *kainga* we delivered a letter from Taonui, the chief of Mokau, desiring one of his relatives to provide us with a guide from this place across the country to Taupo Lake. Led by our new guide we struck over some fern hills into the most awful and almost impenetrable forest and jungle we had yet encountered. Supple jacks, fallen trees, and masses of decayed vegetable matter, impeded our progress; and to surmount these obstructions we were obliged to creep on our hands and knees through tangled brakes, jump over trunks of trees, slide down precipitous banks of slippery roots, and endure all manner of horrors and abominations. On, and on, and on, we toiled—

wading, creeping, jumping, sliding, and scrambling—till sunset, when we reached a few deserted huts in an old potato-clearing upon the slope of a hill amidst the forest, beside a stream of water embowered with beautiful fuschias in full blossom. The lads as well as myself, were dreadfully fatigued, but hunger was imperative; I set to work, and with a little of Lewis's coarse flour, that we had brought from Pari pari, and some of the pork we obtained at Tuhua, I achieved a tolerable pic, the baking of which we watched by turns as it was placed in the hot embers.

Oct. 25th.—Our toils to-day commenced by having to climb the face of a very steep mountain, just above the potato-ground where we had passed the night. Loose and sharp stones rendered it a difficult undertaking; for so nearly inclining to the perpendicular was this lofty ridge, that we were constantly slipping back again with the loose fragments of rock. On gaining the summit, we were enveloped in a thick mist, so that we could not distinguish any objects around us; and, after travelling along this ridge, the sharp cold air of which bespoke its great elevation, we struck quite suddenly into a dense forest. Its extent may be guessed from the fact that we proceeded through it for eight weary hours without finding a single opening, and during this time we had frequently to cut or force our way through the tangled overgrowth of vegetation. In these primeval and all but impenetrable forests, the birds are so tame that, on resting and imitating their various notes,

we frequently brought round us a flight of little songsters, that approached without the slightest manifestation of fear. Amongst the smaller varieties, I observed the white-headed manakin, a black and yellow fly-catcher, and an extremely diminutive wren. At intervals, in the silent and gloomy forest, one passes an old shed constructed of bark, or the leaves of the *nikau*-palm, where the remains of fires bespeak the resting-place of native travellers.

At length, after three days' journey, we emerged from the almost interminable forest, and entered upon a grassy tract of open volcanic land, strewn everywhere with lumps of pumice. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the open country; and the bright sunshine and fresh air gladdened us, after the dull twilight and damp and stagnant atmosphere of the woodland solitudes. Magnificently did Tongariro and the Ruapahu, with their snow-streaked sides, burst upon our sight, as we looked over the open country beyond us. The summits of these vast mountains were enveloped in clouds; the steam rolling in volumes from the crater of Tongariro is condensed by the cold of that exalted region, forming a canopy of vapour that, in calm weather, conceals the head of the sacred mountain: for, by the New Zealanders, it is considered as strictly *tapu*.

We crossed a boisterous river on a native bridge of tea-tree boughs, swung by flax from the opposite trees. The river foamed along a deep chasm or glen of pumice, and, just above the swinging bridge,

descended in a grand cataract of a horse-shoe form, thundering over masses of rock and fallen trees. The dark, wild, and deep stream rushing below looked awful from the frail bridge, which rocked like a cradle over the abyss.

In a romantic valley, surrounded by steep and barren hills, we passed a deserted settlement and several potato grounds. Some of the wooden houses were covered with a multitude of rude charcoal drawings of men on horseback, of a really humorous character, and very droll: some were represented standing upon their heads, and all were beating the horses, which appeared very unwilling to go.

From the hills we now came in view of the long-wished-for Taupo lake: a lovely and cheering sight; open fern-clad hills and heathery knolls were spread around, with the evening sun shining over them and lighting up the white cliffs on the opposite shores of the azure lake. At the eastern extremity of the lake rose the lofty mountain of Tauhara; and a pumice islet added to its beauty.

At sunset we reached a small fortified *pah*, on the summit of a hill overlooking the lake. There were but few natives residing in it, to whom the sight of a *pakeha* was indeed astonishing; and after the salutation of welcome, they commenced a *tangi* at my guides and myself. The man who entertained us uttered a faint sound in his throat, like that of a person crying at a distance, and continued to look

mournfully on the ground. The welcome of the women was voluble and loud: they howled dismally, and their tears fell fast for some time. Another female soon arrived, who, squatting on the ground, commenced a *tangi* with her friends, so loud and doleful—now muttering, and anon howling like a hyæna—that it made one feel quite dismal: there she sat, yelling horribly, to my great annoyance; but Maori etiquette compelled me to look grave and not disturb her. There seemed to be no end to this woman's wailings of welcome: the night was cold, and she still continued to sit by the fire prolonging her lugubrious and discordant strains. Sometimes she would pitch a higher key, going upwards with a scream, shaking her voice, and muttering between every howl; then it would be a squall with variations, like "housetop cats on moonlight nights." Then, blowing her nose with her fingers, she made some remarks to the woman next her, and recommenced howling in the most systematic way. Once again she became furious; then, during an interval, she spoke about the *pakeha*, joined in a hearty laugh with the rest; and at last, after one long-continued howl, all was silent: to my great relief.

Oct. 26th.—Left Tihivihivi early, and reached the shores of the lake by a steep descent amongst beautiful evergreen shrubs. Below lay a settlement of the Taupo natives: some were busy at work in their little corn and kumera beds, whilst others were cooking food. Their maize plantations were exceedingly neat, and the

light pumice soil was turned up into little heaps very carefully where their *taro* was planted. Every thing here was in the primitive style, and the scene appeared lovely—the calm, blue lake; the mountains rising on all sides, mirrored in its bosom; the rocky steeps clad with evergreens to the water's edge, their blossoms giving forth the delicious odours of spring; and the petals of the yellow kowai strewn so thickly on the surface of the lake, as to make it appear in many places like a golden plain. The cry of “Te Pakeha” resounded along the hills, whilst from eighty to one hundred natives met us, and conducted us to the front of the chief's house, a sort of square; here we sat down in silence, and the women burst forth into a loud *tangi*: many stood wringing their hands and bending their bodies to the ground in the Eastern style, whilst from all around tears flowed profusely; and such *apparent* agony of grief was manifested, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that it was only the performance of an every-day custom amongst the New Zealanders.

Hiwikau, brother to Te Heuheu the celebrated warrior-chief of Taupo, accompanied us in a canoe to the kainga, or settlement of the great chief himself. The natives began to assemble in numbers; all sitting on the ground in a semi-circle: to sit in the presence of a stranger or a superior is considered as a mark of respect. Te Heuheu was superintending his people, who were at work in the potato grounds; but he at last arrived, and saluted me by pressing noses. After sitting down again in silence for some time, I de-

livered to him a letter of introduction, which I had brought from Te Whero Whero, the principal chief of Waikato.

Tc Heuheu is a fine old man; he stands nearly seven feet high and is very corpulent. His hair is silvery white, and his people compare it to the snowy head of the sacred Tongariro; there being no object, except this *tapu* mountain, of equal sanctity to permit of its being mentioned in connection with the head of their chief. At the present time, Te Heuheu has eight wives living; but only his favourite one is permitted to eat with him, and then out of separate vessels. He is frequently known by other names—Mananui and Tukino.

After Te Heuheu had heard the contents of the letter, which was read to him by one of his grandchildren, he immediately ordered a large pig to be killed for us; in the mean time I was fed, much against my inclination, with potted pigeons, boiled down in their own fat and kept in a gourd until perfectly rancid; for no salt is used in preparing them: this is a delicacy reserved for visitors and state occasions.

At this settlement of Te Heuheu's, which is called Te Rapa, I was astonished at finding a European and a countryman: he was a sailor, who had taken up his abode with the natives, and resided here under the protection of the great chief. Our surprise and delight at meeting was mutual: on my part, I had thus unexpectedly found a guide and an

interpreter in the wildest part of the interior; and the poor sailor was overjoyed at again seeing one of his own northern race. Newman, for that was his name, appropriated his *raupo* hut for my accommodation, and made himself of great use to me during my stay at Taupo. Singularly enough, I discovered that this man had served as a sailor on board a vessel belonging to my father, which was employed in the West India trade, and that he was acquainted with several individuals whose names were familiar to me.

Great preparations are making for the "fight" from Paripari, which is expected here daily: three thousand baskets of potatoes and *kumeras* have been brought down from the plantations; pigs are ready; and the natives are busily engaged in preparing their fire-arms and other weapons. Nga Whaka and Taonui are both looked for, with a body of several hundred men.

The Taupo people are a fine and good-looking race. They are wild, and subject to their old heathen customs, and hence afford better specimens of the primitive New Zealanders than those dwelling on the coast, whose character has been sadly changed by contact with traders and land-jobbers. The contamination of European intercourse has not yet reached these distant tribes of the interior.

Te Heuheu's son possesses a handsomely ornamented house at one extremity of the *kainga*. He is a stout lad of seventeen, and has no less than six wives betrothed to him, amongst the damsels of the

tribe. He has taken the name of Tamiti, out of compliment to Nene, or Tamiti Waka, the chief of Hokianga, to whom he has been on a visit. Amongst other presents, Nene gave him a horse, saddled, which was sent by sea to Tauranga in a small vessel belonging to Pomare, and conveyed overland with considerable difficulty, by a body of natives, to its destination at the Lake of Taupo. The extraordinary excitement produced by the arrival of so large and singular an animal, called into play the imitative faculties of the young Maories, and gave rise to numberless charcoal drawings of men on horseback, that cover nearly every flat board within the settlement. Young Tamiti may now be seen on horseback, riding swiftly along the shores of the lake, his only garment consisting of a regatta shirt, that flutters loose in the breeze.

During my stay at Taupo, I frequently experienced considerable trouble when sketching, from the prevalence of the *tapu*; so many objects being regarded as sacred: anything relating to food, if represented with the same pencil that depicted the head of the sacred chief, or put into the same portfolio with it, is considered a sad and fearful sacrilege. The whole of my sketches narrowly escaped being committed to the flames, through the indignation of Ko Tariu; and they were only rescued by the influence of my friend, the chief Te Heuheu. I was obliged in future to make drawings of the *patukas*, *tapu* buildings, &c., by stealth. Even the Tongariro

itself I was forbidden to represent, under pain of "utu," or payment; but I afterwards accomplished it with the assistance of one of my guides, who was a Christianized native. Notwithstanding the strict adherence of Te Heuheu to these absurd and heathen customs, I received every hospitality and protection from his hands; and the scrupulous integrity of this powerful chief showed itself, in an amusing instance, whilst I was at Te Rapa. On returning one evening with Newman to the *kainga*, there was an unusual commotion amongst the natives; and, on inquiry, we found that an old woman had informed the chief that some of the young folks had been eating the sugar belonging to the *pakeha*; I having left a small canister at Newman's hut, containing about half a pound. In order to settle this important question, Te Heuheu summoned every boy and girl of Te Rapa within the court-yard of his dwelling; and not being able to discover the supposed thief, he beat them all round in succession.

Oct. 27th.—I visited the boiling springs which issue from the side of a steep mountain above Te Rapa. There are nearly one hundred of them; they burst out, bubbling up from little orifices in the ground, which are not more than a few inches in diameter, and the steam rushes out in clouds with considerable force: the hill-side is covered with them, and a river of hot water runs down into the lake. The soil around is a red and white clay, strongly impregnated with sulphur and hydrogen gas: pyrites

also occur. Several women were busy cooking baskets of potatoes over some of the smaller orifices; leaves and fern were laid over the holes, upon which the food was placed: I tasted some of the potatoes, and they were capitally done.

Oct. 28th.—About two miles from this place, on the edge of a great swampy flat, I met with a number of boiling ponds; some of them of very large dimensions. We forded a river flowing swiftly towards the lake, which is fed by the snows melting in the valleys of the Tongariro. In many places in the bed of this river, the water boils up from the subterranean springs beneath, suddenly changing the temperature of the stream, to the imminent risk of the individual who may be crossing. Along whole tracts of ground I heard the water boiling violently beneath the crust over which I was treading. It is very dangerous travelling, for if the crust should break, scalding to death must ensue. I am told that the Roturua natives, who build their houses over the hot springs in that district, for the sake of constant warmth at night, frequently meet with fatal accidents of this kind: it has happened that when a party have been dancing on the floor, the crust has given way, and the convivial assembly have been suddenly swallowed up in the boiling cauldron beneath. Some of the ponds are ninety feet in circumference, filled with transparent pale blue boiling water, sending up columns of steam. Channels of boiling water run along the ground in every direc-

tion, and the surface of this calcareous flat around the margin of the boiling ponds is covered with beautiful encrustations of lime and alum, in some parts forming flat saucer-like figures. Husks of maize, moss, and branches of vegetable substances were encrusted in the same manner. I also observed small deep holes or wells here and there amongst the grass and rushes, from two inches to as many feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud, that rises up in large bubbles, as thick as hasty pudding: these mud pits send up a strong sulphurous smell. Although the ponds boiled violently, I noticed small flies walking swiftly, or rather running, on their surface. The steam that rises from these boiling springs is visible at a distance of many miles, appearing like the jets from a number of steam-engines.

During my stay at Taupo, I painted Te Heuheu and his brother, Hiwikau. Te Heuheu sat with the utmost gravity; as the idea of his portrait going to England along with that of Te Whero-whereo and the other *rangatiras*, flattered his consequence and filled him with pride. Now I have secured the portrait of this great man, I have access to all the chiefs of Taupo, and the candidates for sitters are increasingly numerous and importunate. Being under the protection of Te Heuheu, he has *topued* the hut in which I am staying, together with all my things; so that no one can meddle with them, and they are as safe as if they were in the Bank. Te Heuheu is generous and hospitable: whatever he gives is freely

bestowed; and he does not, like many of the chiefs, ask for tobacco or payment in return,—he prides himself upon his rank and dignity, and is glad of an opportunity to display his hospitality to strangers. The greenstone ornaments belonging to the old chief are remarkably fine: his *meri poonamu* is one of the largest I have seen, and is formed of semi-pellucid jade.

Hiwikau, the younger brother of Te Heuheu, resides in an ornamented house, painted red, at the extremity of the settlement of Te Rapa, close to the beautiful fall of Ko Waihi, where that stream dashes down the cliffs into the lake. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the spot: the foaming waters descend from the adjoining heights with a never-ceasing music—which, however, is unregarded by the dwellers hard by, for they are accustomed to it—and against the rich foliage of evergreens and tree-ferns the bright red dwellings, in savage heathen style, stand out in harmonious contrast; then, turning towards the lake, the eye rests with unwearied delight upon its broad surface—now deeply blue as the overhanging vault of heaven, anon dark and troubled, and broken into white restless foam, by the sudden squalls that sweep down from the adjoining mountains, and expend their fury upon the lake they cradle—while, far beyond, loom in the distance, hazy and dense outlines of mountain ranges, whose altitude is marked by the streaks of snow upon their summits; the intervening country across the lake

being ploughed up into strange disorder by volcanic fires, and clothed with russet fern, on which the sunbeams play, revealing tints of endless variety and loveliness. Here, amidst all this wealth of Nature's choicest scenery, dwell Hiwikau and his wife: yet they gaze as though they saw it not, utterly regardless of the beauty lavished around them.

The houses here are coloured with bright red clay from the adjoining hot springs; and many of the storehouses for food are adorned with feathers and grotesque carved work. In the canoes I have also observed several of the paddles elaborately ornamented with arabesque designs in black and white, produced by charring the wood: Te Heuheu's son has been ornamenting some for me in a similar manner.

A large swampy flat, of several miles in extent, intersected by rivers, borders on this end of Taupo Lake; and is backed by high mountains, on which, even at this season of the year, traces of snow still remain. Tongariro and the Ruapahu are hid from Te Rapa by the mountain of the boiling springs. In fine weather, many canoes are out upon the lake fishing; and the fish they obtain, although small, are extremely delicious. They have a clever method of taking them: between two canoes is fastened a net into which they drive the shoals of small fish, by means of a pole about twenty feet long, having at the end tufts of *raupo* or grass, which they wave along the surface of the water.

Many of the Taupo natives are Catholics: a French priest came here some time ago, and, with the aid of beads and crosses, and occasional presents of a little "weed," he succeeded in making numerous proselytes to the faith of Rome.

Upon the beach of the lake, near Te Rapa, there is a charming natural hot bath, in which the natives, especially the young folks, luxuriate daily. Sunset is the favourite time for bathing; and I have frequently seen, of an evening, at least twenty persons squatting together in the water, with only their heads above the surface. Boiling springs burst out of the ground, close to a large circular basin in the volcanic rock, which, by the assistance of a little art, has been rendered a capacious bath: the boiling stream is conducted into this reservoir gradually, and the temperature of the water is kept up or decreased by stopping out the boiling stream with stones, through which it trickles slowly, whilst the main body runs steaming into the lake. The medicinal properties of these hot mineral springs preserve the natives in a healthy state, and render their skins beautifully smooth and clear: indeed, some of the finest people in the island are to be observed about Taupo; and the beauty and symmetry of the limbs of many of the youth, would render them admirable studies for the sculptor.

The Maori or native swing is an amusement amongst the Taupo people which is obsolete upon the coast. A pole, generally the trunk of a *kaikatea*

pine, is erected in the centre of an open space adjoining the village; flax ropes are suspended from the top, and, holding on to these, the natives swing themselves round and round, in a similar manner to that which is practised in gymnasia and at country fairs in Europe. The boys here also amuse themselves with throwing short spears, made of the stems of fern bound round at the extremity: these they throw with admirable precision at any given object, emulating each other in the nicety of their aim.

Oct. 28th.—This morning the volcano of Tongariro has been growling, and violent blasts have swept down from the lofty regions around, whitening the now dark and leaden-looking lake with countless surges; torrents of rain accompanied the gusts of wind, and the low rumbling sound from the volcano gave tokens of internal action, the crater sending forth volumes of steam. The sunbeams occasionally piercing through the storm clouds produced the most splendid rainbows imaginable, and the tempestuous sky presented a succession of grand and magnificent pictures.

Oct. 29th.—To-day I determined to start for Tongariro. I had in vain attempted to persuade Te Heuheu to let me have a canoe to cross the lake to Mototiere: as he said there was considerable danger in crossing whilst the weather remained so unsettled. The volcano of Tongariro is under a strict *tapu* from Te Heuheu, and no one is allowed to attempt the ascent.

I offered the chief everything that I possessed, in the shape of blankets and sundry other articles, but to no purpose : Tongariro was *tapu*, and that *tapu*, like the law of the Medes and Persians, must not be broken. I left Te Rapa accompanied only by my lad Rihia ; E Pera, having lamed himself, awaited our return at Taupo Lake. We had Te Heuheu's permission to visit the *pah* of Motupoi, which stretches out into the lake of Roto-aire, at the base of the stupendous volcano ; but he would not permit Newman to accompany us, and gave me the strictest injunction not even to look at the sacred mountain. Bidding a temporary adieu to the suspicious old chief, I started with Rihia : had it not been that I wanted to obtain the portrait of Mungakahu, the chief of Roto-aire, I should not have been permitted to go at all ; so fearful was Te Heuheu that I should make improper use of my pencil in delineating the forbidden mountain.

Wading nearly middle-deep through the swamps of Tukanu flat, leaving the boiling ponds on our left, we ascended the hills from which we obtained commanding and extensive views of Taupo Lake and the surrounding scenery. Our path afterwards lay through a dense forest, but on arriving at the brow of a hill about twelve miles from Te Rapa, we caught a glimpse of Tongariro through the branches of the trees before us. On gaining the open country the scene was grand and imposing. The lower crater of the volcano rose before us in all its majesty, the snow



extending about one-third of the way down its steep sides, while at its base the lake of Roto-aire lay gleaming like sapphire: the pah of Motupoi crowning a neck of land that juts out and rises like an island from the bosom of the deep lake, whose tranquil surface reflected every object with the distinctness of a mirror. Towards the afternoon the scene changed; a strong wind sprang up, and the lake looked dark and chill: only that portion of it exposed to the breeze being dashed in white foam upon the punice shore. Squalls of rain and mist, attracted by the mountain, swept along its sides, whilst beyond, the sun was smiling upon the distant fern-clad hills. Arriving at a native house on the borders of the lake, where about thirty individuals were congregated together, I left Rihia and stole away unseen to make my sketch of the mountain. We then crossed the lake in a canoe, and landed at the pah of Motupoi, where we passed the night. This pah is strongly fortified, and at the time of my visit the natives were busy in completing and repairing the fortifications; the fact being (though it was kept a secret) that they were expecting a sudden attack from the Waikatos in retaliation for an old offence which had lately been brought into notice. Mungakahu, the chief of this pah, is a *pikopo*, or Roman Catholic; several of his people have also embraced Popery, and at sunset they performed their vespers in front of the chief's house.

The view of Tongariro from this spot was mag-

nificent, as it appeared lit up with all the resplendent tints of evening: the glow of the setting sun fell with a roscate warmth on the steepes of the mountain; and after the orb sunk below the horizon, leaving the deep valleys veiled in gray and purple twilight, its glory gilded the snow-streaked crater, and tinged with ruby and orange the volumes of vapour that rolled up from that vast cauldron. It was indeed a majestic scene: sublime in its grandeur; and I wished there had been other than savages to have gazed with me upon its glories.

The crater of Tongariro is an immense truncated cone, giving vent, like an enormous safety-valve, to the steam and vapours that proceed from the boiling waters in its subterranean depths. Several other mountains are grouped with the stupendous peak of Tongariro, forming one grand mass or cluster; and the snow extends for a considerable distance down their sides. Near the termination of the snow, there are boiling springs, which send up volumes of steam: forests clothe the lower sides for some miles, and fern hills commence the ascent. It is only at intervals that any considerable quantity of steam issues from the crater: when I first saw the mountain from across the lake there was no appearance of any vapour, but after sunset it rose in continuous masses. Owing to the situation of Roto-aire being so close under the mountain, the grand cone of snow, which is visible from a distance, and also the Ruapahu, are hid by the lower crater.

The night was extremely cold and clear; and in the morning the ground was covered with a white frost. The altitude even of the lake of Roto-aire cannot be much less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea; and the cold brought by the wind from the neighbouring snow-fields and glaciers, renders the climate here much more rigorous than on the coast, where it is tempered by the softening influence of the ocean.

My lad Ribia, who belongs to the Wesleyans, sang and prayed out of his book, by himself, aloud. I supped with the chief upon potatoes and a few little spotted minnows, which had been caught in the lake. My only remaining supplies are—about a tablespoonful of salt, which I highly prize, and a couple of ounces of tea! No flour, sugar, bread, butter, or any of the comforts of civilized life. Yet I am quite contented and happy; though by no means insensible to such privations: on returning to civilization I shall probably appreciate and enjoy those luxuries more than many who never experienced the want of them.

The night being exceedingly cold, I slept in the *ware pune*, or “close house:” after a fire had been lighted inside, and the little den heated to at least 90° of Fahrenheit, I entered it and lay down upon my blanket; by-and-by, the natives came crawling in, until the place was crammed full, and then the door and window were closely fastened by wooden shutters: the atmosphere was suffocating, and the

oppression was so great, that one scarcely dared to move. After passing the night in this "black hole," we came out dripping with perspiration into the keen frosty air, and saw the sunrise gilding the vapour that had settled during the night in fleecy clouds above the summit of Tongariro.

Oct. 30th.—I painted Mungakahu and his wife; and then, taking leave of the natives, who were preparing to start for the opposite forests to procure timber for their fortifications, we crossed the lake, and proceeded on our way back towards Taupo. As soon as I was out of the way of the natives, I sent Rihia onwards, that he might not see me, and made another sketch of the mountain of Tongariro. This done, I shouted in vain for Rihia, and at length found him some distance onwards, fast asleep upon a log.

Although the morning at Roto-aire had proved so sharp and cold, the day was warm and sunny amongst the sheltered glens and belts of forest land through which we passed on our return to Taupo. About six miles before we arrived at the lake, we visited the remains of an extensive pah, where several huge wooden images still continued to be in a good state of preservation: some of the stiles in this neighbourhood, which connected the plantations for potatoes and kumeras, were also rudely carved, so as to represent grotesque figures. After recrossing the swamps at Tukanu, and passing the boiling ponds, we arrived late in the afternoon at Te Rapa; where we found

Newman busily engaged in cooking the remainder of the pig, in a native oven in the ground between hot stones.

Oct. 31st.—To-day Newman accompanied me in a canoe to visit Waitahanui, the old pah of Te Heuheu, which is situated on the borders of the extensive swamps at the extremity of the lake, about six miles across from Te Rapa, the present settlement. This ancient pah is now in ruins, it having been deserted some years ago by the present inhabitants of Te Rapa, on the adoption of their new religion: no longer fearing the attacks of the Waikatos, who have mostly embraced Christianity, these people removed from Waitahanui—once the stronghold of barbarism, and the scene of numberless cannibal feasts—to the scattered settlement of Te Rapa, along the margin of the lake.

Waitahanui pah stands on a neck of low swampy land, jutting into the lake; and a broad deep river, forming a delta, called the Tongariro, and by some the Waikato (as that river runs out again at the other end of Taupo lake), empties itself near the pah. The long façade of the pah presents an imposing appearance when viewed from the lake; a line of fortifications, composed of upright poles and stakes, extending for at least half a mile in a direction parallel to the water. On the top of many of the posts are carved figures, much larger than life, of men in the act of defiance, in the most savage and indecent postures, having enormous protruding

tongues ; and, like all the Maori carvings, these images or *wakapokokos* are coloured with *kokowai* or red ochre. The entire *pah* is now in ruins, and has been made *tapu* by Te Heuheu since its desertion. Here, then, all was forbidden ground ; but with the assistance of Newman I eluded the suspicions of our natives, and rambled all day amongst the decaying memorials of the past, making drawings of the most striking and peculiar objects within the *pah*. The cook-houses, where the father of Te Heuheu had his original establishment, remained in a perfect state ; the only entrances to these buildings were a series of circular apertures, in and out of which the slaves engaged in preparing the food were obliged to crawl. Near to the cook-houses there stood a carved *patuka*, which was the receptacle for the sacred food of the chief ; and nothing could exceed the richness of the elaborate carving that adorned this storehouse. I made a careful drawing of it, as the frail material was falling to decay. Ruined houses, many of them once beautifully ornamented and richly carved ; numerous *wahi tapu* and other heathen remains, with images and carved posts, occur in various portions of this extensive *pah* ; but in other places the hand of time has so effectually destroyed the buildings as to leave them but an unintelligible mass of ruins. The situation of this *pah* is admirably adapted for the security of its inmates ; it commands the lake on the one side, and the other fronts the extensive marshes of Tukanu,

where a strong palisade and a deep moat afford protection against any sudden attack. Water is conveyed into the pah through a sluice or canal, for the supply of the besieged in times of war. There was an air of solitude and gloomy desolation about the whole pah, that was heightened by the scream of the plover and the tern as they uttered their mournful cry through the deserted courts. I rambled over the scenes of many savage deeds: ovens, where human flesh had been cooked in heaps, still remained, with the stones used for heating them lying scattered around, blackened by fire; and here and there a dry skull lay bleaching in the sun and wind—a grim memorial of the past. The house where Te Heuheu was born is still in good preservation, and is ornamented with red, black, and white colouring. The temple of his heathen worship is a neat edifice, and the planks of the roof are elaborately adorned with red and white angular designs.

The beach, fronting the lake, is all pumice; and thousands of gulls, tern, and wild ducks, occupy a small island in the lake, not far from the pah, at the embouchure of the river Tongariro.

Amidst the ruins of Waitahanui, I had enriched my portfolio with several sketches of the architectural remains of a people whose ancient arts and customs are rapidly becoming obsolete; and as I brought away by stealth the only memorials of the once powerful stronghold of Taupo, I had to observe the utmost caution to hide them from the eyes of

Te Heuheu, who would instantly have destroyed all my sketches had he discovered them.

Returning to Te Rapa, with keen appetites for supper, we found on our arrival at the hut, that all our food—about twenty pounds of roast pork, cooked in the native oven yesterday, together with a cake of dried fish and some cold potatoes—had been entirely devoured; nothing remaining but the bare and gnawed bones lying about on the floor of the hut, which was covered with grease: a number of half-starved dogs had scraped a hole in the side of the hut, which was built of reeds, and had there held a banquet during our absence; several of them rushing out as we entered. Fortunately we met a canoe returned from fishing on the lake, that had brought home a quantity of small fish; which, with some *kumeras* supplied to us by Te Heuheu, somewhat consoled us for the loss of our pork.

CHAPTER IV.

TUTUKAMAUNA — VOLCANIC WILDERNESS — OTAWHAO
 THE CHURCH MISSIONARY STATION — REV. J. MORGAN
 — RAROERA PAH — NGAHURUHURU — BLIND SOLOMON
 — WAIPA — RETURN DOWN THE WAIKATO TO AUCK-
 LAND.

Nov. 1st.—TO-DAY I made preparations to start from Te Rapa. The lads, especially E Pera, were very tiresome : they had grown lazy by their stay at the *hainga* of Te Heuheu, and had been so well treated that they wished to remain longer. Furthermore, E Pera had found favour in the sight of one of the damsels of Taupo, and was unwilling to part from her bewitching influence. They kept me waiting several hours, saying, “Te Heuheu had desired them not to start until their bellies were full, that they might have strength for the journey;” and as Pera grew saucy, I was at length obliged to drive them to the canal with my *toko toko*, or stick, when, seeing

me determined, they slowly and sulkily took their seats. They had not paddled far, however, before good-humour returned, and they were singing and shouting as merrily as ever. Before I took leave of Te Heuheu, he made me "kai kai," or eat with him, which I was to understand as a mark of especial favour. One of the Taupo natives accompanied us to the settlement, which we were to reach this evening.

On landing at the spot where the path led towards Omurua, we struck through an open country clothed with fern and wiry grass ; isolated hills, with occasional ravines of pumice, and several extensive swamps, presented themselves during the day.

The dogs belonging to the native who was our fellow-traveller to Omurua, put up a wild bush-dog, which was exceedingly fierce, and attacked them furiously ; but, on our running up, it escaped into the adjoining thickets. It was covered with long bushy hair, and in appearance greatly resembled a jackall.

Striking into a belt of forest, we came out, after seven or eight hours' hard walking, into a potato-ground, where a number of natives were at work, digging between the felled *kaikatea*-trees with their wooden spades or digging implements, which are called *ko*. These were the people of Omurua, a small settlement, consisting of a few huts, situated upon a neighbouring eminence, and fenced in with high palisades. No sooner had we made our appear-

ance in the distance, than the cry of "*te pakeha*" resounded through the woods; the women screaming out, "*Haere mai te pakeha*," at the highest pitch of their voices, until the whole settlement was in an uproar. On arriving at the cooking sheds, we sat down, and the women all left their work to prepare us some food. They first offered me some gruel, which looked black and filthy; and doubtless was so, being made of putrid potatoes, rotted under water for some weeks. This they gave to my lads, together with some cakes of the same nauseous materials, which were baked in the ashes, and quite black. The women now prepared the oven, and cooked the evening meal for the whole settlement. It consisted of potatoes and sow-thistles, steamed by means of heated stones, in the following manner:—A number of large stones had already been made hot upon a large wood-fire. A deep hole was then dug in the earth, resembling a little well, and the heated stones placed in it; the bottom and sides being thickly lined with fresh fern leaves out of the adjoining wood. The potatoes were poured in out of the baskets, and over them was strewn a layer of sow-thistles; a woman then poured water out of a calabash over the oven, from whence the steam rose in clouds; more fresh fern leaves were laid over the top, and the whole was finally closed over with a mass of chickweed and earth. When the time arrived for the opening of the oven, the contents were distributed to the surrounding multitude, who were all anxiously

waiting for their frugal meal. A girl was engaged in making neat round baskets, to contain the food when ready, from the long leaves of the *tawara*, or *Frey-cinetia Banksii*, a parasite in the woods. It is astonishing with what rapidity the women plait these baskets : fresh ones are required for every meal, there being so many superstitions connected with food amongst the New Zealanders.

Nov. 2nd.—After passing a cold and wretched night in a windy shed they called their “ware karakia,” or chapel, which was inhabited by immense fleas, whose size did not render them less nimble or ravenous, we started in the rain and wind, through a dismal and desolate country, composed of broken hills, ravines, and rocky masses of pumice, intersected by swamps.

Amongst the wiry grass, or *wiwi*, of these volcanic districts, two very beautiful species of moss occur in considerable abundance : the one is a cup-moss, with brilliant scarlet sealing-wax-like tips and edges ; the other resembles bushes of white coral. Larks (*Alauda Novæ Selandiæ*) are abundant here, and amongst the grass I captured a new species of butterfly, belonging to the genus *polyommatus* ; the latter has since been described and figured from my specimens by my friend Edward Doubleday, Esq., of the British Museum.

We crossed a foaming cataract by jumping across a chasm of rocks, which was our only means of passing a broad and swiftly-flowing river : it was a dreadful

leap, and had either of us slipped we should have been dashed to pieces in the raging cauldron of rock-beaten surf below. A flower, which I have observed in no other locality, somewhat like the Christmas primrose, grew on the banks of this river. Large tracts of fern in this dreary region have been devastated by fire, and add a further gloominess to the scene.

We stopped to dine on potatoes at a small new settlement, where the natives were building a couple of *ware punis*, or "warm houses," and several plantations appeared in the vicinity. The people here were exceedingly troublesome about the *tapu*, and E Pera was as bad as any of them: they were angry because my portfolio was placed under the cooking shed to preserve it from the rain, for E Pera had told them that it contained the head of Te Heuheu, and as it is sacrilege for him to enter a place appropriated to food, it is equally sacrilege for his portrait to be placed under similar circumstances. At length I grew vexed, and told them I would put Te Heuheu's picture into the fire if there was any more ado; at this E Pera was dreadfully shocked, and talked of writing a flax letter, to be sent off immediately, informing the great chief of my wickedness. My hands are *tapu*, because they represented the sacred head; and I am continually subject to some absurd arrogance from this peculiar rite. Occasionally, however, I turn the *tapu* to my own advantage; and when the natives tease me to

show them the paintings, I reply that they are all "tapu tapu."

Leaving the new settlement, we travelled on and on, amid soaking rain, till the shades of evening fell around us, when we were glad to find ourselves at a small *hainga*, consisting of a few huts, enclosed, upon the summit of a steep hill. Looking back from hence, over the waste country we had traversed, it appeared all broken into rocky eminences, stretching away towards Taupo and Roturua. This place is called Tutukamauna; and the inhabitants being Christians belonging to the Waipa mission, there is a "*ware karakia*" or "house of worship" here; though at this time it was unfinished. In this house I had to sleep in my wet clothes, and next morning was seized with a violent influenza.

Nov. 3rd.—This day was Sunday, and I was compelled to remain in this exposed place on the top of the hill, suffering greatly and quite ill from want of proper food; my supplies having been long ago exhausted, and it being the Sabbath, the natives would not stir even to make me a fire: they were all too much engaged with their devotions. Ill and miserable as I was, I was obliged to wander about in the wind and rain, and gather wood for myself to kindle a fire; for it was intensely cold, the wind blowing a gale from the southward. Towards evening the weather cleared off, and the sky presented one unclouded expanse of blue, though the wind continued as high as before. From this eminence

the grand cone of Tongariro was visible to me for the first time, with a cloud of steam issuing from it, far above the crater seen from the base of the mountain at Roto-aire lake.

Nov. 4th.—A splendid sunrise ushered in a cloudless day. There was ice, this morning, as thick as a half-crown, on the loose stones of pumice that bordered the stream at the foot of the hill of Tutukamauna. The chief (Pilate) and his wife accompanied us for several miles along the road; as they were going to a potato ground in that direction: the woman was heavily laden with the implements required for agriculture. All day we travelled through a grassy, but wild-looking country: pumice was everywhere thickly scattered about, and the whole region was exceedingly desolate. The views of the Ruapahu and Tongariro from this point were magnificent: the broad, unsullied snows of the former stood out like a pearly cloud against the blue sky; the high snowy ranges of the Ruatahina mountains stretched away towards the south, and the scene was one of vastness and solitary grandeur. To our left we passed a wooded range, with a remarkable mountain, having on one side a rocky peak jutting out abruptly in the form of a huge cone. We crossed a natural bridge of rock, over a narrow and fearfully deep chasm, at the bottom of which a hidden stream foamed beneath reeds and brushwood: the surrounding scenery was rocky and wild. Halting at a temporary shed near a swamp, to cook some potatoes which we

had brought with us, the lads set fire to the grass; and the wind, which was blowing strongly from the south-west, caused the flames to spread with such rapidity that the hut was set on fire, and in a few minutes presented nothing but a heap of ashes: we had barely time to rush in and rescue our bundles, and, above all, my precious "*puka puka*," or portfolio. An hour before sunset we arrived at the banks of the Mungakino, a river about fifty feet broad. Lower down, the waters are imprisoned, as it were, between perpendicular walls of rock, through which they foam and rave dreadfully along the fathomless abyss, hurrying with impetuous fury towards a succession of cataracts: and across this chasm, that yawned black and terrible in the fading daylight, there had been suspended a swinging bridge tied together with flax leaves. We dared not trust ourselves upon this frail support, it being so rotten that on E Pera testing it, it immediately gave way; and, having no other alternative, we were compelled to swim across at the broad part of the river, just above the falls: the current was rapid, but we crossed in safety, and all our clothes and packages were got over dry; the lads swimming with them upon their heads. As night advanced, we pushed onwards with redoubled speed, through a dreary region of pumice hills, and reached the Wai-papa, a winding stream between pumice banks, along which grew numerous dragon-trees and brush-wood of tea-tree: here we found an old shed, and,

setting to work, speedily built it up with reeds, so as to form a tolerable shelter for the night.

Nov. 5th.—The sun rose red over the hills that skirted the Waipapa, and we started early. The lads set fire to the hut, that no one else might avail themselves of its shelter: this is a custom in New Zealand, arising from the law of *tapu*. The rain began to fall before we set off on our day's march; a heavy leaden-looking sky closed in, and it poured in torrents until the evening. We had awful travelling this day: fearful ascents and descents of steep precipices of pumice and lava, and narrow slippery paths, frequently on the giddy verge of a cliff overhanging some dark and troubled stream. Dense mists were hanging over thousands of broken hills, that looked most truly desolate; and volcanic rocks, high and jagged, rose in abrupt masses, resembling ruined castles crowning these gloomy heights. This volcanic wilderness corresponds with the one near Tuhua, that extends for about sixty miles round Tongariro; which is the limit of the pumice region or belt surrounding that stupendous volcano. About ten miles from Waipapa we descended a very long and steep precipice down a mountain's side; at the bottom of which ran a river, rushing between high masses of rock, and descending in a cascade of about sixty feet in height. This mountain torrent was crossed by means of a swinging bridge. The scenery here was peculiarly romantic; yet it was a wild and dreary spot: there was not a living thing—

not the twitter of a bird, nor even the hum of an insect—to break the spell of solitude: we heard only the torrent's ceaseless roar, dashing down into that dark, deep glen, and echoed back by the grey rocks that imprison it.

About three o'clock we suddenly left this volcanic wilderness, and once more entered upon a tract of forest. Still the rain came down in a complete deluge, and the woods were dripping like a shower-bath; we managed, however, to light a fire, and cook some potatoes, in the hollow of a spreading *rimu* tree. Like moving sops, we travelled on and on—alternately creeping through tangled liands and climbing over fallen trees—until late in the afternoon; when, to our joy, we reached a small potato-ground, where there were a few native huts. Here we passed the night in a very smoky cook-house, where we dried all our clothes; wrapping ourselves *pro tem.* in native mats. The house was full of inquisitive natives and smoke; and, at the door, numberless little dogs were waiting to steal in unobserved: as fast as they came in, however, they were thrown out by the natives very coolly, either by their heads or tails.

Nov. 6th.—The weather having cleared off, we started early this morning for Otawhao; which we hoped to reach before night—a distance of upwards of thirty miles. We passed an old pah, our road skirting the base of the celebrated mountain of Maungataritari, and halted to dine at a few huts

near a potato-ground, on a hill opposite, in which the natives were at work. We shouted to them, but they would not come; until we said that we were starving, when three old hags came down and cooked us some potatoes. Here, as usual, there was a tame *kaka* upon a fern post.

We passed the ruins of several ancient strongholds, on the summits of rocky hills, where great cannibal feasts had formerly been held by the Waikatos, when they fought and destroyed the hill tribes of Maungataritari.

We met a party of natives travelling towards the interior. They told us that a woman, a relation of the chief Ngawaka, had been shot by another chief for bewitching his son; who was sick, and who died, after she had attempted to cure him by her magic art: having no shot, he had loaded his gun with a stick, and firing it off, pierced her to the heart. As the woman is nearly related to Ngawaka, it is generally supposed that a great *toua* will be demanded as a compensation for her death.

Travelling on, in sight of the mountains of Kokepouke and Perongia on the Waipa, we entered the fine district that extends towards that beautiful river, and passed through many native settlements; the remarkably neat and extensive plantations connected with them showing the prosperity and industry of the people belonging to this fertile district.

It was several hours after sunset before we reached the church missionary station of Otawhao, where I

was most hospitably received by the Rev. J. Morgan and his excellent wife. Nothing could exceed the kindness I experienced whilst staying under their roof; and during the few days I passed at Otawhao my natives recruited their strength, resting with their friends at one of the neighbouring pahs.

Nov. 7th.—The mission premises of Otawhao are very comfortable, and there is an appearance of peace and happiness amidst the native population around, that speaks well for the worthy missionary's labours. Whilst attending to their spiritual interests, Mr. Morgan has not neglected the temporal amelioration of those about him: the sick are cared and provided for, and medicine is administered to those that need it; whilst Mrs. Morgan, who is called "mother," both by young and old, is unceasing in her kindness and attention to the women and children: her aid and advice are continually sought for.

A steady course of persevering industry for a series of years has enabled Mr. Morgan to have around him all the little comforts of life; so that, after undergoing toils and dangers of the most fearful description, and living for a long period at the mercy of two belligerent and cannibal tribes, he is now enabled to dwell at peace, enjoying the fruits of his labours, and witnessing the beneficent effects of Christianity amongst a people who, only eight years ago, held their banquets of human flesh at the door of the missionary's hut, and shook the severed

and bloody heads and limbs of their enemies in the very face of his terrified wife!

A small river running into the Waipa flows at the bottom of the garden; behind the mission house is an orchard containing fine peach and apple trees, and a small farmyard extends on one side. On the opposite bank is a native pah of considerable extent. Another native pah is situated upon an eminence beyond the station, and about two hundred yards from the mission house stands the native chapel, a large and interesting structure.

On the formation of this mission station, nine years ago, there was not a single Christian native in the vicinity, and after the expiration of the first year the station was removed to a distance of 150 miles; but five years ago it was again re-formed at Otawhao, and in a few months about two hundred natives were gathered into a congregation. They built a chapel, which was blown down during a gale of wind; they then completed the present commodious place of worship, which will comfortably contain upwards of one thousand natives: it measures 86 feet by 42. The ridge pole, a single tree-stem, 86 feet in length, was dragged by the natives from the woods, a distance of three miles; and all the other timber was likewise conveyed by them from a similar distance. The rafters are all detached, and most of the woodwork is fastened together with flax; the sides are beautifully worked with fern stalks, tied together in cross-stitch with *aka*, a species of wild climber, which gives to it

a rich and finished appearance. The entire design originated with the natives, who formed this spacious building without rule or scale, and with no other tools than their adzes, a few chisels, and a couple of saws. After the erection of the framework, the season was so far advanced, that, fearing they should not be able to complete it in time, the Otawhao people requested a party of one hundred Maungataritari natives to assist them in its completion; to whom they gave the entire sum that had been paid them by the Missionary Society, amounting in value to about 23*l.* sterling; they also killed a couple of hundred pigs, that their friends might live well during the time devoted to their assistance. The windows, which are of a gothic shape, and thirteen in number, were fetched from Tauranga on the coast—a distance of seventy-five miles from Otawhao—by fourteen men; who carried them on their backs, over mountains and through forests, without any payment whatever. The whole tribe, amounting to about 600 or 700 natives, are now nearly all Christianized.

Infanticide formerly prevailed to a fearful extent: children were generally destroyed on the second or third day after birth; but if it happened that the infant was suffered to live longer than three days, it was rarely killed: the mother having in that time become attached to her offspring. Weakly or deformed children, however, were in all cases put to death, being considered unfit for flight in war. One woman at Matamata confessed to having put to

death six of her children in succession, "that she might be strong to run away from the fight!" And another woman, now living with Mrs. Morgan, destroyed all her children up to the period of her embracing Christianity: she would not even look at them for fear she should love them! Rangitatau, a girl of Roturua, who for some time lived at the mission-station of Otawhao, married and had a female child. One cold night, when on a visit to Tarama-takitaki, a great chief, she borrowed a garment from him to wrap herself in: during the night, the insects annoyed her so much that, according to the native custom, she caught and ate them. Next day, the infant was taken ill; this she attributed to her having eaten the sacred insects upon the *tapu* garment of the chief, for which the "atuas" were angry, and had punished her by afflicting her child with disease. The child grew worse, and she thereupon strangled it, thinking it was bewitched. She afterwards took a puppy and brought it up by suckling it at her breast, assigning as the reason for this, "*that it might be strong to catch pigs!*"—and she boasted to Mrs. Morgan that there was no dog like it, and that no pig, however ferocious, was able to contend with it! She had a second child, which she reared; and with it, at the other breast, she suckled a second pup: but the dog deprived the infant of its nutriment. Mrs. Morgan one day accidentally discovered this; and finding that the poor infant was reduced to a little skeleton, she made it a flannel

dress, and succeeded in persuading the mother to abandon the pup. This woman has since embraced Christianity, and has reared no more little dogs ; yet her subsequent children have all pined and died !

It is not more than eight years ago since Mrs. Chapman, the wife of the missionary at Roturua, had her infant scholars taken away from her by their parents to partake of cannibal feasts ; and when she attempted to prevent it they told her “ that human flesh was sweeter than pork.”

It is customary for the oldest boy and girl of a family to eat the sacred food offered to the dead, at the raising and scraping of the bones of a deceased parent from the *wahi tapu*. This is done in order to remove the *tapu* ; to which the person who raised the bones is subjected by so doing, as he is not allowed to partake of food until the *tapu* is taken off. When the girl has eaten, the *tapu* is removed ; but, should the girl happen to be dead, they then put food into a calabash, and placing it within the enclosure of the *wahi tapu*, say, addressing her by name,—“ Here is your food.” This is supposed to answer the same end. Should there be no daughter, the nearest relative of the deceased supplies her place in the removal of the *tapu*.

About four miles from Otawhao are the ruins of Raroera, formerly one of the finest paha in this part of New Zealand. Much good carving, and many elaborately ornamented houses, still remain. These, however, are gradually rotting away and fall-

ing to the ground, amidst the damp and decay of this deserted enclosure. In many places the rank vegetation had so completely overgrown some of these fallen vestiges of Maori art, that I was compelled to clear it away in order to examine them. I spent whole days in exploring this ruined pah, and making drawings of a few of the most remarkable buildings and other works that have not yet yielded to the all-subduing hand of time. At Raroera stands the finest carved monument in New Zealand—a *papatupapakau*, or mausoleum, erected by Te Whero Whero to his favourite daughter. It was on the death of this girl that Te Whero Whero cursed the surrounding chiefs, and was compelled to give Tariki of Pari Pari the armour that Hongi brought from England as a present from George IV. This extraordinary monument was entirely carved by one individual, a lame man, named Parinui; and, what is still more extraordinary, his only tool was the head of an old bayonet. The tomb is about twelve feet high, in the form of a box, with a projecting roof, supported by grotesque figures. The carving is exceedingly rich; the eyes of the figures are formed of *pawa*, or pearl-shells (*haliotis*), and the feathers of the *kaka* and the albatross are used for decorating the seams of the wood-work. Parinui is a celebrated carver and practiser of the art of tattooing: hence he is also *tohunga*, or priest. The natives, on seeing my drawing of the *papatupapakau*, were utterly astonished, and fetched Parinui himself, who said, I was “*ka nui tohunga*”—“a great priest!”

One of the most interesting individuals at the mission station of Otawhao is Horomona Marahau, or "Blind Solomon," who has for some years acted very efficiently as a native catechist and teacher in connection with the Church Missionary Society. The account of the early life and exploits of this once celebrated warrior, and his subsequent change to Christianity, as narrated to me from his own lips and translated by Mr. Morgan, affords a fair example of the troubled life of many of the New Zealand chiefs. From a boy, Horomona accompanied his father on all his fighting expeditions. At the taking of a pah at Waingaroa, he saw great numbers captured as slaves; he then went to Hanga, where many were slain and eaten; and at the taking of the great pah at Maungataritari forty men were killed, besides women and children, and all eaten. At a second fight at Maungataritari, whither Horomona accompanied his father, sixty men were killed and eaten. After this, an attack was made by the Nga ti Raukawa tribe upon the pah in which Horomona resided; the assailants retreated, and were pursued by Horomona and his party, but the Nga ti Raukawas rallied again, turned back upon their pursuers, and slew upwards of one hundred of them, Horomona himself narrowly escaping. At Kawhia fight, sixty were killed and eaten. At Mokau, Horomona's party were beaten off and two hundred of them killed: here the chief met with another hair-breadth escape. Returning to Mokau, Horomona succeeded in taking the pah,

when two hundred were killed and eaten, and numbers of women and children taken as slaves. During the engagement Horomona took the principal chief prisoner, but finding that on a former occasion his own brother had been saved by this chief, Horomona, as an act of gratitude, led his captive to the mountains, to enable him to get clear of his enemies, and then let him go. The next expedition of Horomona was to Poverty Bay, where two hundred men were killed and eaten, or taken as slaves. He then went to Kapiti, and from thence to Wanganui; the inhabitants of both parts flying at his approach. After this, Taranaki became the seat of war, great numbers being continually killed on both sides, and cannibal feasts held almost daily. At Waitara, Horomona and his tribe were attacked by Rauparaha's party, and ten of their number killed; they then fled to Poukirangiora, where they were surrounded by Rauparaha and his followers, and remained besieged for several months. When at length their supplies of food were completely exhausted, they contrived to send out a spy by night, who passed through the enemy's encampment, and reached the mountains in safety; travelling along the forest ranges until he reached the Waikato district, where he gave information of the condition of the besieged. Te Whero Whero and Waharoa of Matamata, the father of Tarapipipi the present chief of that place, went to their rescue with a large party; they were, however, all beaten off by Rauparaha, and twenty of their number killed;

but the Waikatos again rallied, renewed the attack, rescued their friends, beat back Rauparaha, and returned home in triumph. After this, the Nga Puis from the Bay of Islands, headed by the famous E Hongi (Shongi), who had just then returned from England with fire-arms and gunpowder, came down upon them like a host, and made an attack upon the great Waikato pah called Matuketuke; the Waikatos had only native weapons with which to beat off their enemies, and with so unequal an advantage the Nga Puis took the pah in a few minutes. Horomona and Te Whero Whero were amongst the captured inmates. At this dreadful carnage two thousand were slain; feasts were held upon the dead bodies on the spot where they lay, and all manner of savage and dreadful rites were held in unrestrained licentiousness to commemorate this great victory of the Nga Puis. The bones of the two thousand still lie whitening on the plains, and the ovens remain in which the flesh of the slaughtered was cooked for their horrible banquets. So numerous were the slaves taken during this attack, that the Nga Puis killed many of them on their road to the Bay of Islands, merely to get them out of the way. The escape of Horomona from the general slaughter was almost miraculous: he fled to the mountains, and after the retreat of their northern enemies, his tribe once more collected together and marched to Poverty Bay, where the pah was taken by them, and six hundred were killed, and eaten after the fight was over. Not long sub-

sequent to the attack on the inhabitants of Poverty Bay, Horomona became blind at Otawhao, where he first met with the missionaries; at Matamata he heard the Rev. H. Williams preach, and at length became a convert to Christianity. For the last four years Horomona has been a native teacher under the Rev. J. Morgan; and may be seen every Sabbath-day with his class, instructing them in the truths of the Scriptures with an earnestness and energy truly admirable. He is now about to start on a journey of ninety miles to preach Christianity to a tribe that have not yet received it. The memory of Horomona is quite wonderful: he knows the whole of the church service by heart, and repeats hymns and many long chapters verbatim: at a late examination in the catechism, Horomona was the only individual who knew every word correctly.

Not far from the mission-house, is the old and ruined pah of Otawhao, where one solitary building continues in a state of tolerable preservation. It is called Maketu House, and is one of the finest remains of Maori ornamental architecture still extant; and the number of savage figures which are carved in wood around the roof, impart to it a grotesque and heathen aspect. This house was erected by Puata, in commemoration of the taking of Maketu on the east coast, by the people of his tribe; and the carved figures are intended to represent the various warriors who fell in battle, or were engaged in the fight: all having their tongues pro-

truding as a mark of the extreme defiance with which they regard their enemies. Puata was the principal chief, and the greatest warrior of his tribe, and was most active and influential in carrying on the Roturua war; and until his last illness he had not only rejected Christianity, but treated it with contempt. During his illness, however, Puata was visited by Mr. Morgan, who, after considerable difficulty, persuaded him to take medicine, instead of trusting to the sorcery and charms of the heathen Tohungas; and so wrought upon the mind of the heathen chief, that at last he embraced that religion he had once despised: he had a school established within the pah, and as he lay sick he was accustomed to call his people round him, and hold morning and evening prayers. In this state he lingered several months, when he was removed to Whatawhata: his last words to his people were, "Receive the word of God, and hold fast on Jesus Christ." Amidst the decaying ruins of the pah of Otawhao I found the *pahu* or war-bell, an instrument now fallen into disuse, and regarded as obsolete; it was only sounded when an enemy was expected. It is an oblong piece of wood, about six feet long, with a groove in the centre; and being slung by ropes of flax, was struck with a heavy piece of wood, by a man who sat on an elevated scaffold, crying out at every stroke the watchword of alarm.* It was only during the night that the *pahu* was sounded,

* See vignette, title-page.

for the purpose of informing the enemy that the inmates of the pah were awake, and also to let the people of the pah know that the sentinel is on the look out. Its sound is a most melancholy one; the dull heavy strokes breaking with a solemn monotony on the stillness of the night: tolling, as it were, the death-knell of many to be slain on the morrow. The tolling of the war-bell, and the horrid yells of the "*poukana*," or war-dance, were often the only sounds that met the ears of the missionary at Matamata for weeks together; now the Matamata congregation amounts to upwards of four hundred, and the nightly sound of the war-bell is exchanged for the songs of their *karakia*, or evening worship.

Only ten years ago those missionaries, who are now dwelling in peace and safety, were oft-times compelled to witness slaughter and bloodshed, even in their own dwellings. During the Roturua war, their wives and children were frequently hid in swamps for successive days and nights, afraid even to kindle a fire until after dark, lest the curl of smoke should betray their retreat to the enemy's tribe. At the plunder of the mission station by the wild Roturuans, Mr. Morgan, with his wife and their infant child, had to bury a change of clothes in the garden by night, that they might not be left utterly destitute.

Besides the war-bell, a war-horn or pah-trumpet was occasionally used by the people in this part of New Zealand. It was styled *putara putara*, and was

a tube usually about seven feet long, hollowed out of hard wood, and widened towards the end whence the sound issued, by means of several pieces of wood fastened together with flax, like the staves of a cask : towards the mouth-piece it was carved with a grotesque figure. This trumpet was placed over the fence-work of the pah, and during periods of alarm was blown by the inhabitants: its loud roaring sound was heard at a distance of several miles on a calm night.

Most of the Otawhao natives are now at Whata Whata on the Waipa, planting *kumeras* for the great *hui hui*, or feast, to be given by old Te Whero Whero during the next season. Those who remain behind are employed in gathering *tawaras*, which are now abundant in the woods; the *tawara*, as before mentioned, being the fleshy bracteæ of the *Freycinetia Banksii*.

At Ngahuruhuru, a native settlement about four miles from Otawhao, I painted Kahawai, the principal chief, and also Hongi Hongi, the celebrated Taranaki warrior; who, at the capture of one of the pahs near Mount Egmont, took sixty slaves, and drove them before him with his greenstone *meri*, like a flock of sheep, for a distance of 180 miles. Some of the natives in this neighbourhood have come the distance of several miles to see my portrait of Te Heuheu at Taupo. Those natives who are still heathen are generally styled "devils" by the Christianized people; and they themselves adhere to the

appellation. Hongi Hongi, after shaking his head in answer to my inquiry as to whether he was a "mihonari" or a "pikopo" (Catholic), confessed with evident delight that he was a "devil."

Sunday, Nov. 10th.—This morning I accompanied Mr. Morgan to Ngahuruhuru, where he has a neat chapel about half the size of the one at Otawhao. Nearly one hundred natives had already assembled for the morning service, amongst whom were Kawai and Te Waro. Hongi Hongi was there also, but he came more out of curiosity than otherwise. Blind Solomon accompanied us from Otawhao, led by a native lad with a stick; Solomon taking hold of one end of it.

I witnessed the funeral of a native child which took place after the service at Ngahuruhuru: one of the little inclosures surrounding the Christian graves was on one side broken away, and a shallow grave, not more than two feet deep, had been dug to receive the corpse. Presently the funeral procession came winding up from the *kainga*; the corpse being followed by about thirty natives, the friends and relations of the child, who walked one by one, wrapped in their mats and blankets; the mourners distinguished by white feathers or clematis, which they wore in their hair. The coffin, carried upon the shoulder of one of the native teachers, was composed of two canoe-shaped pieces of wood, neatly covered with red cotton handkerchiefs nailed over it: red being the colour of mourning amongst the New

Zealanders. Two of the nearest relatives of the child climbed the inner rail of the grave, and lowered the coffin into the grave by means of flax leaves tied together. A portion of an old canoe being placed over the coffin, the earth was shovelled in; and, after the missionary had read a short service, Blind Solomon pronounced an oration over the grave, around which several hundred natives were assembled. This address, every sentence of which was translated to me by Mr. Morgan as it was uttered, was one of the finest and most impassioned bursts of eloquence I ever heard.

The chapel at Ngahuruhuru is prettily situated; a grove of peach trees stands on one side, and a plantation of gigantic flax partly surrounds it. Much of the land in this neighbourhood is under cultivation, and the inhabitants appear in a prosperous and thriving condition.

Nov. 11th.—This afternoon I started for the Waipa river, a distance of twelve miles, with Mr. Morgan's horse and his good-natured lad Ringi-ringi. At four miles we met Mr. Ashwell from Pepepe, who was coming to Otawhao to procure medicine for his dying child: he had travelled nearly sixty miles. I persuaded him to mount Mr. Morgan's horse to Otawhao, and proceeded on foot towards the Waipa, with my two lads, and also two natives who had a canoe waiting for me at a small settlement on the banks of the river. We paused, as we passed the plains of Matuketuke, under the shadow of the

mountain of Perongia. The bones of the two thousand slain lay whitening there in the sweet sunshine of the afternoon ; and it was difficult to believe that so calm and lovely a spot had once been the scene of so dire a tragedy.

My lads were talking about the past, as we sat on the hill-side overlooking this field of blood : one of them was a Nga Pui of Hongi's tribe, the other belonged to the family of the slaughtered Waikatos ; and the ancestors of both had engaged in mortal conflict at Matuketuke. The elder, E Pera, told me that he remembered well, when a little boy at the Bay of Islands, his father returning from the fight, and the troops of slaves that accompanied the arrival of the conquerors.

At sunset we reached the banks of the deep, still Waipa, and passed the night at a small *kainga* on the brow of a high bank overlooking the river ; the smooth stream flowing gently onward, at the rate of about four miles an hour.

Nov. 12th.—We started early in a small *kopupa* or river canoe, and were all day pulling and gliding down the stream. At two o'clock we reached Whatawhata, where about a thousand natives, with Te Whero Whero, were assembled at the plantations. Here we landed, in order that I might paint Mokerau, the chief of Otawhao, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Morgan, explaining my errand. Mokerau came down from the potato-ground along with two other chiefs, and it was not until after a grave

debate had been held that the chief expressed himself willing to have his portrait taken ; he then motioned to me with his hand in the most majestic manner, to remain until he returned with his war-mat and *meri* from one of the adjoining houses.

After the sitting was over, Mokerau expressed a wish to join me at my dinner, and we sat down together, having but one plate and pannikin between us. He relished the tea very much, and did ample justice to a cold fowl supplied me by the kindness of Mrs. Morgan ; and appeared to enjoy the repast greatly.

Being pressed for time, I was unable to paint the two other chiefs named in Mr. Morgan's note ; and one of them—a fine fellow, and a near relation of Te Whero Whero—stood upon the high bank of the river, as our canoe pushed off, shaking his tomahawk at me, and upbraiding me for not taking his portrait as well as that of Mokerau.

Mokerau is the principal chief of Otawhao, and has for some years been a convert to Christianity. Last winter he went, accompanied only by Awaitaia or William Naylor of Waingarua, into the midst of his enemies at Roturua ; with whom he had waged a deadly war for nine years, which had not then been concluded. The object of this bold and singular mission was to produce a good feeling and conclude the war ; and it had its desired effect ; for the two chiefs were well received, and a great feast held in honour of their visit. Mokerau had been

present at all the principal battles ; and when he got up to speak, he begged the chiefs to conclude the war, and proposed that a bond of union should be entered into between the two tribes. The friends of Mokerau and Awaitaia feared that their chiefs would be killed and eaten ; instead of which they returned home much pleased with their visit ; and since that period the Roturua war has been at an end.

We left Whatawhata and proceeded down the river towards Pepepe on the Waikato, which place we reached some hours after sunset. The night was bitterly cold and the wind and rain were unusually violent, whilst the thunder reverberating amongst the distant hills, and the repeated flashes of lightning that illumined for a moment the dark objects along the banks of the river, combined to render our evening journey a dreary one ; the lights of the mission-house were therefore welcomed by us all with peculiar gratification.

Nov. 13th.—From Pepepe I proceeded in a canoe to Tuakau, about sixty miles further down the Waikato ; and joining a Christian chief called “ Moses,” who was starting for Waikato heads, with his wife, little son, and two females—the one a *rangatira*, and the other a slave-girl—we all embarked together at Kaitote. We had not proceeded far down the river before we fell in with Te Paki and his wife, whose portraits I had taken some weeks previously ; they saluted us, and put some kumeras on board for the *pakeha*. The golden

blossoms of the *kowai* were over, but the green leaves had made their appearance, and the drooping foliage was very graceful and lovely. The flax (*Phormium tenax*) was full of long blown spikes bursting into bloom; the dragon trees, which were filled with *tuis*, had put forth clusters of white blossoms, that emitted a charming fragrance; and the *tohi-tohi* grass appeared exceedingly beautiful, adorning, in the utmost profusion, both sides of the river with its feathery and cream-coloured plumes. We had showers and occasional thunder during the day. The long reaches of the Waikato were so rough, that we had to creep along close to the banks with our heavily-laden canoe; and as we glided down the stream by moonlight, beneath the overhanging shadows of the dense forests that clothe its banks, the perfume of spring blossoms filled the air, and the low cry of the goatsucker sounded from beneath the adjoining underwood.

By the side of the river my lads descried a dead pig, which they procured and carried on in the canoe; and when we landed, at sunset, to cook some food on the margin of a wood, E Pera cleaned and singed it, and cooked it whole over a large wood fire.

The evening meal of my fellow-travellers consisted of a large crock-ful of hot putrid corn-gruel; the slave-girl ate alone after the others had finished; and at a distance from these savoury odours I was regaling myself with a green gooseberry-pie, supplied me by the "good mother" at Otawhao.

On and on we went, till long after the last streaks of the parting day had faded from the west. The young moon was bright, and wild clouds hurried along the sky. It was twelve months this day since poor Wilson was drowned; the Pleiades shone bright as on that night, and clouds as black and portentous scoured the sky—bringing to memory those flitting masses that cast their shadows over the South Atlantic, and caught the cold silvery moonlight upon their edges as they hastened past.

Before daybreak we reached Tuakau, at which place “Moses” had, on leaving Pepepe, promised to land me. From this spot a path leads through the woods to Waitemata, whither we were to proceed on foot next day. We groped about under the dark forest for a considerable time, before we could find a *nikau* shed, which we were in quest of, upon the banks of the river; at last we heard the squeaking of pigs, and proceeding in the direction of the sound, discovered a long shed open on two sides. This was the customary resort for native travellers who pass the night at Tuakau, where there is no settlement; and at this midnight hour the many sleepers who had taken up their night’s quarters beneath the shed, did not anticipate being disturbed. On our approach we found it full of wild hogs, which E Pera soon put to flight by rushing in amongst them with a blazing fire-brand; they scampered off in all directions, and we had literally

to empty the pigsty, before we could obtain a night's lodging.

Imagining we were now in full possession of the hut we had thus taken by storm, we kindled a blazing fire and made ourselves remarkably comfortable, when, on suddenly looking round to the corner where I had spread my blanket, I saw, filling my intended place, a large pig, that had entered through a hole in the reeds of the shed. Although we finally prevented the *porcas* from again taking up their repose with us, yet they remained all night about the hut in a restless body, grunting, squeaking, and making a terrible confusion.

Nov. 14th.—We crossed to Tuakau, where we left “Moses” and his canoe. The rain fell all the morning, and we travelled through continuous forests, gathering the luscious *tawaras*, with which we regaled ourselves pretty freely. Towards evening the sun came out and gilded the rich tints of the forests as we approached Tuimata, the *kainga* of the chief Haimona, where we passed the night.

Nov. 15th.—We started early; the hope of reaching Auckland this night lent a fresh impetus to our steps, and we travelled on at a brisk rate towards Papakoura, where we fully anticipated procuring a meal of potatoes. On our arrival we discovered that there was not a single native at the settlement: it had been deserted in consequence of the famine caused by the extravagance of the late feast, the

present crops not yet being ready. At our friend Captain Smale's we were sufficiently fortunate to obtain a little bread and milk. The first Europeans we saw were two splitters, working for Captain Smale; they asked me if I had been shipwrecked at Manakao: my bare feet probably leading them to this conjecture, and when I told them that I had been through the interior and living with the natives, they shrugged up their shoulders, and could not understand how it was that I had not been eaten up by what they called "merciless cannibals."

An hour after sundown we reached Auckland, having travelled on foot thirty-five miles during the day. Here I once more exchanged savage for civilized life, and met with every hospitality and comfort from my numerous friends, to whom I narrated my adventures in the "bush."

The next day my lads left me—E Pera to go on to the Bay of Islands, and Rihia to return to the peaceful valley of the Waipa. The payment which I made each of them consisted of a couple of large blankets, a regatta shirt, and a pair of trousers, with which they were highly delighted and perfectly satisfied.

A few days after my arrival at Auckland, a brigantine, bound for Sydney in New South Wales, cast anchor in the harbour of Waitemata. I had been rambling with some friends amongst the adjoining hills, enjoying the sweet scent of the spring blossoms, and gazing with admiration over the broad gulf,

studded with islands that lay in purple repose upon its waters, bathed in the soft and mellow sunlight of a spring evening in the South Pacific. As we watched the little vessel furl her sails, I welcomed her arrival with delight ; hoping in a few days to be again on the waters, homeward bound to Australia, with the vessel's course directed towards the setting sun.

CHAPTER V.

THE ISLAND OF KAWAU AND ITS MINES—THE BAY OF ISLANDS—HONI HEKI—KORORARIKA—VOYAGE TO NEW SOUTH WALES—A “BRICKFIELDER”—ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY—VOYAGE TO ADELAIDE—FLINDER’S ISLAND—RETURN TO SYDNEY—PORTLAND BAY—PORT PHILIP HEADS.

I LEFT Auckland towards the close of November, embarking one evening on board the brigantine *Coolangatta*, a little vessel of only 88 tons. The next morning found us at anchor off the small island of Kauwau; where we were detained several days in order to load the vessel with copper ore: the produce of the mines recently discovered there.

Kawau is a steep, rocky island, twenty-five miles in circumference; distant about thirty miles from Auckland, and about four from the mainland at Matakana. It is one of the numerous islands that stud the gulf of Hauraki. Opposite to where the vessel lay, was the copper-mine, consisting of several lateral borings, or excavations, in the rocky sides of a steep hill,

through which runs a broad vein of ore. About twenty miners were at work, breaking up the ore and filling small bags ready for loading the vessel. For eight days we lay at anchor in this open roadstead; during which time the weather was so squally and unsettled that the boats were frequently unable to land.

Kawau belongs to the Scottish Loan Company; and it is anticipated that a profitable speculation will be made of the ores, with which the island abounds. Silver has been met with in several places as well as copper. Although considerably richer than the Cornish ores, this island has yielded nothing to compare in quality with the South Australian ores, or even with some procured on the Great Barrier Island.

Kawau, like most of the surrounding islands, is totally unfit for agricultural or grazing purposes, being of a poor soil, without an acre of level land: the entire island is broken into an infinitude of steep hills and gullies, which are in many places clothed with dense forest or brush. The coast is rocky, and indented with many picturesque and sheltered bays, that terminate in sandy beaches. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of some of these fairy-like bays: the water, sheltered on all sides by the steep hills, is clear and blue, and so transparent that the fish may be seen sporting in thousands through the cool element; and the dark overhanging trees, that spread their shade over the banks, are

there mirrored in the glassy pools beneath. At the head of these bays there is generally a stream gushing out from between the hills, its borders luxuriant to excess with the rank growth of flax and *tohi-tohi* grass, and embowered with every variety of rich evergreen foliage. The mangrove fringes the margin of these sunny inlets; and splendid *pohukatoa*-trees, that at this season become covered with a sheet of deep crimson blossom, spread like rugged oaks from the shore. The yellow *kowai*, too, during the early spring, scatters its golden blossoms in gay profusion over the water's bosom. On the tortuous and decaying branches of some old *pohukatoa*-tree, along the margin of the more sheltered bays, sit thousands of shags and cormorants, watching their finny prey in the clear shallows beneath; and their social nests occupy the most unapproachable and overhanging branches: as many as twenty being frequently built in the same tree. The wild pigeon and the *tui* abound here; the latter now revelling amongst the blossoms of the *pohukatoa*-trees, and extracting, with its long and slender tongue, the honey contained within the crimson clusters. The hum of bees is all around; and their low dreamy murmurings, as they wander from flower to flower, is a pleasant sound, in accordance with the glad sunshine of a southern spring.

During the eight days we lay at Kawau, my two fellow-passengers and myself lived on shore, amusing ourselves with shooting, fishing, and eating oys-

ters. The entire coast is surrounded with rocks, which are uncovered at low water, and afford multitudes of the *ostrea cristata*, or coxcomb oyster. These afforded us a never-failing supply of food; and the ingenuity required to open them with an iron nail added considerably to their relish: for hours and hours we might have been seen busily employed in gathering oysters; indeed our time appeared wholly devoted to procuring our own sustenance on this island: where, however, we preferred passing the interval employed by the miners in lading the vessel, to remaining on board the brigantine.

Dec. 1st.—The morning was passed in rambling through the woods, shooting wild pigeons; and in the afternoon we crossed in a whale-boat to the mainland, at a place called Matakana, where there was a sandy beach, with two or three huts belonging to sawyers' families.

Up a small ravine in the dense forest, we came to a saw-pit, close to which were growing some magnificent *cowdie* pines; one of which had been felled, and was affording employment for the sawyers, who were cutting it into planks for exportation. At the foot of these trees are to be found masses of gum, which exudes from their trunks; large quantities of this substance are also to be met with beneath the ground, in many spots on which the *cowdie*-trees formerly grew, but which are now clothed only with fern or peat.

The *cowdie* gum is a clear resin, having a very

strong aromatic flavour. It is chewed by the northern natives ; and the greatest compliment an old Maori woman can pay to a guest, is to offer him the well-masticated quid of *cowdie* gum which she takes from her own mouth.

Dec. 3rd.—On the opposite side of the island to where the brigantine lay, was a hut belonging to the superintendent of the mine ; here we had been invited to take up our quarters, and it was intimated that the “hut-keeper” would provide for our temporal necessities. No provisions appearing—with the exception of a morsel of salt junk, which was flung out of the window in disgust by one of my comrades—we held a council, and set to work in good earnest to supply ourselves with food. Owen went out fishing in a little dingy, Bicknell gathered oysters and shot *tuis*, whilst I rummaged the garden ; and, to the infinite joy of my companions, I had a dish of green peas, with three other sorts of vegetables, besides salad, to add to the general stock. Although the salmon were unwilling to be caught, my companions brought in a couple of pigeons and some *tuis* ; and we milked a cow that was grazing amongst the fern. We had now nothing to do but to cook our hard earned dinner. The “hut-keeper” had procured some grog, and we found him dancing about as tipsy as possible ; so, after shutting him up in an adjoining shed, we made friends with a Maori woman, who resides on this side of the island, to cook our repast. She was an obliging soul, but had no knowledge

whatever of European cookery: she cut the pigeons in half, fried the lettuces, and put the milk into the tea-pot with the tea.

On the 6th we decamped precipitately from the hut, and, crossing the island, sought refuge at the mine. Here we were little better off; for the miners having completed the loading of the vessel, were mostly drunk, and kept up a dreadful noise all night.

Dec. 7th.—Went on board the vessel. It blew a strong gale; we could not get up the anchors, and were on a lee shore. After narrowly escaping a wreck, at sunset we beat round to the adjoining bay, and the wind moderating, we set sail next morning for the Bay of Islands.

Dec. 9th.—We were becalmed off the “Poor Knights:” several remarkable looking rocks that jut up from the sea, about a dozen miles distant from the main-land.

Dec. 10th.—Off Cape Breand. In the afternoon we cast anchor opposite Kororarika beach, in the Bay of Islands. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery surrounding this harbour: the view from the flag-staff was enchanting. The waters of the bay, indenting the rugged land, formed capes, promontories, and headlands innumerable; the distant hills appeared scattered over with cowdie forest; the blue ocean broke beyond, against the tall, dark rocks that flank the entrance to this sheltered harbour; and around, beneath a bright evening sky,

appeared the vivid evergreen foliage, the tree-fern glens, and here and there a lofty pohukatoa, stretching out towards the sea its aged limbs, crowned with masses of crimson bloom. It was a gay, glad scene.

At this period, Heki had once cut down the flag-staff, which was re-erected; and beneath the hill the settlement of Kororarika, or Russell, as it was sometimes called, smiled in peace and apparent serenity. Not long afterwards the attack of Heki took place, which was attended by the total destruction of the settlement.

But few vessels lay at anchor in the bay; for the days of its prosperity were already gone. The Maori pahs on Kororarika beach are ruined and deserted, and even the grog shops along shore are doing but a slender business; owing to the whaling vessels, that formerly resorted to the Bay of Islands for refreshments, now finding the Navigator's Group, and many other places, more desirable for that purpose. On the opposite shores of the bay, Pahia, the head-quarters of the Church Mission in New Zealand, is seen like a little oasis, nestled at the foot of high fern hills. It appears a lovely spot: there are about a dozen neat dwellings, almost embowered in green, and surrounded by gardens, in which the banana and the loquat thrive beneath the mild climate of this portion of the island. Further to the right is the dwelling of Mr. Busby, late Government resident: this is the prettiest place about

the bay, and is situated near the mouth of the Waitangi River (Weeping of the Waters), where there are fine horse-shoe falls.

At Kororarika, no just estimate can be formed of the native character by a person visiting New Zealand. Here he sees it in its worst form: long contact with the lower classes of Europeans, and the influx of whalers, that constantly resort to the bay, have rendered the Nga Puis one of the worst and most troublesome tribes in the island. Pomare, the principal chief of the Nga Puis, is, unlike the natives generally, a reckless and drunken character; and his pah is the resort of all manner of bad characters, presenting scenes of low debauch.

John Heki, who has lately rendered himself so conspicuous as the leader of the late war against the British in conjunction with Kowiti, has no claims to chieftainship excepting his personal tact and courage; and until the late insurrection but little was known of him. When a youth of seventeen, he was mission lad to Archdeacon Williams, at Pahia; and, after leaving his employ, he achieved several daring exploits. On one occasion, a woman belonging to his tribe having been ill-used by another chief, Heki deliberately walked after and tomahawked him, bringing back the offender's head in his hand. Eventually, Heki became E Hongi's fighting man, and, during E Hongi's decline, conducted his fighting expeditions. Having married E Hongi's daughter, Heki succeeded to that chief's pah; and has ever

since been regarded by his people as a leader of daring courage and skill.

The following anecdote, showing the insanity of the passion for retributive vengeance that actuates the feelings of the New Zealander on certain occasions, may be interesting in connection with the family of the celebrated Heki:—The wife of E Hongi had a little slave-girl to attend upon her, towards whom she evinced a strong attachment; the little creature was interesting and good-tempered, and her mistress was apparently so fond of her, that she was spared the experience of the misery of slavery: she was only a favourite. Hongi returned from one of his successful expeditions of war, but had left a son upon the field of battle, and the lamentation was great. The petted slave child laid her head upon the lap of her mistress, and poured out her share of the general sorrow. But the spirit of vengeance—of insane retribution—came over the heart of the bereaved mother; and she carried the child to the water, and cruelly suffocated her in satisfaction of her selfish sorrow. Hongi afterwards went to war again, and his wife accompanied him, but after travelling three or four days, the poor creature was disabled by sickness from proceeding; when, according to native custom, she was abandoned to the protection of a patuka, or little shed built upon poles: food being left on the chance of her recovery. It is supposed that the wind blew down the frail structure, and that she perished. On

the return of her husband, he found that native dogs had stripped the bones of his wife, which he found whitened upon the spot: and thus the punishment of a second Jezebel fell upon her. However we may judge that these practices have quenched a genuine humanity in the heart of the native, there is yet a noble nature for benevolence, humanity, and forbearance, to appeal to,—and are we not all erring creatures alike?

That very many of the chiefs were opposed to Heki is evident from the public expression of their feelings by several of them, in addressing letters to Captain Fitzroy, the then Governor of New Zealand; and it is probable that, had it not been for their opposition, Heki would at once have marched to the capital at Auckland, and would perhaps have demolished it before a sufficient force could be obtained for its protection. The following letter from Paikea, one of the chiefs of the Nga ti Whatua tribe, to the Governor at Auckland, is expressive of much friendly feeling:—

Kaipara, March 21, 1845.

Friend the Governor,—Saluting you; great is my regard for you. This is my sentiment to you. I return hence, and shall not come to see you (now) on account of letters which have reached Auckland about Heki. His message has also reached us, to ascertain whether he and his evil may come this way. There are some secret designs for his wishing to come by the Waiora; but should he make this the path of war (let him remember), I have not had satisfaction for my dead, slain by him. Should he urge his way hither, I shall rise against him, to fight with John Heki. This is the reason why I said he should not come this way. You must think of me; I have no

confidence in him (Heki) ; therefore I said, let him go by the Bay of Islands, the path of evil ; but should he come this way, I shall certainly rise. Do not consider that my sentiments are like those of John Heki. No ! my sentiments are like those of my own people, Ngatiwhatua, and are with you, O Governor ! Te Tawa, Te Ara, and Ngatipaoa. My considerations are these : these are to be your parents, to protect you. This is all—the ending of these sentiments.

Friend the Governor,—I wish you to give me a flag, as a badge or sign : let it be a Jack. If you answer this, write and let me know your mind. Do it quickly. This is all. Would it not be well for you to have this printed in the newspapers ?—From me,

Your affectionate friend,

PAIKEA.

Kororarika is the head-quarters of the Jesuit mission. A conspicuous, ill-planned building which stands on the rise of a hill behind the flat occupied by the town, is the Catholic chapel of the Bishop Pompalier. Although the zealous Jesuits even pay their followers for attending upon their services, yet, with few exceptions, the Maories are not so easily to be gained over in religious matters, and they readily detect the mummery of the *pikopos*.

Until the customs duties were levied here, numbers of American whalers put into the bay for water and refreshments, and in return for the pigs and potatoes supplied them by the natives, they gave muskets and tobacco ; hence the Nga Puis long possessed more fire-arms than any other of the New Zealand tribes. An old wreck, once converted into a floating grog-shop, now lies reversed upon the shore at high-water mark.

On the evening of the 12th, we weighed anchor,

and set sail for New South Wales. At the north entrance to the bay, the spot was pointed out where the first missionaries to New Zealand landed twenty-five years ago: here they had to fortify themselves upon the summit of a small hill, to protect their property, and even at times their lives, from the savage inhabitants.

Dec. 25th.—Another Christmas-day at sea. Early this morning, Lord Howe's Islands were in sight, with the Pyramid Rock, bearing north-west, about twenty miles distant from us; these islands are very high, and the Pyramid exceedingly precipitous. A Captain Poole and his family reside on the largest of the two islands; they possess a store of general articles and an excellent garden, with the produce of which, whalers touching there are supplied, giving oil in return. The climate of these islands is delicious, being said to resemble Madeira. A comet was visible this evening, bearing south-west by west.

Dec. 28th.—For three preceding days, we have had hot winds from the north. The sirrocco continued until sunset, when the sky assumed a strange and lurid aspect; smoky-looking clouds rose rapidly from the southward, and a dirty scud came flying very quickly from the south and west. The sun went down in a heavy bank, flashing dull rose-coloured rays from the blue and leaden mass that obscured the western horizon. Then there was a lull; the foaming crests of the northern waves gradually sank into repose, and a dead and breathless calm followed.

The gray hour of twilight was rendered far more gloomy by the sky all round to the south and west becoming intensely black ; the clouds rising like a wall, slowly and gradually, until they reached our vessel, now becalmed on the sullen bosom of the ocean, enveloped us in an almost Egyptian darkness. The awful stillness and gloom, portending a tempest, was rendered more fearful by the sudden oppressive heat that came over us, like the breath of an oven. The sails that flapped in the calm were quickly stowed, and the men, just discernible as black masses in the rigging, were busily engaged in preparing the vessel for conflict with the approaching storm.

After waiting for about ten minutes in breathless anxiety, the fury of the tempest burst upon us. It came sudden as thought, rushing up from the south, black and awful, with a noise like the blast of a trumpet ; and, laying the vessel over on her side, the wind whistled through the cordage till every mast shook, and every strong rope trembled. The violence of the wind on the water, meeting the northerly swell, sent the foam drifting along like sand ; and the dead silence of the preceding moment was followed by a loud and deafening noise, that grew more terrible as the tempest waxed stronger. The sudden rushing of the storm—the sweeping foam—the roaring of the wind, howling and moaning through the rigging—the broad flashes of lightning that lit the gloom, followed by hoarse peals of thunder, audible even above the voice of the elements, and the big

drops of rain—the tears of the tempest,—all combined to render the scene truly grand and terrific. These hurricanes, which occur periodically on this part of the New South Wales coast, are termed “Brickfielders,” and are occasioned by the air being greatly heated by the northerly winds that blow from the tropic, rising and causing a vacuum, into which the cold south wind then rushes in with great violence. The fury of the storm generally abates after the first two hours; and it seldom lasts more than six or eight.

The vessel was “hove-to” until four o’clock the next morning, when she was put under short sail, the wind having greatly moderated, though the sea continued to run mountains high. Awful—sublime as is a tempest, it inspires one with a wild and fearful joy: the terrible majesty of the combined rage of the elements is apparently augmented by the excitement and sense of danger. How insignificant man appears in such a scene! Even the ocean-cradled albatross, whose home is on the lone mid sea, on that night buffeted in vain with the strife of the waters; and the blue Sabbath dawn, as it awoke, saw the white pinions of the noble bird floating lifelessly on the subsiding waves. At 10 P.M. the tempest was at its height; the seas, gemmed with pale fires, rolled up from the south in mountains of foam. Most happily, not a sea struck us, and our little vessel rode out the storm nobly. One breach of such a sea would have buried us in foam.

Lightning flashed all round the horizon; and about 9 P.M. a large and very brilliant meteor passed swiftly along the sky from the westward, leaving a train of sparks surrounded by a black nimbus like a wreath of curling smoke. We saw it burst, falling into a shower of blazing stars. The comet was also visible at intervals during the storm.

Sunday, Dec. 29th.—A bright and lovely morning, —fit emblem of the day of rest. There was a heavy swell, with drifts of scum-like matter on the edge of the waves, that told of last night's tumult. With the exception of loss of bulwarks, and having our decks swept by the sea, no injury was sustained by the vessel. "Land a-head!" was the cry at 4 P.M.; and from the "cross-trees" the coast of New South Wales was visible,—a long line of pale blue, just indenting the western horizon,—a welcome sight to all on board. By sunset it had become very distinct; and before 10, Sydney light was descried—to our infinite joy.

Dec. 30th.—We cast anchor in Sydney cove; and on landing, found that the storm of the 28th was the leading topic of conversation. The meteor that we had observed was also seen in Sydney, where it had caused great astonishment, from its unusual size and brilliancy.

On the afternoon of New Year's Day, I embarked on board the *Emma* brig for Adelaide. As my stay in Sydney on this occasion was limited to a couple of days, I shall reserve my remarks on New South

Wales for a future chapter: the result of a more lengthened visit to that country at a subsequent period.

After encountering violent weather from the westward for eight days, we beat under the lee of Kent's group in Bass's Straits; and, the gale increasing, we ran for Great or Flinders' Island, to seek anchorage on its leeward shore. The "Sisters," lying off the northern extremity of Flinders's Island, are two rocky isles, very similar in appearance, scattered with scrub and casuarina trees; and between the islands is a passage about two miles across, which is very dangerous, being full of sunken reefs. We ran till we were fairly under the lee of Flinders' Island. A singularly broken ridge of land, presenting peaks and mountains of the most picturesque forms, stretches through the island; and a low sandy shore faces the eastward, off which we sought shelter. The lead-line was heaved rapidly, yet we narrowly escaped being cast away upon a sand-bank about two miles from the shore, which was not laid down in the chart: the man heaving the lead cried "seventeen;" at the next heave, "and a half ten;" then, suddenly, the cry of "and a half four!" startled the seamen's ears: in another ship's length the sandy bottom was seen, and just beyond the surf broke upon a sand-bank! The vessel was put about with all possible speed, and she just shaved the edge of the sand-bank; we stood out to sea again, and rode out the gale under very short canvass. To the east-

ward of Flinders' Island is a small rock called Babel Island, so named by Flinders, from the confused cries of innumerable multitudes of sea-fowl, of various species, that rose in myriads upon being disturbed.

Next day we came to an anchor about two miles from the shore, the wind having moderated considerably. Here the "Sisters" bore south-west, distant one mile; and the "Patriarchs,"—three high mountain peaks or hummocks in the interior of Flinders' Island,—were visible beyond the low land of the coast.

Upon this island dwell the miserable relics of the aboriginal inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, amounting to about a dozen or twenty families: here they were banished by the Government, to prevent their interfering with the settlers. Although they are daily supplied with rations, and have the range of the island entirely to themselves, their numbers are fast decreasing; and in all probability, ere long, the former natives of Tasmania will be an extinct and a forgotten race.

Whilst the vessel lay at anchor, we landed upon the island, in a little sandy cove, sheltered by masses of red granite rock; the only spot we could discover which was free from the violent surf that dashed against the shore, and broke over the rocky promontory to our right. Whilst Captain Fox and the doctor ascended the hills through thick bushy scrub, making enormous bonfires by lighting the dry bushes,

I amused myself by gathering shells along the sea-shore : our boat's crew commenced setting the scrub on fire to the southward, and presently we saw our fires answered by a dense column of smoke rising inland about six miles distant. Remains of native encampments were scattered along the shore, and some bore the appearance of having been very recently occupied by the blacks. We put up a wallaby or two, which were the only quadrupeds we observed upon the island : there were black swans upon a lagoon that ran parallel to the shore for about a mile and a half, and large flocks of redbills and shags were sitting on the rocks. The herbage here partakes of the same character as most of the Australian islands ; the she-oak or casuarina being most abundant upon the hills. The lagoon before mentioned, which from the cross-trees of the vessel appeared like a harbour, had a sea-mouth perhaps eighty or one hundred feet in breadth, out of which the tide was setting at the rate of eight knots an hour, and meeting the surf-rollers, caused a tumultuous sea at the entrance, resembling the sea-mouth of the Murray, but on a smaller scale. Enormous limpets (patella) covered the granite rocks above low water.

By the time our party had re-assembled to launch the whale-boat for our return to the brig, we found the tide had receded so far from the cove, that the passage through which we had entered, and the only spot free from the surf-rollers, was now white with breakers like the rest of the shore. Seizing the

moment of time between the rollers, we turned the boat's head to it, and dashing through, got beyond the surf before the next rollers set in. During the night the wind shifted to the eastward, and we again set sail with a fair wind; the surge breaking as we rolled along, with that crisp, hollow sound that whispers we are nearing the desired haven.

From the 14th to the 20th of January, we had to bear up against a violent gale, "dead on end," the wind veering from W.N.W. to W.S.W., with a tremendous sea running. On the 21st, the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter; the same night we sighted Kangaroo Island, and next morning at daybreak we saw the red sun come up from behind Mount Lofty and gild the placid waters of St. Vincent's gulf.

In the month of July following, I again left Adelaide for Sydney, in the *Vanguard*, visiting Portland Bay and calling at Port Philip heads on the way thither.

The approach to Portland Bay, after rounding Cape Northumberland, is past the Lawrence Islands, entering the bay between them and Lady Julia Percy's Isle. The former of these islands consists of a group of rocks, which are covered with guano, and are the resort of innumerable gannets; the latter is a low flat island, on which several vessels have been lost in thick weather. We landed in the surf; which perpetually rolls into Portland Bay, from the swell of the Southern Ocean, to which it is exposed.

Several whalers lay at anchor in the bay ; and smoke from the fires over which they were "trying out" the oil, rose from the vessels.

The same white coral limestone which occurs at Mount Gambier also appears here ; and the country bears similar marks of having been raised by volcanic action from beneath the ocean. The aspect of the land greatly resembles that about Cape Northumberland ; and it is evident that the same belt of country extends in this direction. Immediately in the vicinity of the bay is a thickly wooded district, consisting of stunted eucalyptus, blackwood, and the mimosa wattle, with the cherry (*exocarpus*) and a little underwood. The soil is rich ; and at this season of the year (mid-winter) the country looked very green, and the ground was wet and swampy.

About fifteen miles distant, towards Cape Bridgewater, there are several lakes, and some caverns similar to those near Mount Gambier. All the intervening country is a succession of swamps and wooded plains.

The town of Portland is a neat place, built on a slightly rising ground from the water's edge. The population does not at present much exceed five hundred persons ; but as it is the only port to a large district, everything is pretty brisk as regards trade.

The Messrs. Henty are the principal stockholders here ; and the settlement of Portland Bay has grown up as it were around their establishments. Sub-

stantial stone houses are in the course of erection, and several new stores are being built in the town. A jetty is also nearly completed, for the facility of landing.

The natives of this district are in a miserable state ; they are still numerous, and their *miam miams*, or huts, that resemble bee-hives, are clustered on the green sward beneath the gum trees. A party of the Port Fairy tribe, who had built their huts amongst the woods in the neighbourhood of the settlement, happened to be at the bay during the period of my visit, and more attenuated or wretched-looking beings I never witnessed. It appeared unaccountable, that a race of people living a primitive life, amidst the aromatic fragrance of these woods, with their dwellings upon the green and flower-spangled turf—breathing the pure transparent air of this part of Australia, and enjoying one of the finest possible climates—should be so low in the scale of humanity as are these degraded creatures, when all around is fair and beautiful. I made several sketches of these people—miserable beings whose filth was beyond description. At one of their *miam miams*, or huts, was a man who called himself “Mr. Cold Morning,” with a numerous family of dirty, naked, little “Cold Mornings” about him ; one man was lying on the wet ground, stretched upon his kangaroo skin, dying of pulmonary consumption ; another poor wretch was suffering from a broken leg ; and many more were almost devoured

by disease. But the most extraordinary and revolting spectacle was the group that I have sketched below, in order to give an idea of the physical appearance of these people. It was an old woman, reduced to a mere skeleton, with an idiotic child—apparently four or five years old, but unable to stand erect—to which she was attempting to supply nourishment from her shrivelled and flaccid breast. Both



were utterly destitute of clothing; and the spectre-like form of the aged hag, as she sat in the ashes before the hut, was loathsome: one of my companions actually turned sick and vomited at the sight. On my examining the child, the old woman took it up in her bony grasp, and holding it out at arm's length, uttered a wild hysterical laugh that rang through the still woods; and then stretched out her hand for a morsel of tobacco.

The climate of Portland is cooler than that of South Australia: the thermometer, even on the

hottest days, seldom rises to 90° in the shade ; and the abundance of rain that falls during the year, causes the verdure to look remarkably fresh and green.

Leaving Portland Bay, a run of two days brought us to Port Philip heads ; and at the mouth of this vast harbour we encountered a strong tide running out, and a violent cross sea. We entered the harbour of Port Philip to land some passengers, and cast anchor inside the lighthouse ; which is a neat stone building on the westernmost cliff, marking the entrance to the harbour. The town of Melbourne is situated at the further extremity of this extensive sheet of water, on the banks of the Yarra, and about forty miles from the sea entrance. The view from the heads towards the direction of Melbourne commands the distant prospect of Mount Macedon, with Mount Martha and Arthur's Seat to the right.

After encountering strong northerly winds for ten days, we reached Sydney on the 21st July.

CHAPTER VI.

SYDNEY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

LEAVING the rude and boisterous ocean, and entering the calm and fairy-like expanse of Sydney harbour, a sudden change of scene is presented to the voyager. The entrance to the harbour is between two perpendicular cliffs, called the North and South Head, and it appears as though the continuous wall of limestone rock that forms this iron-girt coast had been abruptly rent asunder, to open an entrance to one of the finest harbours in the world. These cliffs vary in height from one to four hundred feet, and they descend abruptly to the ocean, that foams and lashes in fury at their base; the waves rushing into the hollow caverns beneath with a sound like thunder.

On the summit of the southern cliff, or "head," as it is termed, stands a magnificent lighthouse, entirely built of the Sydney stone, which throws its friendly

ray far and wide over the bosom of the vast Pacific. Near to it are the flag-staff and signal-station ; ~~the~~ latter communicates with the one at the fort in Sydney, by which means every vessel entering, or even passing the heads, is immediately signaled in the city. It is said that this entrance, between the long coast-line of precipitous rocks, was discovered by a fore-top-man named Jackson, who was on the look-out with Captain Cook's expedition ; and the harbour thus found was called, in consequence, Port Jackson : this appellation it still retains, though the general name of Sydney is more commonly used at the present time.

Inconceivably beautiful is the first sight of Sydney harbour. After entering the heads, and passing the small group of rocks called "The Sow and Pigs," the harbour appears completely land-locked, and in every direction the eye rests upon sloping grounds, scattered with trees and shrubs to the water's edge. The shores are indented by numerous charming little bays, where the transparent blue waters murmur gently upon a smooth beach of sand of the most dazzling whiteness ; and these are relieved by clusters of deep rich foliage, with bold and rocky eminences jutting abruptly out from some miniature promontory. Houses, villas, and picturesque cottages are scattered about, in the most pleasing manner, around the varied shores of these enchanting little bays, peeping out of shrubberies, or from amongst gardens and cultivation. Many of these

houses are tastefully built; the Gothic and Elizabethan styles being mostly adopted. After passing Watson's Bay and Camp Cove, where the pilots and water-police are stationed, the eye of the stranger is successively attracted by "Vaucluse," once the abode of Sir Henry Hay; the beautifully situated mansion of Point Piper, with its smooth lawn, gardens, and lemon grounds; the ornamental villa residences of Elizabeth Bay, amongst which those of Mr. McLeay and Sir Thomas Mitchell are the most prominent; and lastly, the new Government House, a splendid gothic edifice, situated on a projecting slope. Beyond, extends Sydney Cove, with the city rising terrace-like from the water, and surmounting the surrounding hills with its wealth of daily increasing stone buildings. The numerous rocky islands studding the surface of the harbour are richly clothed with evergreen foliage, and add greatly to the beauty of the scene. On rounding the fort, off Government House, a busy and animated sight suddenly opens to view. Ships of all sizes, and many nations, crowd the cove, and the quays are lined with merchantmen, receiving the varied produce of New South Wales. The *coup d'œil* is enlivening and striking: the city of Sydney, built almost entirely of the beautiful white stone that forms its foundation, presents a gay and imposing appearance, when seen beneath the pure bright sunshine of an unclouded sky. At one glance the eye takes in most of the principal structures. The churches, forts,

hospitals, and barracks are all works of great labour and magnitude, and excite the astonishment of the stranger on beholding so vast and wealthy a city at the antipodes. Fifty years ago the site of Sydney was a barren rock, that boasted only a few huts and a handful of criminals, living in continual terror from the marauding bands of savages who were the then possessors of the soil. Whatever may be the defects of the convict system, it has done all this. The criminals of Great Britain have built a city that has risen to be the metropolis of the south. On landing, the stranger is still more astonished at the wonderful progress of the place: proceeding along handsome streets, lighted with gas, having elegant houses, well-paved foot-paths, and shops equalling those of many of our first towns in England; and seeing the highways traversed by coaches, cabs, and equipages of various kinds, and thronged with gaily dressed pedestrians, and an air of bustle and business pervading the whole city, he forgets that he is in Australia, and imagines for the moment that he is suddenly transported to the mother country.

The city of Sydney is supplied with water conveyed from Botany Bay, a distance of seven miles. The streets are kept beautifully clean by the prisoners, and the utmost order and regularity pervades the place. Indeed, if it were not for occasionally meeting a chain-gang of prisoners at work on the public quays, or proceeding homewards to the barracks in the evening, one would totally forget that he were in

a penal settlement. The efficient system of police kept up in Sydney, renders it in appearance one of the most quiet and orderly cities in the world. There is a large open space, covered with grass and fenced in, called Hyde Park, at the southern end of which some elegant terraces are built. The neighbourhood of Woolloomooloo and Rushcutter's Bay is very pretty, being dotted with villas and cottages situated in blooming gardens laid out with considerable taste. But the Government gardens and domain are the most usual resort for the inhabitants; and they are well worthy of a visit: delightfully situated on the banks of a deep bay, the grounds and flower-gardens are alike enriched by the united beauties of nature and art. Nothing can be more delicious, during one of the hot days of summer, than to seek the deep shade in the sylvan recesses of these gardens, and occupy one of the numerous rustic seats that are placed about, beneath the evergreen foliage. The botanical specimens are very numerous, and have been brought from all parts of the world. Here the banana and the fan palm may be seen luxuriantly flourishing in the open air. But the most valued plants are the English primrose, the cowslip, violet, and daisy, which are shaded from the sun by screens, and treasured as carefully as the most tender exotics would be in England. These simple and homely memorials of our native land touch the heart with their eloquent silence, and the sternest soul is not insensible to their mute appeal. I remember to have

seen an individual in tears at the unexpected sight of an English primrose, which awakened the memory of home. In a secluded part of these gardens is a damp and shady place overhung by weeping willows, and beneath their shade is erected a simple obelisk of white marble, bearing the following inscription :—

“TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, THE BOTANIST.”

Amongst the various beautiful trees and flowering shrubs that ornament the Government domain, the Norfolk Island pine is the most striking and remarkable. It towers up to a great height, throwing out lateral branches, at regular intervals, of a dark and cypress-like character. It is a native of Norfolk Island, whence it derives its name, but it is now extensively planted about Sydney. The weeping willow, although generally considered to flourish best in damp situations and on the banks of rivers, here attains, even in the driest situation, a size and luxuriance of foliage almost unequalled. These trees, as also the oaks, apples, and others of European introduction, shed their leaves during the winter ; that is, the leaves fall about May, and in September the young buds again burst forth. All the indigenous trees are evergreen.

The domain is pleasantly situated near the Government gardens, and affords a delightful and fashionable pleasure-ground for the inhabitants, answering to our Hyde Park in London ; and the many stylish

equipages, such as chariots, gigs, and tandems, that may be seen driving about, together with the numerous equestrians, both male and female, render the domain a gay scene during the cool of the evening: especially when enlivened by the band of one of the regiments. A conspicuous ornament of the promenade is the statue erected to Governor Burke. During the summer months, the chirp of the *cicada* amongst the mimosa-trees, makes an incessant and almost deafening noise throughout the domain.

The climate of Sydney, although very fine, is not equal to that of South Australia. The hot winds are more felt here than in the latter colony, and less rain falls in Sydney than in Adelaide. The winter and spring are delicious; and at the period of my second visit, the bush and scrub in the neighbourhood of Sydney were gay with a profusion of native flowers of all hues, that perfumed the air with an aromatic fragrance.

One of the principal articles of export from New South Wales is wool; and after the shearing season, bullock-drays may be seen coming into town from all quarters—some of them from a distance of three hundred miles—piled up with bales, the produce of the flocks in the interior. At such seasons, Sydney is unusually gay: money is plentiful, and the harbour is full of shipping, waiting to convey the produce to England. Then, the settler and the out-squatter, who, perhaps, have lived like hermits in the bush for six or eight months past,

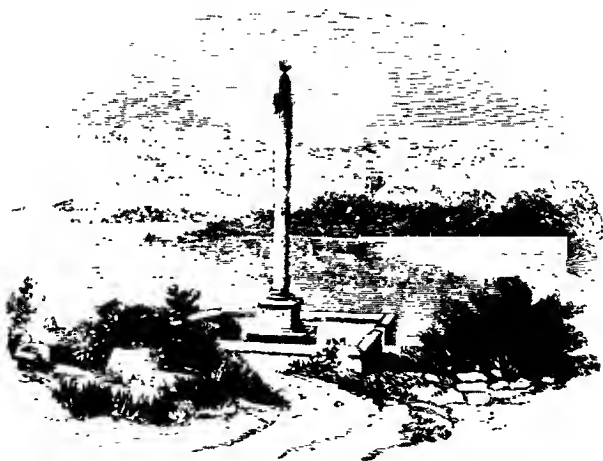
seeing only their shepherds and their flocks, and buried, as it were, in the solitude of the interior, arrive on horseback from their distant stations to receive the value for their wool; this money is frequently squandered away in a reckless manner, and when it is all gone, the improvident squatter returns to his hut in the wilds, to pursue for another year the same round of monotonous, yet independent existence.

About seven miles from Sydney, in a south-east direction, lies the celebrated Botany Bay, where the first settlement for convicts was established by the British Government in the month of January 1788. The bay, as is well known, derived its name from the number of new and singular plants found there by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, during Captain Cook's first voyage; and it still merits its distinctive appellation. This spot is interesting, also, from the fact of its being the place where the immortal Cook, with his intrepid companions, first set foot on the shores of Australia, and took possession, for Britain, of a continent destined to be the birth-place of a mighty nation. Several friends having, like myself, resolved to spend a day at "Botany," as the "Currency"* people term it, we started on horseback, pursuing our way across a sandy scrub enlivened with a variety of beautiful heaths and other flowers. On arriving at the margin

* *Currency* is a term used to designate those born in New South Wales, who are known as Currency lads and lasses.

of the bay, the blue waters of which looked beautifully clear and pellucid, the scene somewhat resembled in its natural features the neighbouring harbour of Port Jackson, but divested of all its wealth of civilization, and busy life. Botany Bay is a lone neglected spot, remaining even now very much in the same state as it was when the great navigator first set foot upon its shores; indeed it is comparatively unknown: thousands are born, live and die in the colony without ever dreaming of going to see Botany Bay, and many are actually ignorant of its existence.

After stopping to lunch at a small solitary inn, prettily situated on the margin of the bay, we rode on for several miles through the woods to-



wards the heads, to visit the monument erected by the French to the memory of the unfortunate La

Perouse. Our ride was a charming one: a narrow road winding through woods, teeming with beauty and perfume, led us over hill and dale, to an open spot overlooking the wide expanse of the bay, where, within a small inclosure, stands the column to La Perouse. The summit is surmounted by a globe, and the sides bear the following inscription:—

A la Memoire
de
Monsieur de la Perouse
cette terre
qu'il visita en MDCCLXXXVIII.
est la dernière d'où il a fait parvenir
de ses nouvelles.

Erigé au nom de la France
par les soins de MM. Bougainville et Ducampier
commandant la Frégate La Thetis et la Corvette L'Esperance
en relâche au Port Jackson
En MDCCCXXV.

Near this spot is the well dug by Captain Cook, which is shaded from the sun by the overhanging branches of dark mimosa bushes. In the face of the cliff, just inside the entrance to the bay, a copper plate is let into the rock, in an almost inaccessible spot, recording the date of the landing of Captain Cook's expedition; but this, like the well, is unregarded. The rocks are covered with geraniums and wild flowers, and golden masses of blossom of the fragrant mimosa exhaled a sweet spicy perfume that rendered the balmy air delicious as we passed along; whilst brilliant parroquets, and other birds of exquisite plumage, sported through the woods. The

lycopodium, and a small species of palm, are abundant on the margin of the bay. We returned to Sydney late in the evening, after a delightful moonlight ride through the scrub, laden with botanical specimens from the renowned bay.

Such is Botany Bay at the present time. An account of the arrival there of the first fleet of convict ships, and their subsequent removal to Sydney Cove, may be interesting, as contrasting the present with the past.

“It being determined to send the convicts to New South Wales, six transports were hired for this purpose by his Majesty’s commissioners; these were to be accompanied by three store-ships. A quantity of tools and implements of husbandry were put on board for the new establishment, and also a sufficiency of provisions for two years. The government of the colony was intrusted to Arthur Phillips, Esq., who hoisted his pendant on board the *Sirius*, a twenty-gun ship. The number of convicts sent out was 565 men and 192 women. Distributed amongst the transports and in the *Sirius*, was a body of 160 marines with their officers.

“The fleet set sail from the Mother Bank on 13th May, 1787, with a leading wind through the Needles passage. The fleet soon reached Teneriffe, where they took in provisions and water, and at the end of one week put to sea again. The passage to Rio Janiero was performed in eight weeks; the convicts were also in a very healthful state. During their stay

in this port, which was about a month, the convicts and crew were plentifully supplied with fresh meat, vegetables, and fruits, to enable them to resist the attacks of the scurvy to which they might be exposed by the length of the voyage. The fleet crossed over from one continent to the other in about five weeks, which was a run of 1,100 leagues.

“After remaining at the Cape of Good Hope for four weeks, the fleet proceeded to New South Wales, the place of its final destination, and on the 20th January, 1788, the whole fleet were safely anchored in Botany Bay; thus this long voyage was happily completed in eight months and one week, and only thirty-two persons had died since their leaving England. The Governor, who had gained a little on the rest of the fleet, employed his time in examining the bay, but not finding a satisfactory place where he might form a settlement, he set off, in company with some of the officers, in three open boats, to examine the adjacent harbours of Port Jackson and Broken Bay. The first prospect of Port Jackson was unpromising, and the natives everywhere greeted the little fleet with shouts of defiance, and “*warra, warra*,” “go away, go away,” resounded wherever they appeared.* However, they had the happiness

* “Old Queen Gooseberry,” the last of the Broken Bay tribe, tells us that she remembers her father’s account of the arrival of this fleet. On the approach of the vessels, the natives, who had never seen a ship before, imagining them to be huge sea-monsters, were so terrified that they ran into the bush, and did not stop to look back until they

to find a harbour capable of affording security for a very considerable fleet. In one of the coves of this capacious harbour, the Governor determined to fix the future seat of Government, it having been found to possess a sufficiency of water and soil. After three days, the Governor returned to Botany Bay, and gave directions for the immediate removal of the fleet to Port Jackson. Two strange sail that appeared in the offing, caused much speculation; they proved to be the two French ships under the command of M. de la Perouse, then on a voyage of discovery. These ships entered Botany Bay just at the time the English vessels were abandoning the harbour, and their commanders had barely time to exchange civilities. The spot chosen for the settlement was at the head of the cove, near a run of fresh water, which stole silently through a very thick wood, the stillness of which had then, for the first time since the creation, been interrupted by the sound of the labourer's axe."

On this very spot now stands the busy city of Sydney. How little did Cook dream, when, sixty years since, he first landed on the shores of this vast and mysterious continent, that in this short space of time it would become a populous and thriving colony, rivalling in extent and wealth many kingdoms in Europe.

Among the most interesting spots within Sydney reached a place now called Liverpool, distant about twenty miles, where they hid themselves in trees!

harbour is Camp Cove, one of the many picturesque little bays that indent the shores of Port Jackson. The water-police station occupies this cove; and here, in company with my friend Mr. Miles, who is well known as an antiquarian and a man of science, I spent many a pleasant day. We established our head-quarters at the cottage of the superintendent, which is almost concealed amidst the luxuriance of the creeping plants that surround it, and is backed by high rocks that gradually ascend towards the south head. We made short boating excursions for the purposes of sketching the charming bits of scenery that occur at every turn of the harbour, and enjoying the beauties of nature around us. Climbing to the giddy verge of the south head, from a ledge overhanging the precipice beneath, we beheld the wide expanse of the blue Pacific stretched out below and beyond till the eye was lost in the distance of the dim horizon. It was a glorious sight: I could have sat from the rising to the setting sun gazing upon that broad, boundless ocean, encircling the southern hemisphere with its mighty waters, on whose vast bosom the vessels appeared as little specks, glistening white upon the sapphire of the watery plain. I used to watch the vessels from that giddy height pass out one by one from between the cliffs that form a barrier to the ocean, tracing them with the eye till the weary gaze could follow them no farther, and speculating on the varied destinies of each little bark. At other times we would climb over the fallen rocks

at the base of the cliffs, against which the thundering surf dashes its waves into snowy foam.

In the deep water below the rocks along this part of the coast there grows a most beautiful coralline, varying in colour from the deepest scarlet to a pale rose tint, with other varieties of a brilliant yellow: the natives, by diving, brought us up a considerable quantity of very fine specimens.

It is a wild and picturesque sight to watch a party of natives spearing fish by torch-light, in the sheltered bays around Camp Cove, and in Camp Cove itself. They wade into the water until about knee deep, each man brandishing a flaming torch, made of inflammable bark; this attracts the fish, and with their four-pronged spears they strike them with wonderful dexterity. The glare of the lights upon the gently undulating surface of the water, and the dark figures moving rapidly about, in strong contrast with the torch-light, produce a lively and romantic effect.

Across the harbour is Spring Cove, where vessels lie that are under quarantine; and not far from the shore is the quarantine burial-ground, the approach to which is from a small well-sheltered bay just within the north head. The surrounding scenery is enchanting; hills environ the burial-ground, and upon their declivities are erected the hospitals, while in the hollow is a beautiful dell, with a narrow and moss grown path leading into it, following which you reach the burial-place midway. I came upon it unexpectedly in a joyous and merry mood, but instantly

felt the influence of the scene. The tombstones of spectral whiteness contrasting with the dark foliage—the gurgling of the stream through the dell, and the occasional note of the whip-bird breaking the spell of silence—the old gum tree stretching its leafless arms over those decaying beneath the soil it once had shadowed—the mellowed light of evening upon the distant land (telling of a day for ever lost)—the tranquil solitude—all combined to give an air of solemn sadness to the scene. I have seen no spot where the dead repose which is more melancholy or more exquisitely picturesque than this lonely burial-place in the wilderness, where the howling of the storm, and the muffled beat of the surge sound a requiem to the dead—those hapless dead, who voyaged so many thousand miles, hopeful and expectant, and perished at the very entrance of the looked-for harbour, there to lie

Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The most important result of our rambles around the bays and rocky promontories of Port Jackson, was the discovery of a new and remarkable feature connected with the history of the natives formerly inhabiting this portion of New South Wales. I refer to their carvings in outline, cut into the surface of flat rocks in the neighbourhood, and especially on the summits of the various promontories about the harbours of the coast. Although these carvings exist in considerable numbers, covering all the flat rocks

upon many of the headlands overlooking the water, it is a singular fact that up to the present time they appear to have remained unobserved, and it was not until my friend Mr. Miles first noticed the rude figure of a kangaroo cut upon the surface of a flat rock near Camp Cove, that we were led to make a careful search for these singular and interesting remains of a people who are now nearly extinct. About a dozen natives of the Sydney and Broken Bay tribes were encamped amongst the bushes on the margin of a small fresh-water lake close to Camp Cove, and from amongst them we selected "Old Queen Gooseberry" (as she is generally styled by the colonists) to be our guide, promising her a reward of flour and tobacco if she would tell us what she knew about these carvings, and conduct us to all the rocks and headlands in the neighbourhood where like figures existed. At first the old woman objected, saying that such places were all *koradjee* ground, or "priests' ground," and that she must not visit them; but at length, becoming more communicative, she told us all she knew and all that she had heard her father say respecting them. She likewise consented at last to guide us to several spots near the North head, where she said the carvings existed in great numbers; as also impressions of hands upon the sides of high rocks. With some difficulty we prevailed upon the haggard old creature to venture with us into a whale-boat; so, with Queen Gooseberry for our guide, we crossed to the North head. After examining the flat rocks in every direc-

tion, we found sufficient examples of these singular outlines to confirm at once the opinion that they were executed by the aboriginal inhabitants; but at what period, is quite uncertain. From the half-obliterated state of many of them (although the lines are cut nearly an inch deep into the hard rock), and the fact that from several of them we were compelled to clear away soil and shrubs of long continued growth, it is evident that they have been executed a very long time. At first we could not bring ourselves to believe that these carvings were the work of savages; and we conjectured that the figure of the kangaroo might have been the work of some European; but when, pursuing our researches further, we found all the most out-of-the-way and least accessible headlands adorned with similar carvings, and also that the whole of the subjects represented *indigenous* objects—such as kangaroos, opossums, sharks, the *hieleman* or shield, the boomerang, and, above all, the human figure *in the attitudes of the corobborry dances*—we could come to no other conclusion than that they were of native origin. Europeans would have drawn ships, and horses, and men with hats upon their heads, had they attempted such a laborious and tedious occupation.* Some of the figures of fish

* An old writer on New South Wales, about the year 1803, remarks, when referring to the natives, "They have some taste for sculpture, most of their instruments being carved with rude work, effected with pieces of broken shell; and *on the rocks* are frequently to be seen various figures of *fish, clubs, swords, animals, &c.*, not contemptibly represented."

measured twenty-five feet in length; and it is curious that the representations of the shield exactly correspond with that used by the natives of Port Stephens at the present day. These sculptured forms prove that the New Hollanders exercised the arts of design : which has been questioned; and they also serve to corroborate Captain Grey's discoveries of native delineations in caves upon the north-west coast of Australia, during his expedition of discovery.* At Lane Cove, at Port Aiken, and at Point Piper, we also met with similar carvings. Whilst on a visit at the latter place, it occurred to me that on the flat rocks at the extremity of the grounds belonging to the estate where I was staying, there might be carvings similar to those at the Heads; and on searching carefully, I found considerable numbers of them in a tolerably perfect state of preservation. Of all these I took measurements, and made careful fac-simile drawings on the spot.† These may be regarded as examples of the general character of all the sculptured outlines.

Amongst the many rambles in the neighbourhood, I was particularly fond of the north shore, to which one of the numerous little steam-boats that enliven the harbour plies every quarter of an hour. Leaving the bustle of Sydney, one is soon transported to the secluded and picturesque scenery on the opposite shore, where the pathways leading through the bush

* See Appendix, Note 2. † See Appendix, Note 1.

are gemmed with wild flowers, and the hills may be said to resemble, at this time of the year (the spring), one vast flower-garden. I never visited the north shore but I returned with some new addition to my collection of plants, so numerous are the species that spring from amongst the rocks and the sandy soil around Port Jackson.

In a spot embowered by the shade of a grove of eucalyptus, and overlooking one of the most lovely prospects in New South Wales, my friend Martens, who was draughtsman to the expedition of the *Beagle*, has chosen to locate himself and his family, and has built a snug picturesque cottage in keeping with the charming seclusion selected for its site. Below the garden is a deep dell, through which runs a gurgling stream, almost choked with the luxuriance of the flowers that surround it; amongst which the gay *warrator* rears its crimson-blossomed head, like a huge peony. Here and there the decaying and whitened branches of some aged gum-tree stretch their leafless arms against the blue sky, whilst the distant scene embraces the windings of the harbour, backed by the far off range of the Blue Mountains.

Not far from his pretty cottage, Mr. Martens has, by his own labour, erected a little church, the chaste design of which is entirely his own. The great interest he took in its completion may be inferred from the fact that, when I last saw him, he was at work sculpturing the font out of a block of white Sydney stone with his own hands.

From the numerous whalers and other vessels trading from Sydney, that visit the various groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, it occasionally happens that some of the natives of these islands visit Sydney. The traders are glad to bring over one or two of the young people from some of the more barbarous islands, whither they trade for sandal-wood, in order to show them the wealth and power of a civilized nation, and by making them presents and treating them well, to ensure their aid and friendship on their return.

One of the most amusing and best-known characters in Sydney is "Little Jacky," the orange-merchant—a lad about twelve years of age, and a native of Lee-foo, near New Caledonia. His real name is Duono, and he was brought home by a vessel trading thither for sandal-wood. He had been two years in Sydney, spoke English perfectly, and made a good livelihood by selling oranges,—every body preferring to buy of this witty little urchin. His remarks are so droll and full of point, that I have frequently seen him set a whole company in a roar of laughter.

I also met with a boy of Khuria, one of the Kingsmill group of islands near the line, whose history is remarkable. On the 18th May 1843, the brig *Clarence* of Sydney, on a whaling voyage, fell in with a canoe at sea containing twelve men, eleven women, seven boys, and two girls, all in a state of nudity. On coming alongside they stove in their canoe, and were taken

on board in a very exhausted state, having been at sea twenty-two days, four of which they were without food or water. On the 20th, the captain, Joseph White, landed the whole of the natives on one of the islands, excepting one young man, whom he named William Clarence, and the boy referred to, who is called Joseph White. This boy was taken great notice of by one of the crew, who taught him his prayers, and actually took the trouble to cut out of sperm whalebone the alphabet, which he learned and could arrange in a correct manner. He is now in Sydney, adopted by a gentleman in the Audit Office, who is giving him an education. He is supposed to be ten years of age, can read and write uncommonly well, considering the time he has been at school, and lately obtained a prize at a public examination.

About ten or a dozen miles from Sydney is the town of Parramatta, situated on the river of the same name. Steam-boats ply daily between the two places, affording a pleasant excursion up the broad and picturesque creek known as Parramatta River; which is, in reality, one of the numerous branches of Sydney harbour, having a small stream falling into it higher up. Not far from Sydney is Cockatoo Island, the place of banishment for the more refractory prisoners, or those who have been recommitted since their transportation. This small island is entirely occupied as a prison, and every approach to it

is guarded, day and night, by sentinels: no boat is allowed to come within a certain distance of its shores. As the gay steamers pass and repass, with bands of music on board, and thronged with merry faces, it is melancholy to see the vacant, abject, hopeless gaze with which the prisoners of Cockatoo Island stare at them; the sight of liberty making them ten times more weary of their bondage. Passing Five-dock Farm, where the races are held every spring, Bedlam appears in view at a turn of the river; a large building, beautifully situated, for the reception of the lunatics of New South Wales. Farther up the river, the scenery becomes more open and pleasing: orange gardens and peach orchards diversify the banks; the former revealing their wealth of golden fruit from amongst the deep foliage of the trees, and the latter clothed with a spring mantle of pink blossom.

At Ermington the river again widens, and from thence a fine view of the distant scenery is obtained, backed by the noble ridge of the Blue Mountains. The foreground is diversified by Australian plants and trees; the eucalyptus rearing its lofty branches of evergreen foliage, with parrots of the most brilliant colours chattering in the sunshine amongst its blossoms, or extracting honey from the cones of the nectariferous *Banksiæ*. Parramatta itself is a military station, and the female convicts are chiefly quartered here. They are confined with-

in the walls of an extensive building termed the "Factory," where they are kept under a strict discipline, and engaged in washing and other feminine employments. In the neighbourhood of Parramatta are some fine gardens, and many of the better class reside in its vicinity.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

As British civilization is daily spreading over the Australian continent, so the degraded natives of the soil are fast disappearing; and, in New South Wales especially, they will, ere long, have totally disappeared. During my stay there, I made constant search and inquiry into the past history and customs of the aborigines; and, combining my own observations with those of others who have been eye-witnesses to their ceremonies, I have been enabled to preserve such records of these people as may prove interesting to ethnologists at a future day. I have already entered fully into the physical and social condition of the aboriginal inhabitants of South Australia; but there are many points of difference in the customs and ceremonies of the people of New South Wales, of sufficient interest to be treated of separately.

In personal appearance, the aborigines of New South Wales greatly resemble the inhabitants of the southern and western coasts of Australia; but they are generally taller men, with figures better proportioned; although their limbs are small, and their legs and arms very thin. Few deformities of person are to be found amongst them: inverted feet now and then occur, but round shoulders or hunchbacks are never to be observed. In the bush, the natives of New South Wales may be said to go naked: both men and women, however, bind a small fillet round the head; the men also wear a narrow band about the waist, and the women sometimes throw a strip of kangaroo skin over their shoulders. If at any time they consent to be clothed in some degree before the settlers, they are quite indifferent to anything like dress among their own people.

Both sexes use fish-oil as an unguent, which they rub into their skins in order to protect them from the effects of the air, and the stings of musquitoes and other venomous flies. The smell of the oil, together with the perspiration from their bodies, produces in hot weather an odour that is far from agreeable; and they may occasionally be seen with the entrails of fish upon their heads, frying in the burning sun until the oil runs down over their foreheads and shoulders. Their hair receives a variety of decorations, according to the notions of each individual, as to what is ornamental or becoming: the front teeth of the kangaroo, human teeth, the jaw and other bones of fish, dogs'

tails, and birds' feathers, are fastened to it by means of the gum which they obtain from the wattle and the grass-tree. The women take great pride in making their children look fine. The tribes to the southward of Botany Bay divide their hair into small parcels, each of which they mat together with gum, forming them into lengths like the thrums of a mop. The northern tribes, especially about the Clarence River, form the hair into an elongated cone ; twisting it round with a band of grass, so as to produce a towering head-dress about two feet in height.

They ornament the breast, arms, and back with large scars, or seams of cicatrized flesh ; these permanent decorations being produced by gashes made in their persons with broken pieces of the shell which they use at the end of their throwing-sticks : after the incision is made, care is taken to keep the part of the flesh asunder for a considerable time, that a bulky cicatrix may remain after the wound has healed.

Their dwellings are of the rudest and most primitive description. The inhabitants of the woods make huts of the bark of a single tree, bent in the middle, and placed on its two ends on the ground, affording shelter to only one person. Upon the sea-coast, the huts are larger, and formed of several pieces of bark put together in the form of an oven ; the entrance being on one side : these are of sufficient dimensions to hold six or eight persons. The fire is always made near the mouth of the hut, rather within it ; and the

interior, of course, is filthy and smoke-dried. Besides these huts of bark, the natives dwell in cavities in the rocks ; which, in some parts of the country are numerous.* The stone of the country is generally of a soft sandy nature, and the rocks, both on the shore and inland, abound with caves, some of which are of sufficient dimensions to contain forty or fifty persons. Almost every rock has a number of caves hollowed out of it, but whether by nature or art cannot in all cases be determined. At the mouth of many of these caves a very rich soil is found, consisting of shells, entrails of fish, and other refuse of the inhabitants within, who have dwelt in these caves, no doubt, for ages past : with this soil the early settlers were accustomed to manure their gardens.

Their principal weapon is the spear, as is the case with all the New Holland tribes. There are several varieties : some are long sticks merely pointed ; others have one or more barbs cut in the wood, and a few are barbed with pieces of broken oyster-shells—these are formidable instruments. The spear is mostly thrown, like a dart, by means of the throwing-stick ; which is different from that used in South Australia : it is at least three feet long, having a hook at one end, and a shell at the other, fastened with gum. The spear is thrown with great force and certainty of aim : they can strike any object at a distance of seventy yards ; the stick remaining in hand after the spear is discharged. The throwing-

* Appendix, Note 2.

stick serves also the purposes of a knife, when the edge of the shell is sharp; it is also used as a spade to dig up roots and grubs.

The bomerang is in use amongst them, and it is astonishing with what precision they throw this weapon; which, after taking a circuit in the air for several hundred feet, returns to the precise spot from whence it was thrown. "King Tamara," the last of the Sydney tribe, properly so called, is very expert at making these instruments, which require great nicety to form them of the exact curve requisite to insure them returning to the spot from whence they were thrown: these are called recoiling bomerangs; others, which do not rebound, are used for throwing at ducks.* I have seen bomerangs that had the extremities carved with singular lines, much resembling Persian characters. To the northwards, where the myall-tree grows, the bomerangs and several other weapons are made out of its wood, which is of a dark purplish colour, and emits a pleasant odour resembling violets.

They have several sorts of clubs, or waddies, some of them of large dimensions, and formed of exceedingly hard wood. They have also a species of triangular shield called a *tawarang*, which is about three feet long, wide in the centre, and diminishing in bulk towards the extremities; the inner side has a handle hollowed out by fire, and the outside is carved with waved lines. The *tawarang* is used during their

* Appendix, Note 3.

dances, when it is struck with a club. In battle they use the oval wooden shield called a *hieleman*.

Their tools are the *mogo*, or stone hatchet, formed of a sharpened stone fastened between two pieces of wood; a wooden mallet, and sharp fragments of shells and quartz. For polishing their throwing-sticks and the points of their lances, they use the leaves of a species of wild fig-tree, which bites upon the wood almost as keenly as the shave-grass of Europe, which is employed by our joiners. Beautiful rush-baskets are made by the women of Moreton Bay and the Clarence River.

The boys are accustomed from their earliest infancy to throwing the spear, and practising self-defence; they begin by throwing reeds at each other, and soon become very expert. Indeed the management of the spear and the shield—dexterity in throwing the various wirries and the *bomerang*—agility in either attacking or defending, and a display of the constancy with which they can endure pain, may be said to be their principal amusements. The *corrobory* is similar, in most respects, to that practised by the other Australian tribes; occasionally, however, they dance back to back in pairs; and at other times all the performers sit down on the ground with their feet under them, and, at a particular word, they raise themselves up without any assistance from their hands.* The exercise of throwing the ball is also much practised by the young people. Like other

* See Appendix, Note 4.

savages, they are greatly inclined to indolence, and never make provision for the morrow. They always eat as long as they have anything left, and when satisfied, stretch themselves out in the sun to sleep; where they lie till hunger, or some other violent cause, calls them again into action. They have certain songs and poetical sentences which they make use of, with some attention to time and cadence; and in their little bark canoes they keep time with their paddles, responsive to the words of a song. It is a remarkable fact that all their new songs, dances, &c., come from the north to the south, which tends to prove their migration from the Asiatic Islands.

The initiatory rites into the privileges of manhood amongst the savages of New South Wales, differ considerably from those practised by the tribes inhabiting the Southern and Western portions of the Australian continent. The ceremony of *kebarrah*, or knocking out the front tooth, appears to be the most important feature of these rites; and probably supplies the place of circumcision amongst other tribes. Colonel Collins—who was eye-witness to an important ceremony of this nature, amongst the natives in the vicinity of Port Jackson, before the European settlers had driven back the aboriginal population—describes the scene with graphic minuteness.

There being several youths in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson who had not undergone this operation, the latter end of January was chosen for the performance of the ceremony; when the native tribes,

painted, and bedecked with feathers and other ornaments, and armed with clubs, spears, and throwing-sticks, assembled at the head of Farm Cove. An open space, about thirty feet in length, called Yoolang, had been cleared for the purpose; and previously to the ceremony taking place, the nights were spent in dancing. On the 2nd February, the people from Cammeray arrived; amongst whom were the Koradjee men, or priests, who were to perform the operation of knocking out the tooth. When Colonel Collins reached the spot, he found the party from the north shore armed, and standing at one end of the Yoolang; at the other end were the boys, who were to be given up to the people of Cammeray for the purpose of losing a tooth each, all accompanied by their several friends. The ceremony opened with the armed party advancing from their end of the Yoolang, with a song or shout peculiar to the occasion, clattering their shields, and raising the dust with their feet. On reaching the boys, one of their number stepped forward from the rest, and seizing a youth, returned with him to his party, who received him with a loud shout, and placed him in their midst, where he seemed defended by a grove of spears, from any attempts that might be made at rescue; in this manner the whole of the lads were taken out, to the number of fifteen. They were then seated at the upper end of the Yoolang, each holding down his head, with his hands clasped, and his legs crossed under him. The Koradjee men now commenced

their mystic rites. One of them suddenly fell upon the ground, and throwing himself into apparent agonies, at length pretended to be delivered of a bone, which was to be used in the ensuing ceremony. During his seeming agony, he was encircled by a crowd of natives, who danced and sung around him most vociferously, beating him upon the back till the bone was produced. He had no sooner risen from the ground, exhausted and bathed with sweat, than another went through the same ceremony; there being as many bones produced as there were boys to be initiated into the class of men. The boys were given to understand that these pains were suffered for their sakes, and that the more the Koradjees endured, the less pain would be felt by them.

Next morning, soon after sunrise, the Koradjees, who had slept apart by themselves, advanced with quick movements one after another towards the Yoolang, shouting as they entered it, and running round it two or three times. The boys were then brought forward, from the place where they had also passed the night alone, and after being seated again at the head of the Yoolang, the operators, about twenty in number, paraded several times round it, running upon their hands and feet, and imitating the dogs of the country: their decorations were adapted for this purpose; and the wooden sword, by being stuck in the hinder part of the girdle which they wore round the waist, so as to lay upon their backs, looked, when they were crawling

upon all fours, like the tail of the wild dog. Every time they passed the place where the boys were seated, they threw up the sand and dust upon them with their hands and feet. The design of this ceremony was understood to be, giving them power over the dogs, and endowing them with all the good qualities possessed by this animal.

The next scene was opened by a stout native carrying on his shoulders the effigy of a kangaroo, made of grass, followed by another man bearing a load of brushwood, whilst the others sang and beat time to the steps of the loaded men: the latter at length laid down their burthens at the feet of the youths. By thus presenting to them the dead kangaroo, it was indicated that the power was about to be imparted to them of killing that animal; while the brushwood represented its haunts. The performers now collected a quantity of long grass together, which they fastened to the hinder part of their girdles in the form of a tail hanging towards the ground; and thus equipped, they put themselves in motion as a herd of kangaroos: first jumping along with their knees bent, then lying down and scratching themselves, as those animals do when basking in the sun. One man beat time to them with a club upon a shield, while two others, armed, followed them all the way, pretending to steal upon them unobserved, and wound them with spears. This represented the manner in which they were to hunt the kangaroo.

Presently, each man caught up one of the boys,

and placing him upon his shoulders, carried him off in triumph for a few paces, when they all set their burthens down in a cluster together. Whilst the boys were thus standing with their attendants, one of the actors seated himself on the stump of a tree facing them, and taking another man upon his shoulders, the two men sat with their arms extended; behind these a number of men lay close to each other, with their faces to the ground, and behind these again were two other groups of men on each other's shoulders, with outstretched arms. As the boys and their attendants approached the first of these groups, the two men who composed it began to move themselves from side to side, thrusting out their tongues, and staring with all imaginable wildness. After a few minutes the two men separated, and the boys were now led over the bodies of the men lying upon the ground; who, as soon as they felt the boys upon them, began to writhe as if in agony, and to utter dreadful groans. Having passed over this living causeway, the boys were placed before the second group, and similar grimaces were performed as at the former stump; after which the whole band moved forwards. At a short distance the party halted; the boys were seated by each other, and opposite to them were drawn up in the form of a semicircle, the other party, now armed with spears and shields. Opposed to this party stood the principal Koradjee man, who held a shield in one hand and a club in the other, with which he beat time; and at

every third stroke the whole party poised and presented their spears at him, each touching the centre of his shield.

They now commenced their preparations for striking out the tooth. The first subject they selected was a boy about twelve years of age, who was placed upon the shoulders of a native, seated on the grass: the bone, which on the preceding evening had been produced with such ceremony, having been sharpened at one end, was used to lance the gum, in order to facilitate the extraction of the tooth. A throwing-stick was cut eight or ten inches from the end, and the gum being lanced the smallest end of the stick was applied as high up on the tooth as the gum would admit of, and the operator being provided with a large stone, struck the stick with it, and knocked out the tooth; the first candidate being dismissed, another was brought forward, and so on, until the operation was concluded. After the tooth was extracted, the patient was led to a distance by his friends, who closed the gum, and equipped him in the decorations of his new state: a girdle was tied round his waist, in which was thrust a wooden sword, and a bandage wound about his head, adorned with the leaves of the grass-tree. His left hand was placed over his mouth, which was to be kept shut; and the youth was on no account to speak, and for that day was not permitted to eat. The blood that issued from the lacerated gum was not wiped away, but suffered to run down the breast, and fall on the head of the man on whose

shoulder the patient sat, and whose name was added to his : this blood remained dried upon the heads of the men and the breasts of the boys for several days. The boys were now termed "Kebarrah," from *keba*, a rock or stone.*

The ceremony of Kebarrah, as practised by the tribes of the Macquarrie district, is somewhat different in its details from that of the natives to the southward. It is usually on a summer's morning at break of day, that the tribes assemble upon the Macquarrie hills, to celebrate the mysterious rites of Kebarrah. On such occasions, hostile tribes meet in peace ; all animosity between them being laid aside during the performance of these ceremonies. When the *cooi* or *cowack* sounds the note of preparation, the women and children in haste make their way towards the ravines and gulleys, and there remain concealed. The tribe to which the youths belong commence the ceremony by uttering a long-drawn dismal yell, which echoes through the woods, and is answered by the surrounding tribes in rotation. After a short silence, the old men retire to hold a council among themselves, whilst the young men with their weapons bark the trees around the spot, for some way up the trunks ; another yell succeeds, and then

* See John i. 42 : "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonah : thou shalt be called *Cephas*, which is by interpretation *a stone*." See also Appendix, Note 5, *Keba* or *Giber*, amongst the memoranda relative to words used by the Sydney tribe, showing their affinity to other languages, and affording strong proof of the Asiatic origin of this people.

the whole of the tribes form into a ring,—the *wakui*, with its horrible whizzing sound, is heard in the distance, and enormous fires blaze around. On such occurrences there are frequently from five to six hundred natives present; their naked bodies fancifully painted with pipe-clay, and their heads profusely powdered with the down of the wild swan. An old man is stationed in a neighbouring tree, making the most furious gestures, and whirling round the *wakui*. The youths are now brought into the ring by their fathers or nearest relations, and the kebarrah song then commences, describing to the candidates, in the strongest terms, the torture they are about to undergo. The first ordeal is that of knocking out the front tooth. This is done by boring a hole in a tree, and inserting into it a small hard twig; the tooth is then brought into contact with the end, and one individual holds the candidate's head in a firm position against it, whilst another, exerting all his strength, pushes the boy's head forward; the concussion causes the tooth, with frequently a portion of the gum adhering to it, to fall out. Some men stand over him, brandishing their waddies, menacing him with instant death if he utters any complaint; while others proceed to cut his back in longitudinal stripes, and make an incision on each shoulder with sharp flints. If the victim utters the least groan, or indication of suffering, during these tortures, three yells, long and loud, uttered by the operators, proclaim the event to the

*muharra*h or encampment. The unfortunate youth is then considered unworthy to be admitted as a warrior, or to mix with the men of his tribe; the women are summoned with a loud *cooi*, and, when they arrive, the youth is handed over to them with ignominy, as a coward; and he thenceforward becomes the companion and playmate of the children.

Should he, on the other hand, submit without shrinking, he is admitted to the rank of a huntsman and a warrior. Another ring is then formed, consisting of the aged men: the youth is placed in the centre, and the *mundie** is given to him; and the old men then use every persuasive art to induce him to return the stone to them again. If he resigns it, he is still considered unfit to be a warrior, as he can be talked over; but if he retains it, notwithstanding all their entreaties, he is received into their number. The war-song commences, and a sham fight ensues; the youth being placed in the van to show his courage and the mode of handling his weapons. This over, they all set up a loud *cooi*, as a warning for the women to return to the camp, and the tribes follow, singing the *korinda braia* as they return in procession. They then separate, to cook and eat around their various fires, and the day is concluded with feasting and dances.

* *Mundie* is a crystal, believed by the natives to be an excrement issuing from the Deity, and held sacred. It is worn concealed in the hair, tied up in a packet, and is never shown to the women, who are forbidden to look at it under pain of death.

When a child is born, it is laid upon the ground upon a piece of soft bark, on which the mother carries it about for a few days. As soon as it acquires sufficient strength, it is removed to her shoulders, where it sits with its little legs across the mother's neck; and, taught by necessity, it soon catches hold of her hair in order to prevent itself from falling. The parents early decorate their children's hair with fish-bones, kangaroo-teeth, feathers, and red ochre. At the age of a few weeks, the child receives its name, which is generally taken from some object constantly before their eyes, such as a bird, fish, or tree. Whilst still infants, the females undergo amputation of the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand. This operation is called "Malgun," and is effected by tying a hair, or some fine ligature, round the joint; the flesh soon swells, and in a few days the finger mortifies and drops off.*

Between the ages of eight and sixteen, both sexes undergo the operation termed "Nganung," which consists in boring the septum of the nose in order to receive a bone or reed.

Polygamy is customary amongst these tribes; and the method of obtaining their wives is extremely brutal. The man, having fixed upon a woman as his future companion, who is almost always selected from amongst another tribe, secretly comes upon her

* Mutilations of the body were probably practised by all early tribes. See Parkhurst. In Hebrew, *Malgun* is מַלְגֻן, and signifies *a cutting off in order to protection*.

in the absence of her protectors, and stupifying her with blows inflicted by a club or wooden sword upon the head, back, and shoulders, every one of which is followed by a stream of blood, he drags her away through the woods by main force. They do not consider marriage as lawful between those who are more nearly related than first cousins.

In the year 1789, the aboriginal tribes of New South Wales were visited with the smallpox, which made dreadful havoc amongst them, and swept off incredible numbers. The natives imagined that it was the infliction of an evil spirit. It was this epidemic of which the natives of South Australia speak: they say that it came down the Murray from the country far to the eastward, and almost depopulated the banks of that river for more than a thousand miles. I have myself seen two aged men from high up the Murray, beyond the great North-west bend, who were deeply marked with the effects of smallpox.

The natives usually attempt to cure disease by means of sorcery or charms. The Koradjee men or priests perform their incantations over the sick, waving boughs dipped in water, holding one in each hand; they also throw themselves into various distorted postures, applying the mouth to the affected parts, and pretending to suck out or extract the disease; at length, after much appearance of labour and pain, they will spit out a piece of bone, which they represent as the cause of the disorder. Another method of attempting to alleviate pain is practised

by the women : the patient being seated on the ground has a line passed round the head, the knot with which it is tied being fixed in the centre of the forehead ; the end of the line is then taken by the operator, who frets her own lips with it until they bleed freely ; the patient being led to suppose that the blood proceeds from his head, and, carrying the disease along with it upon the line, passes into the woman's mouth.

The passion of revenge, so fondly cherished by savages, has given rise to a singular custom among the natives of New South Wales. When any one of the tribe dies a natural death, it is usual to avenge the loss of the deceased by taking blood from one or other of his friends ; spears are thrown on such occasions, and it now and then happens that the wounded party falls a victim to this promiscuous sort of retribution.

The natives of New South Wales are accustomed to burn their aged dead, but the young people are buried beneath small tumuli. When a corpse is to be burnt, it is laid upon a pile of dry wood and other combustibles, about three feet in height ; the body being placed with the face towards the rising of the sun, with fishing apparatus, spears, &c., arranged beside it ; the corpse is covered with large logs of wood by the surviving relatives, who then set fire to the pile. The next day the calcined bones and ashes of the deceased are carefully buried. Should a woman die, having a child at the breast, the living

infant is buried with her: the natives argue that as no one could be found to nurse the child, it is better for it to lie with its mother, than be left to pine to death. After any one dies their name is no more mentioned; should any individual belonging to the same tribe possess a similar name, he is required to lay it aside and adopt some new name, by which he is known during the remainder of his life.

The following account of the funeral rites of a deceased child is as described by an eye-witness. Previously to burying the corpse of the boy, a contest with clubs and spears took place, but no injury was done to the parties engaged. The body was placed in a bark canoe, cut to the proper length; a spear, a fishing-spear, and a throwing-stick, with several smaller articles, being placed beside the corpse, the women and children made great lamentations during the ceremony, and the father stood apart, a picture of silent grief. The canoe was placed on the heads of two natives, who proceeded with it slowly towards the grave; some of the attendants waving tufts of dried grass backwards and forwards under the canoe and amongst the bushes as they passed along. The grave being dug, a native strewed it with grass, and stretched himself at full length in the grave, first upon his back, and then on his side. As they were about to let down the child into the grave, they first pointed to the deceased and then to the skies, as though they had a vague idea that the spirit had ascended to another world. The body was then laid

in the grave, with the face looking towards the rising sun; and, in order that the sunshine might fall upon the spot, care was taken to cut down all shrubs around that could in any way obstruct its beams. Branches were placed over the grave, grass and boughs upon these, and the whole was crowned with a log of wood, on which a native extended himself for some minutes with his face to the sky.*

On the sea-coast, these people live principally by fishing, whilst those in the interior seek their subsistence by the chase. Their fishing lines are made from the tough stringy bark of various trees; which is beaten between two stones until it arrives at the consistency of oakum, and is then twisted into strands, and formed into ropes of different dimensions. Their hooks are sometimes formed of the talons of a bird, such as an eagle or a hawk; but the hooks most generally in use are made out of shells, by rubbing them upon a stone into the shape required. The fishing-spear is a long slender pole about twelve feet in length, armed at the extremity with four prongs bound together, each of which is barbed by a kangaroo tooth, or a piece of bone sharpened to a point. This weapon is employed for striking fish; and, in fine weather, the natives may be seen lying across their canoes, with their faces in the water, and their fishing-spears immersed ready for striking: the eyes being a little under water, they can perceive the fish distinctly. For striking turtle they

* See Appendix, Note 6—Burial.

use a sharp peg of wood, about a foot in length and barbed, which fits into a socket at the end of a staff of light wood, seven or eight feet long; the barb being attached to the staff by one end of a loose line. In striking the turtle, the peg which is fixed into the socket enters the body of the creature, and is retained there by the barb; the staff flying off, and serving as a float to trace the course of their prey in the water; they then overtake the turtle with their canoes, and hunt him ashore. The women and children fish with the line; and they carry a small fire in their canoes, which is laid upon sand raised on wet seaweed, and, when hungry, they cook their food while upon the water in this manner. The women will sit patiently for hours together, in these frail canoes of bark, exposed to the fervour of the mid-day sun, chanting their little songs, and inviting the fish beneath them to take the bait: as, without a sufficient supply of food for their tyrants, they would meet with a bad reception on their landing.

Their canoes are very rude. To the southward they are mere pieces of bark, very similar to those of the natives upon the Murray River, but tied together at the ends, and kept open by means of small bows of wood: these are paddled by two small paddles, one of which is held in each hand. Towards the north the natives have canoes of a more substantial kind, formed out of the trunks of trees, and about twelve or fourteen feet long: they are

hollowed by fire, and shaped with the *mogo*, or stone hatchet.

The tribes inhabiting the plains and forests of the interior live mostly by the chase. They ensnare small animals with a glutinous paste resembling bird-lime, formed of a root bruised together with the eggs of the large red ant. They are also expert in decoying carnivorous birds: a native will stretch himself upon a rock, as if asleep in the sun, holding a piece of fish in his hand; the bird, seeing the prey, and not observing any motion in the native, darts on the fish, and, whilst in the act of seizing it, is caught by the wily savage.

Various reports are current, amongst the natives on the coast, as to the existence of cannibal tribes in the interior; and it is a well authenticated fact, that, to the northward, portions of the bodies of the deceased are eaten by their friends, as a token of regard. At Moreton Bay a lad having died, several men gathered round the body, and removed the head and the thick outer skin, which was rolled upon a stick, and dried over a slow fire. During this horrid ceremony, the father and mother stood by, loudly weeping and lamenting; and *the thighs were then roasted and eaten by the parents!* The liver, heart, and entrails were divided amongst the warriors, who carried away portions on their spears; and the skin and bones, with the skull, were rolled up and carried about by the parents, in their grass bags or wallets.

The natives, at times, subsist on roots and berries; the honey from the banksia blossoms, and grubs from decayed wood, are also sought after by them. In order to get more easily at the roots amongst the underwood and scrub, the natives set fire to the "bush" in many places; when the fire is extinguished they dig up the roots, after roasting which they pound them between two stones, until the roots become soft enough to chew. In lighting their fires, if they have occasion to break the sticks, they snap them across the forehead, as we do across the knee. Should a whale happen to be cast ashore in some of the coves along the coast, as is sometimes the case, its carcass affords an extraordinary treat to the natives, who feast upon the blubber for many days.

Although these people do not acknowledge any Supreme Being, their belief in spirits is universal; hence their dread of moving at night, unless provided with a fire-stick or torch. Witchcraft is also general amongst them. Of a shooting star, and of thunder and lightning, they have great dread; but they imagine, that by repeating some particular words, and breathing loud, they can disarm these appearances of their supposed deadly power. Roasting fish at night they imagine will prevent a vessel from enjoying a fair wind; and if a person whistles whilst under a rock, they think that it will fall and crush him to death. They also believe that any one sleeping on the grave of a deceased person would

be freed from the dread of all future apparitions ; for that, during that awful sleep, the spirit of the deceased would visit him, seize him by the throat, and, opening him, take out his bowels, which it would afterwards replace and close up the wound ! Such as are hardy enough to go through this terrible ordeal,—encountering the darkness of the night, and the solemnity of the grave,—are thenceforth Koradjee men, or priests, and practise sorcery and incantations upon the others of their tribe.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY TO THE ILLAWARRA DISTRICT—LIVERPOOL
—CAMPBELTOWN—APEN—ILLAWARRA—DAPTO—
WOOLLONGONG.

DURING my stay in New South Wales, I visited the beautiful district of Illawarra, situated about eighty or one hundred miles to the southward of Sydney. Accompanied by a young friend, we started on horseback ; and following the main road from Sydney towards Parramatta for a few miles, we then struck across to the Liverpool road. The distance of Liverpool from Sydney is about twenty miles. The country on both sides has been, and in many places still is, thickly wooded ; but numerous inns and public-houses occur at intervals along the road, while the clearings in every direction, and the amount of population one sees, independently of the villages or clusters of houses here and there, all convey the idea of a thickly settled country. Liverpool itself, however, is as dull and uninviting a town as it is well possible to imagine : situated upon

a nearly level tract of country, in the centre of a poor scrubby soil, and with neither hill nor river, nor any other attractive feature to render it tolerable, this miserable inland town consists of a few streets and scattered dwellings with small gardens, and numerous public-houses for the refreshment of travellers passing to and fro from Campbeltown. On entering the town we passed a large and well-constructed building, which I understood to be an hospital.

From Liverpool the country improves towards Campbeltown, and as the soil becomes richer everything around has a more pleasing aspect; the surface of the land is here undulating, and hills rise beyond Campbeltown. The town itself consists principally of one long street, reminding one of similar market-towns in England, in which the High-street is diversified here and there with the leading inns, such as the "Golden Lion," the "Angel," or the "White Bear:" it is just so in New South Wales. The conventional ideas of the old country have been carried out to the very letter, as if they had been law: no allowance is made for the wide difference of climate, and consequently of habits, between the two countries; but here, in a latitude of 34° south, we have houses destitute of verandahs or screen-work, built with great glaring windows and high roofs, as if to imbibe all the sun possible. The very taverns are such painfully exact fac-similes of those in England, that it is only after leaving the town and looking abroad upon the

landscape of eucalyptus and banksia, and inhaling the sweet scent of the wattles in blossom, that one is again sensible of really being in Australia, and not in some old town in one of the midland counties.

Between Campbeltown and Appen, a distance of ten or twelve miles, the country becomes more wooded; log huts break the dull monotony of the sombre forests, and the wattle, now covered with a sheet of yellow blossom, enlivens the scene here and there with its gay and perfumed clusters.

Appen is a little straggling village amongst gum trees, with numberless clearings all around. It is inhabited mostly by Irish, and has two opposition inns: at both of which, however, travellers, especially strangers, are compelled to pay very extravagantly for a night's accommodation. The hospitality of the "bush," which is universal in South Australia and in the more remote districts of New South Wales, is unknown so near Sydney; the place of the ever-open hut of the settler being here supplied by a series of detestable little inns, kept by a race of low and pilfering Irish.

A few miles from Appen, the country suddenly assumes a totally different aspect: leaving the rich and cultivated fields of the numerous settlers, whose lands stretch away towards the north and west, the traveller descends a deep ravine, or pass, between the hills, called "Jordan's Creek," through which a small river winds its way amidst abrupt rocks and

overhanging foliage. The scene is extremely wild and picturesque—savage-looking rocks frown from above, and the steep precipices rising on both sides of the glen are clothed with trees and brushwood, that are mirrored in the dark still water beneath. This romantic glen was once a favourite haunt of bushrangers, but now they are seldom to be met with; though we were told at Appen that two were still lurking in the neighbourhood, and had stopped a traveller only a few days since. The effective mounted police force has done much to prevent the existence of these marauding bands of runaway convicts, who formerly struck terror into the breasts of the out-settlers: the bushrangers have been thus kept down, and many of their ringleaders being taken and made examples of by summary justice, others have been deterred from a similar bandit life.

On ascending the opposite side of the ravine—which is so steep and precipitous that it was matter of some difficulty to drag up our horses over the loose and slippery rocks—we entered the scrub and stringy-bark forest, where the scenery is of a totally opposite character from that through which we had previously travelled. The soil, consisting of a light sand, is clothed with a stunted species of stringy-bark tree (*eucalyptus*), which has a gloomy and melancholy aspect; and beneath these trees grow an endless variety of low shrubs and plants, belonging exclusively to the poor and sandy soil of the scrub: many of these plants were in blossom, variegating the

waste with their brilliant hues. Amongst the most striking and beautiful of the wild flowers that adorn these mountain forests of New South Wales, are the "warrator" and the rock-lily. The "warrator" is a slender shrub, growing with a single upright woody stem to a height of six or seven feet; at the top of which is a magnificent blossom of a deep crimson colour, in shape and size bearing considerable resemblance to a full-blown peony. The natives occasionally wear these "warrator" flowers in their hair as ornaments. The rock-lily is a superb plant, generally growing on the edge of some rocky precipice, or crowning a lofty barrier of rock with its giant stem. The flower-stalk issues from a bunch of leaves very similar to the New Zealand flax; and when it has attained its full altitude it often measures thirty feet, and bears at its summit a crown of scarlet lilies, several feet in circumference. This singular and gorgeous flower gives a peculiar character to the scenery of some of the rocky gullies and chasms that intersect these mountain forests; and the open flats that intervene, though mostly swampy, are often covered with heath and a variety of grasses.

From the summit of the hills, as we approached the Illawarra district, we obtained beautiful and extensive views over successive ranges of stringy bark forest, backed by the Blue Mountains; which rose in the extreme distance, breaking the horizon with their bold outline. The solitude of these forests is rendered more lonely and impressive by the almost

unbroken stillness that reigns throughout their shady recesses.

The road towards Illawarra, after following along the flat-topped summits of successive ranges, takes a sudden turn, when the traveller's gaze is arrested by the unexpected sight of the vast Pacific Ocean, lying far beyond and beneath, and appearing of a deep hazy blue : its effect is truly refreshing to the sense, after emerging from the sandy forests. A little further on, the road surmounts the brow of Mount Keerah ; and from this point the scene is grand and enchanting beyond description. Here we halted, and tethering our horses upon an open plot on the side of the path, made our way through the brushwood to the edge of the mountain's brow, from which we obtained an uninterrupted view over the entire district of Illawarra. Dapto lay at our feet ; to our left the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean glittered in the afternoon's sunshine ; and beneath us the Illawarra lakes were visible, as on a map ; the distant coast-line being discernible towards Cape Howe. The vegetation that clothed the steep sides of the mountain was of a totally distinct character from anything we had hitherto witnessed : it seemed, on descending and entering Illawarra, that we had suddenly become transported into a glen of tropical vegetation ; and the scene all around us was totally new in character and aspect. We had entered upon another climate : the dry arid soil of the stringy-bark forest, with its stunted vegetation, was exchanged, as

if by magic, for a damp, humid region, sheltered from the wind by colossal barriers of rock, and presenting a prodigal luxuriance and wealth of vegetation almost inconceivable. Plants and trees were here altogether of different species from those we had before witnessed: the gigantic cabbage-palm and the *seaforthia elegans* towered to a height of fifty, and even eighty feet; the caoutchouc-tree, or India fig, reared its tortuous branches high into the air, clothed with rich draperies of curious and spreading parasites; and the graceful tree-ferns that flourish in the windless dells of the moist forests of New Zealand, are also indigenous here, enjoying a similar warm and damp atmosphere. In short, nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery, as the traveller descends the winding and difficult path leading down the mountain to the rich plains below: here and there a group of cabbage-palms shoot up in all the unrestrained luxuriance of the tropics; and in other places the herbage is so rank with creepers, ferns, and vines, as to be quite impassable. Here we gathered wild raspberries, and beheld that splendid parasite, the *elksicornia*, adorning the trunks of the forest trees.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, we again entered a settled district; one of the richest and most beautiful perhaps in New South Wales. Sheltered from the scorching northerly winds by the wall of mountain-rocks that guards this favoured region, the meadows are green and luxuriant all the year;

whilst, on the other hand, they are open to the cool breezes from the ocean ; and the surrounding mountains collect the clouds, which descend in fertilizing showers upon the valleys beneath.

Pursuing the road to Dapto, along this rich vale, we passed farms and cultivation on every side : sleek cattle were grazing in the meadows, and all looked beautiful in the glow of evening. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and the purple of evening settled over the landscape before we arrived at our destination. This was at the homestead of one of the settlers at Dapto ; and it was with considerable difficulty, after groping our horses' way through paddocks and amongst gum-trees, that we found the desired spot. A light glimmered from the loft or upper story of a barn ; from whence the barking of the dogs brought down our friend, to whom we bore a letter of introduction. After supplying our horses with corn, we ascended a steep flight of wooden stairs to partake of the hospitality of our host, in the temporary shelter which was afforded to his family by the upper loft of this capacious barn.

Although it may appear strange to speak of living in a barn, to those accustomed only to the extreme of civilization in an old country, yet the spirited and enterprising settler, who chooses to make a home for himself and a provision for his family in the wilds of Australia, must undergo privations that are unknown at home. And yet these very privations, and the rude and Crusoe-like life he has at first to lead, have

an air of romance about them that sweetens his toil ; while the constant calls upon his ingenuity and skill produce an excitement that adds to his happiness. So it was with our worthy host : he was building a large and substantial dwelling-house close by, which he hoped would be ready for occupation in another month or two ; and meanwhile he had converted the upper story of the barn into a very comfortable and exceedingly picturesque apartment. We sat down to an excellent meal, and after supper a neighbouring settler looked in ; when we were agreeably surprised by the wife of our friend entertaining us by playing upon the harp. The apartment was a strange medley of refinement and "bush" life : in one corner was a piano with piles of elegant books ; in another part of the loft were cooking utensils, with a stove, in which was a blazing fire—the smoke being led off by a funnel through a hole in the roof ; whilst here and there the brush of a wild dog, or the tail of the lyre-bird, or *Mænura* pheasant, was stuck as a trophy between the rafters. We spent a most agreeable evening with our kind friends, and then descended to our night's quarters, whither our host conducted us : and very snug they were ; for, climbing up a ladder in the lower portion of the barn, we reached the top of the straw, where we made ourselves a comfortable bed. All night we were serenaded by the shrill whistling of plovers feeding in the surrounding meadows ; and when we awoke next morning, we found ourselves buried to our necks upright in the straw, with only our heads visible above.

From this perpendicular position we gradually exhumed ourselves, and felt truly thankful for so warm a shelter; for, on going outside, the grass was covered with a white frost.

The next day was spent in rambling about with our friend, and sketching, amidst the beautiful scenery of the surrounding neighbourhood. There is a grove of cabbage palms on the margin of a small stream close to this spot, and it was amusing to witness the dexterity with which the natives climb the branchless and smooth trunks of these trees, by means of a notched stick, and occasionally with no other assistance than a piece of wild vine or supplejack, which they draw tight round the tree.

The accompanying view is taken from a meadow just beyond the station where we were staying, and will convey some idea of the peculiar and beautiful scenery of the Illawarra country.

Bidding adieu to our friends at Dapto, we retraced the road to Woollongong, a small town on the sea-coast, near the foot of Mount Keerah. Woollongong is the port of Illawarra, and several small vessels trade constantly from thence to Sydney and back, carrying supplies and produce by sea: this is much more easy than land-carriage, as the mountains render it next to impossible to convey heavy goods by land to Sydney. The town is picturesquely situated, and has a good pier. Several islands lie at a short distance off the coast, which has obtained for this locality the name of "the Five Islands."

CHAPTER IX.

VOYAGE ROUND CAPE HORN—RIO JANEIRO—ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Sept. 10th.—EARLY this morning the *Royal Tar* got under weigh from the anchorage off Bradley's Head, in the harbour of Port Jackson; and as she passed out from between the tall buttresses of rock on each side of the entrance to the harbour, we took a last look at the shores of New South Wales, and bore away southward and eastward over the waters of the Pacific.

Sept. 20th.—We have experienced boisterous weather during the last week: strong gales from the north-north-east, and then from south-west. The incidents have been few; and our only prospect has been a tumultuous wilderness of mountain-billows, rushing in their might up from the stormy south—"curling their monstrous heads," foam-crested—looking awful from their vast size and endless multitude. Over this howling desert of waters—this melancholy sea of storm—the albatross and the petrel flit, spirit-like:

the only living things visible beyond the wooden walls of our floating prison.

About noon to-day we got a glimpse of the coast of New Zealand, near North Cape: it was dim and distant, and only occasionally visible between the mountainous waves.

On the 27th, we passed the meridian of 180° , out of east into west longitude. We have about six thousand miles to run for Cape Horn, across the South Pacific Ocean.

Off the Chatham Islands we encountered very bad weather, and the barometer fell lower than it had hitherto done. Whilst lying-to, we lost our lee bulwarks, and the sea ran tremendously. The albatross and the ocean-birds are very hungry after a gale of wind: quite voracious, and so bold in search of food that it is very easy to catch them.

Oct. 7th.—Lat. 43° south, long. 162° west. The weather becomes colder, and the passengers stump up and down the decks all day long, backwards and forwards, like caged animals in a travelling menagerie.

The chill south wind comes wandering over the waste of waters, rough and blustering; and the giant masses of foam that are driven before its fury, tell of dark and dreary abodes round the pole, and of the ice-bound regions of the Antarctic. The bright and happy sky of Australia is exchanged for a wilderness of everlasting surges; and the dull and melancholy birds that wander restlessly over their surface, only

serve to make the scene more dreary by their shrill and dismal cry. These birds are the heralds of shipwreck, of storm, and of death: they have no fellowship with those winged creatures of light and beauty that flit to and fro in the sunshine of the forests.

The sun went down so wildly, it seemed as though he fled in anger from a scene thus waste and desolate; and the huge moaning waves caught in succession on their rising crests a lurid reflection of that departing brightness, as it glared down upon the cold grey ocean.

Oct. 17th.—Lat. 50° south, long. 134° west. During the last few days, we have had strong winds from the W.S.W. and N.W., with cold stormy weather. On deck, the thermometer stood at 45° ; yesterday we had hail-storms with wind at S.W.; and to-day the wind is W.N.W., with fog and cold drizzling rain occasionally. The days, dull and cheerless as they are, drag on until eight o'clock, and the twilight becomes really tedious.

Oct. 24th.—Lat. 55° south. A strong south-east gale, accompanied by violent squalls of hail; and, towards night, we had snow-storms. All is cold and desolate. Just before sunset, it commenced snowing heavily, and the orange glare of the stormy sunset was half hidden by the drifting snow-flakes, as they were whirled along over the waves, mingling with the sea-foam driven by the violence of the wind. The barometer to-day fell to 29.10.

Oct. 25th.—Thermometer on deck, 38° . Hail and

snow storms occasionally; but between the squalls, which are from S.S.W., there has been some cheering sunshine, and we got peeps of the sky, cold, clear, and blue. The albatross appears to have forsaken us, and has shaped its course farther north. We are now distant 1400 miles from the Horn.

Oct. 29th.—Some ice-birds were seen towards evening: they are perfectly white, and rather larger than a Cape pigeon.

Nov. 5th.—The latitude to-day at noon, $58^{\circ} 19'$ south. The air damp and raw, and the horizon, as usual in this high latitude, remarkably hazy: we have daylight till past 9 P.M. More ice-birds seen.

Nov. 6th.—To-day we passed Cape Horn, in latitude 58° south. The Cape, which is in reality a rocky island, is in lat. $55^{\circ} 58' 40''$ south, long. $67^{\circ} 12' 25''$ west.

The clouds this evening bore so strong a resemblance to land, that a little imagination might easily have converted them into the high snowy peaks of Staten Island.

The number of Cape pigeons that follow in the wake of the vessel is astonishing. They appear very hungry, and are perpetually in danger of being sucked down by the little whirlpools that eddy in the vessel's wake, whilst diving and scuffling for the morsels of food thrown overboard. My young New Zealander, Pomara, caught a great many of them with a hook and line, and sent them away again with canvass collars round their necks. "Mother Cary's

chickens" (*procellaria*) were seen for the first time during the voyage.

Nov. 14th.—Off the Falkland Islands. Large masses of kelp are constantly floating by. The day was fine and mild, and almost calm; and about 9 P.M. there was a total eclipse of the moon.

Nov. 21st.—Our course being nearly due north, we are fast entering a milder climate. The latitude to-day is 39° south. The atmosphere is still damp and misty, and a drizzling fog has for some days hung about the surface of the water. For the first time during the voyage, I observed the small "Portuguese men of war" scattered over the ruffling waves, with their little blue sails tossing buoyantly.

Nov. 22nd.—At sunset, beneath a heavy bank of cloud, the brightness of the sun burst forth for a moment with indescribable splendour; and there was a rosy brightness all around it so dazzling and so glorious, that it looked too lovely for the dark ocean and the dull heaving ship. It was but for a moment, however, and the dark ocean and the dull heaving ship harmonized once more.

Nov. 25th.—Fell in with a "Pamperro" wind, or south-west gale: lightning and heavy weather; lat. $33^{\circ} 50'$ south.

Nov. 30th.—Lat. 26° south. So extremely clear were the heavens to-day, that, at half-past one P.M., I distinctly saw the moon overhead, and a planet which I supposed to be Venus: both visible in the blazing light of a nearly vertical sun!

Dec. 2nd.—This morning we were cheered by the sight of land : the high mountains of South America were before us, in the province of Rio Janeiro. The day broke gloriously, and it was beautiful in the extreme to see the Brazilian coast with its jagged and lofty peaks, now struggling through the mists of early day.

To the voyager, weary of the endless waters, land is a joyous spectacle ; and to us it is gladdening to see the blue peaks of South America glittering in the pure sunshine, and inhale the fragrance of sweet blossoms from the shore, brought hither by the land-breeze during the night,—to watch the green and golden dolphin, flashing like a blaze of jewels through the snowy foam,—and to know that we are rapidly nearing an earthly paradise, and that the sparkling fish, radiant with beauty, and the stray birds and butterflies overhead that have wandered from the shore, are harbingers of more brightness and beauty upon the land that lies bathed in sunshine before us. Such influences as these bring with them happy and buoyant spirits. Here, too, we saw the turtle, lying like little floating islets upon the surface of the water, with their heads stretched up into the morning sunshine. Large and very singular-looking birds, with long wings and tails, soared above us ; and as we neared the land, new beauties presented themselves every moment.

Passing the island of Raza—on which stands the lighthouse and Rodondo, a lofty abrupt cone—the

Paya and Maya islands are seen to the right, scattered with cocoa-nut trees; and the Morris's isles, of tragic interest, lie still further distant. Here the grandeur of the mountains becomes very imposing: giant masses of rock—hurled, as it were, into the most wild and remarkable forms, resembling spires, cubes, and pyramids—rear their lofty summits, bare and naked, against the sky.

The entrance to the harbour of Rio Janeiro now faced us, guarded by the Sugar Loaf mountain on the left, and on the right by the conical rock above Santa Cruz. We speedily discovered houses, and forts, and flags, with crowds of shipping in the distance between the opening. On the right of the entrance stands the fort of Santa Cruz: here no vessel is allowed to pass into the harbour without hailing, and reporting "her name," "where from," "number of days out," &c. The water is deep close alongside the fort, and any vessel not bringing up, or coming within hail, is immediately fired at, without the slightest ceremony, until she obeys these orders. Farther on, situated upon an island nearly in the centre of the harbour, is the fort of Vilganhon, which we had also to hail; and being permitted to pass, we were directed to our anchorage, not far from this latter fort, and about two miles from the shore. Here we lay in company with other vessels that had put in for refreshments: ships waiting to take in or discharge cargo lie higher up the harbour, close to the city. The health and customs officers visited

us in their galleys, rowed by slaves, who rose from their seats and bent forward, at each stroke of their massive oars. A boat from the *Cyclops*, the British man-of-war steamer on the station, also came alongside.

Before we were "cleared" the sun was low in the western horizon, and just as the burning orb was sinking over the city, flashing up its broad golden beams from behind the dark mountain of La Gavia, I stepped into one of the numerous boats that plied alongside the vessel, screened with a canopy of white cotton, and pulled by negroes; and in less than half an hour, we were in the streets of the capital of the Brazilian empire. It was past sundown when we landed at the quay fronting Pharoux' hotel: the sea-breeze had died away, and the hot, still atmosphere of the city was oppressive, after a day of vertical sunshine—such sunshine! The pure, dazzling light had faded rapidly into twilight, and the burst of glory that shot up arrowy rays of gold from behind those western mountains, that gleamed purple as the amethysts they embosomed, was soon exchanged for the clear moon, that hung like a silver lamp over the busy city.

It being the birth-night of Don Pedro, the young Emperor of Brazil, all the principal streets, with the chief public buildings, were blazing with lamps; the opera-house and the "teatro" were gaily illuminated, and the citizens were all abroad, enjoying the general festivity.

We took up our quarters at Pharoux' hotel, where

most of the attendants speak French. The restaurant of this extensive building has a gay and lively appearance : it is furnished in the French style, the walls being hung with enormous mirrors, and countless café tables are arranged about the spacious apartment. Here were congregated groups of officers from the British, French, and American men-of-war lying in the harbour, dining on mullet and fricassées, and growing jovial over champagne and moselle ;—merchants of all nations were seeking one another at this general rendezvous, to transact business over iced claret ;—young midshipmen might be seen devouring oysters and pine-apples, and hot strangers in vain endeavouring to cool themselves by sucking lumps of ice, and swallowing successive draughts of “Refresco Gazoso” to an alarming extent. The centre of the saloon was ornamented by a conical succession of circular shelves, surrounding a column that formed the centre of this enormous “dumb waiter.” The lower shelves groaned beneath rich heaps of golden luscious fruits : oranges three times as large as those we see at home, pine-apples, bananas, guavas, bread-fruits, caiju, and (more delicious than all) luxuriant bunches of green and cooling watercress. The noisy gaiety and excitement within, beneath the sparkling lamps, was answered to from without by the din and bustle of the boatmen on the moonlit shore, and by the incessant jabbering and shouting of the negroes and water-carriers that thronged the lighted streets.

We strolled down the Rua do Ouvidor—a long busy street, lined on both sides with handsome shops, brilliantly lighted, and filled with every variety of tasteful and fancy articles. These shops are mostly kept by French and Portuguese tradesmen—rarely by Brazilians, who are too proud, indolent, and improvident to engage much in business.

The Rua do Ouvidor is principally devoted to the milliners, mercers, artificial flower-makers, stationers, and confectioners, and is one of the most gay and attractive streets in Rio Janeiro. The principal street, however, leading up from the Palace Square to the gate of the famous convent of Sao Bento, is the Rua Direita; which is the widest, and contains several public buildings and churches, besides the Exchange and the Custom House. This street is the resort of merchants, ship-chandlers, and money-changers. Gold Street makes a dazzling display; presenting a long line of jewellers' shops, filled with chains, crucifixes, hearts, ear-rings, and every variety of ornaments made of gold—saints, glories, remonstrances, fonts for holy water, lamps, and apostles, for the churches, in silver, and Brazilian gems and stones in abundance, especially diamonds and topazes. But the Rua do Ouvidor pleased us beyond any of the others; though, like most of the streets in Rio Janeiro, it is narrow, and badly paved with rough stones, over which an occasional chariot, containing some fair *señora* or Brazilian don, rushes along, drawn by stately mules, their trappings ornamented with

silver, urged to their full speed by black postilions, to the imminent risk of any one who may happen to step an inch off the pavement. But although thus narrow and badly paved, the shops are really handsome, and the profusion of "bijouterie" arranged for sale is quite curious. We paused before the windows of the confectioner, and there saw divers conceits in sugar and paste—little Don Pedros (perfect images of the Emperor), singularly wrought out of white sugar, whole length ladies and madonnas in clear sugar-candy, and coloured busts of the same sweet material, so large and lifelike that we imagined them to be "dummies" from the peruquier opposite. But the glory of the Rua do Ouvidor are the salons of the artificial florists; which are full, not of flowers only, but of pretty girls, French and Portuguese, who sit, pale and pensive, amidst the scentless bouquets that surround them on all sides, the work of their busy and delicate fingers. In one of the principal of these salons, at a late hour at night, we observed, on looking down the long vista of nosegays formed of feathers, at least forty young girls arranged in two rows, twenty on a side, behind long counters, all busily employed. To make this tableau of beauty complete, mirrors were placed at the end of the salon, so that we beheld, to our admiration and amazement, eighty young girls, many of them mere children, all zealously and determinately creating roses, lilies, and every known species of flower, out of feathers and beetles' wings. A lynx-eyed Portuguese dame, ad-

vanced in years—evidently the mistress, duenna, or dragon of the poor little mam’selles—kept an incessant look out, up and down the counters, to see that all went on as it ought to do ; and close to the spacious portals of the salon, opening upon the street, there were stationed, like the syrens of Scylla, two of the prettiest girls, full of naïveté and wit, each at a little table, on which were arranged several of the choicest bouquets, that they might lure the passers-by into making a purchase. The girls spoke French, and were very good-looking, and the flowers were truly exquisite. Who could refrain from entering, and refuse to buy ? Not we. Mma. Va. Labbè gave us a card, which ran thus :—“ Fabrica de flores de todas as qualidades ; limpa-se e tinge-se pennas ;” and we left the Rua do Ouvidor, with its syrens and flowers.

The next morning rose like a bright dream : life, and light, and sunshine, were abroad. Before six o’clock we were upon the castle-hill—one of the steep bluff eminences that rise abruptly from amidst the city—from whence we looked down upon its myriads of red-tiled roofs, and its numerous churches and convents, as from a balcony. The dew still hung thickly on the verdant grass, and the banana had not yet waved before the refreshing sea-breeze. It was the moment of calm and silent loveliness that heralds the tropical sunrise, when Nature, refreshed by the gentle night-dews, has not yet begun to droop beneath the fervent noontide heat. And, at

this early hour, the insect world was busy: thousands of butterflies hovered over the dewy and sweet-scented bushes, gemming the windless atmosphere with their loveliness. Beyond the city, and its scattered and picturesque suburbs, the noble harbour extended like a vast mirror, sprinkled with ships of all nations; and boats, with snow-white latine sails, lay asleep upon its bosom. Mountains, islands, and the distant hazy ocean; convents, whose white walls peeped from amongst palm trees and deepest foliage; scattered cottages, embowered in rich gardens; and stately villas, terraces, and aqueducts,—all glittered in the first beams of day; and this fairy panorama was completed by the distant ranges of the Montes Orgãos, the Gavia, and the Corcovado, looming dim and shadowy amongst the clouds; with the huge Sugar-Loaf peak at the entrance of the harbour, towering above the wreath of mist that encircled its almost perpendicular sides.

At ten o'clock the thermometer stood at 92° in the shade; and it was not until after the sea-breeze set in, that the heat became tolerable. We rambled for several miles along the romantic pathway that leads towards Tijuca and the Corcovado, and follows the course of the aqueduct which conveys water to the city from the neighbouring mountains. The views, at every turn of the road, are exceedingly picturesque; commanding beautiful glimpses of the city and the harbour, with its islands, and the distant mountains beyond. The aqueduct is carried down

a gradual descent along the spurs of the hills, until it reaches the convent of Santa Teresa, overlooking part of the city; here, a series of magnificent arches conveys the water across an extensive valley, to that portion of the city near San Francisco, where it is supplied to the inhabitants from a fountain with at least twenty brazen taps: the water is, in a similar manner, conducted to various parts of the city. Although the aqueduct is covered in with stonework, and the water is thus kept delightfully cool during its passage from the mountains, there are here and there apertures, with iron railings, at which the pedestrian may slake his thirst; and it is usual to carry a small drinking-cup, made for the purpose out of a young cocoa-nut shell. Passing the convent of Santa Teresa, which is picturesquely situated on an elevated plateâu overlooking the city, we at once get into the country, and become surrounded on every side with the richness of tropical vegetation; here and there a pretty cottage or country-house, half hid amidst the shade of bananas and cocoa-nuts, displays its red tiling, the pure white of the building forming a strong contrast to the deep greens of the surrounding foliage.

Perhaps, amidst all the glory of the tropics, nothing strikes the eye of a stranger more, especially in Brazil, than the resplendent profusion of insect life: butterflies of countless varieties, and many of them of enormous magnitude, displaying the most gorgeous tints of colour,

float through the sunny air, skimming along with the rapidity of thought,—now descending suddenly from the top of some stately palm, and then flitting from bush to bush, in and out among the foliage,—until the eye becomes bewildered with their fascinating beauty; again, perhaps, some superb variety, of bird-like size, will flit past, borne through the still air on silent pinions, glancing along the vista of chequered shade and sunlight, and startling one with its sudden and meteor-like appearance. It is a sight indescribably beautiful to the lover of nature, to watch these brilliant creatures flash in the sunshine, and to ramble amidst scented blossoms, where the humming-birds are busy like bees around the jessamine, the coffee blossom, and the long slender bells of the trumpet flower.

It was evening before we returned from our delightful ramble: for, when weary, we lay down to rest in the green shade, and regaled ourselves with refreshing draughts of the cool water from the aqueduct; and then, after strolling here and there in search of new beauties, we would rest again upon the shady turf, and contrast all this loveliness with the monotony of the dark and tempestuous ocean we had so long been traversing.

At sunset we entered the convent of St. Catherina, where vespers were being sung. The nuns and novices of this convent are very numerous; and it is customary with the Brazilians to immure their wives

occasionally in this convent, that the ladies may be securely guarded during the absence of their lords on a journey into the interior. We had heard the nuns spoken of as very handsome, but could not see sufficient of them to judge of their claims to personal beauty, as a thick and very close lattice-work separated the gallery of the nuns from the outer portion of the church, through which their forms were but dimly visible; but their rich mellow voices, chanting the vesper hymn, produced a sweet harmony, seeming, like the song of the caged nightingale, sweeter and more pensive from the songsters being imprisoned.

The richest convent in Brazil is that of Sao Bento; an extensive building, crowning an eminence at the top of Rua Direita, and overlooking the harbour and the Ilha das Cobras, or Isle of Snakes. From the entrance gate of the convent, a magnificent view of at least half the city is obtained; and the numerous windows, looking out of the cells and corridors of the building on every side, command different prospects, all of great beauty. The chapel of Sao Bento is one rich piece of emblazonry in gold and marble. The pillars, sides, and roof are all gilt and ornamented with the most elaborate carving and arabesque work, and the effect of this stupendous mass of rich decoration is almost overpowering. Lamps of solid silver, at least twelve feet in height, and of enormous weight, are suspended from the gorgeous roof of this golden chapel. Most of the wealth of the monks of Sao

Bento consists of land and diamond mines, and many of the brotherhood belong to Brazilian families of distinction.

We spent an evening with a friend at his country house, situated amongst the hills at the back of Bahia da Gloria, and enjoyed the luxury of a night ramble. The vegetation was gemmed with fire-flies, flitting like sparks over the low bushes, and shining in dark places with their pale green light, illuminating every dell as with a thousand restless stars—

“Sorrowing we beheld
The night come on, but soon did night display
More wonders than it veiled—innumerable tribes
From the wood cover swarmed, and darkness made
Their beauties visible: one while they streamed
A bright blue radiance on the flowers that closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self-sbrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire!”

SOUTHEY'S *Madoc*.

With the first beams of the sun, the humming birds were darting into the bells of the campanula, and hovering over the jessamine, thrusting their slender beaks into the flowers to extract the honey they contain. I took a dewy walk amongst the coffee plantations in search of insects; amongst the most remarkable of those I obtained was a caterpillar about four inches long, of a pale green colour, armed with poisonous spines that projected from its body all over to the length of half an inch. This singular

caterpillar was feeding on the jessamine, and on handling it I experienced violent pain and irritation, as though my hand had been stung by a nettle.

Bahia da Gloria, or the Bay of Glory, is an enchanting spot, worthy of its name. Here are situated the residences of most of the Brazilian nobility; and the white villas, together with the church of Sta. Maria da Gloria, ornamenting the richly wooded sides of this deep and picturesque bay, combined with the intense blue of the water and the bright tropical atmosphere, render it almost a fairy scene.

Further on round the promontory, after passing Bahia da Gloria, is the secluded and landlocked Bay of Boto Fogo; backed by steep mountains and rocks, that, attracting the moisture from the clouds, are frequently wrapped in mist. The Sugar Loaf mountain forms a conspicuous object across this bay, shutting in the entrance to the harbour; and the scattered village of Boto Fogo lies along the margin of the shore, looking upon the water, while at the foot of the steep mountains behind, are gardens and glens of the most luxuriant foliage.

In the damp and shady recesses about Boto Fogo, are plants and parasites of uncommon beauty. I observed on the sea-shore beyond the bay no less than four species of convolvulus, all displaying their gay blossoms within the space of a few yards.

About eight miles from Rio Janeiro, beyond Boto

Fogo, there is a lovely mountain-path leading to a ruined archway on the summit of the mountain-ridge that divides the harbour from the ocean. I pursued it alone, and never shall I forget the silent rapture with which I stood by that arch and gazed around; looking down upon the gay harbour and the distant city on the one hand, while on the other lay a waste of wild and dreary sand-hills, intersected with glens of rich foliage, bounded by the immeasurable ocean—the vast Atlantic. There was no sound save the distant roar of the sea, every wave of which I could see distinctly break along the shore for miles; and no sign of life but the busy throng of insects flitting around, and an occasional serpent gliding stealthily into the bushes.

I descended to the sea-shore and bathed in the surf. The sandy plain and the hill sides adjoining were clothed with magnificent plants. The cactus here attained a height of ten or twelve feet, and the yucca, the aloë, and the palm, grew in unchecked luxuriance, whilst at every step some new and beautiful shrub would meet the eye.

During my stay in Brazil, I was introduced to the celebrated Rugendas, the French artist, whose pictures of South American scenery are so justly esteemed. Rugendas had not long since returned from a sketching tour amongst the Andes of Chili. I accompanied him to the annual exhibition of paintings at the National Academy in Rio Janeiro on the opening day. The rooms were decorated with a

profusion of flowers, and the stone floors of the various apartments were strewn with the leaves of laurel and bay. Two rooms were devoted to the chalk-drawings and other productions of the students during the past year. Several pieces of sculpture were exhibited of considerable merit. The best pictures—for there were about half a dozen very clever ones amongst an alarming quantity of trash—were a couple of exquisite landscapes; three paintings by Rugendas — “Wild Horses on the Pampas,” “Thirsty Travellers arriving at a Boiling Stream,” and “Crossing a Glacier of the Andes,”—and a wonderfully painted Scripture piece, by Barraudio,—“The Murder of the Innocents,”—in which the expression of horror is admirably portrayed. There were many indifferent portraits, and amongst them two of the Emperor. Although the fine arts have not been much patronized in the New World, it is gratifying to observe that the Brazilians are following in the march of intellect.

The palace of the Emperor is a plain building, forming two sides of a quadrangle, facing the landing place near Pharoux’ Hotel. The guards wear a blue uniform, and it is amusing to see regiments composed of awkward figures of all heights, chiefly creoles and mulattoes, going through their exercise in the streets.

The market of Rio Janeiro is well stocked with fruit, vegetables, and fish. It is situated close to the public fountains on the quay, at one side of the Palace-square.

Numerous emigrants are annually arriving in Brazil from Lisbon and Oporto, and these constitute the most hard-working and industrious portion of the population; there are also several bodies of Swiss emigrants, who have established themselves in villages high up in the Montes Orgaos, or Organ Mountains. The coloured population are the most numerous; they present fine athletic figures, and the negresses render the streets picturesque by their gaudy costume. Some of these people I observed in the streets, belong originally to a peculiar African tribe, who have their faces curiously tattooed, or studded with a row of excrescences, like warts, extending from the forehead, down the centre of the nose, and over the lips and chin, giving to the countenance, when seen in profile, a strange and repulsive appearance. Elephantiasis and leprosy are of frequent occurrence amongst the negroes: the former disease causes the feet and legs to enlarge enormously, and grow horny and distorted; and I have seen poor creatures afflicted with this hideous and loathsome disorder, whose feet actually resembled those of an elephant more than of a human being.

The church of the Candellaria, and the monastery of San Francisco, are well worthy of a visit; as is also the chapel of the Emperor. Near the latter is a building once used as the Inquisition, which has lately been abolished.

Towards evening I entered the chapel of the

Benedictines, where some ceremony was going forward, and curiosity tempted me to linger a while. A long row of men in black and white surplices lined each side of the grand aisle, and on an elevated stand in the centre, before the altar, was a box of crimson velvet, lined with white satin, and decorated all round with bunches of artificial flowers, containing what I at first imagined to be an exquisitely wrought figure in wax, of some saint for whom they were performing mass. At the conclusion of the mass the box was shut, and carried in procession out of the church to an enclosed garden, full of sepulchres, in the high rocky sides of which were niches for sealing up the dead. I followed amidst the crowd, who halted with the priests before a small altar beneath a verandah in the garden. The velvet case was again opened to sprinkle holy water upon the figure within, and I discovered, being now close to the altar, that what I had mistaken for a wax image was in reality a lovely dead infant; there was a bloom on its cheek, and the long silken fringes that so gently shadowed its closed eyelids made one think that it was only asleep, and would wake again: the perspiration, too, stood on its forehead, but it was the clammy sweat of death. The corpse was robed in blue satin, trimmed with rich lace, and a flower was placed in its hand. After a censer of incense had been swung for some time above the body, the lid was shut down, and the case secured by a lock and key; the beautiful crimson velvet of

the exterior was then cut crosswise in gashes with a knife, as though to mark that corruption and decay had now claimed it for their own ; and the remains of this infant of rank were sealed up in one of the niches that occupied the wall of this sepulchral garden. It was a strange, solemn place : the day was setting in glory, and the last beams from the sun stole across the gloom of the garden, burnishing the tops of the cypress trees, and leaving the tombs and monuments below in dark and silent shade.

On the evening of the following day, which was one of incessant heavy rain, the funeral of Don Silva, the Prime Minister of Brazil, took place, at the convent of Sao Bento. He was buried by torch-light, with military honours ; a large cavalcade of horse soldiery formed a part of the procession, and the cannon continued firing till nearly midnight.

Steam-boats ply from Rio Janeiro to the various places on the opposite shores of the harbour. Perhaps the most interesting of these is Praiha Grande ; and the inhabitants from the city frequently resort thither to enjoy the fresh air, and the retirement of the country.

We spent a very pleasant day at Praiha Grande and Braganza, and in rambling over the hills and amongst the coffee and sugar plantations in the neighbourhood. The orange gardens here are delicious, and on the rocks beyond the Praiha Grande the cactus grows to an enormous size. Beneath a shady

avenue of trees along the water-side, the company who arrive from Rio Janeiro may be seen seated at tables in the open air, enjoying the sea-breeze, and diverting themselves with cards or dice. And from a ruined fort at the extremity of the bay, a fine view is obtained of the surrounding harbour, with the vessels going in and out, of the distant mountains behind Rio Janeiro, and of that city itself upon the opposite shore, with its churches and convents glittering in the sunshine.

There are some lovely spots around Praiha Grande : deep glens, shaded from the sun by palms and bananas ; dark lanes, along which the butterflies flit with gaudy pinions, gemming the sultry air with their beauty ; and quiet nooks by the sea-shore, in secluded bays where the cool green water dashes into snowy surf in the twilight of overhanging caves. But the most delightful of all are the little gurgling streams that make music beneath the dense leaves and jungle that hide them from sight : nothing can be imagined more refreshing, on one of these midsummer days in the Southern tropic, than to find a translucent and brimming well, half revealed amongst the foliage, and to drink a copious draught of the cooling water as it descends through a piece of bamboo into the cistern beneath.

After a long detention in Rio Janeiro—owing to some disputes with the captain, which were at length arranged by the consul to the satisfaction of the passengers—we again put to sea in the middle of

December, beating out of the harbour with a strong sea-breeze. The Gavia mountain presents a very remarkable appearance, when viewed from the sea, resembling the profile of a man when reclining on his back. It is commonly known as Lord Hood's Nose.

Dec. 28th.—For the past fortnight we have had strong winds from the N.N.E.; which is remarkable weather, as we expected the S.E. trades shortly after leaving Rio Janeiro. After making no better course, by lying close to the wind for nine hundred miles, than E. by S., the vessel was put about; and in a couple of days' time we fell in with the S.E. trades, which carried us across the line into 3° north latitude.

Dec. 31st.—Off the island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic. Being the last night of the year, the sailors *beat* the old year out and the new year in—a truly barbarous and senseless mode of celebration. No sooner had orders been given to strike eight-bells, the hour of midnight, than a most furious serenade commenced upon the fore-castle deck: the whole of the crew and the steerage passengers began thumping and beating upon empty casks; knocking tin cans and pots together; striking the bell, till it was almost swung off its hinges; shouting, screaming, and hurrahing: the din was perfectly deafening. Despite this noisy tumult, the good old year rolled silently away, with those that are past; and when the cheers suddenly ceased, the murmuring surges sounded

their solemn music—a more fitting requiem for the dying year.

Jan. 23rd.—Lat. 19° N. The sun, for several evenings past, has set in unclouded glory: deep golden yellow, pink, violet, and, lastly, bright azure, all blended imperceptibly into each other, have adorned the western sky; telling us that we are still within the realms of the sun, and whispering of the rainless shores of desert Africa, abreast of us; where such a sky of glory meets the Arab's gaze nightly, from year to year, till he looks and worships the glorious luminary.

Jan. 29th.—Lat. $21^{\circ} 35'$ N.; long. $37^{\circ} 30'$ W. Quantities of the gulf-weed are floating amongst the waves, driven into long lines upon the surface of the water by the action of the sea and wind.

Feb. 2nd.—Passed the Azores or Western Islands, between Flores and Pico, with a strong westerly breeze and hazy weather.

Feb. 8th.—We spoke the *Flora*, a large West India-man, twenty-eight days out from Portsmouth, bound for Jamaica; in long. 18° W.; lat. 44° N. She had encountered very heavy weather, and her top-gallant-masts were struck. A crowd of strange faces gazed on us for the passing moment; and we gazed on them again, looking at them as if they were some strange phenomena, and regarding with wistful eyes some fine joints of fresh meat that were hanging at the stern of the vessel: they no doubt pitied us when they saw our board with “160 days out”

marked in chalk letters upon it. But the most novel sight to us was, a lady—a real, live English lady—on the poop-deck of the *Flora*, looking quite gay, in a red and yellow shawl. After a hasty interchange of civilities, away steered the *Flora* for the islands of the sun.

Feb. 11th.—A tremendous gale of wind set in yesterday, from E.S.E., and has continued blowing without any abatement. The vessel is laid-to, under a close-reefed main-top-sail, and the wind still “dead on end.”

Feb. 17th.—This morning at daybreak, the distant hills of Ireland were in sight, near Bantry Bay. Last night, although we had not sighted the coast, yet the smell of turf-burning was clearly perceptible in the air, as the easterly wind set off the land. At four P.M., we spoke the *Wanderer* barque, from Gibraltar, seventeen days out: from this vessel we fortunately obtained a cask of beef and some biscuit; our provisions being nearly exhausted, and ourselves having been on short allowance, both of food and water, for the past ten days. We also obtained English papers as late as January 26th, and Gibraltar papers up to the 31st ultimo.

On the 22nd, we arrived off Dover, and took a pilot on board; and on the 23rd, at noon, I landed at Gravesend.

A P P E N D I X.



NOTE I.

ABORIGINAL CARVINGS, OR OUTLINE TRACINGS, UPON ROCKS
AND HEADLANDS IN THE VICINITY OF PORT JACKSON.

(*As yet explored.*)

THESE are to be found on North Head, on South Reef Promontory, on Middle Head, at Camp Cove, at Point Piper, at Mossman's Bay, and at Lane Cove on Mr. Kirk's property.

The subjects represented are the human figure, the hieleman, or shield; kangaroos, birds, flying squirrels, black swans, and various sorts of fish, some of them twenty-seven feet in length.

In Lane Cove, in Middle Harbour, at George's Head, and at Port Aiken, are carved heads; and at the latter place, parts of the human body cut in intaglio. At Port Aiken and in Middle Harbour they are found in caves, formed by projecting masses of rock, called by the natives "Giber Gunyah;" *i. e.* stone or rock house. Thus, a black fellow, on his first arrival in Sydney, seeing a stone house exclaimed, "Ah! white fellow too in *giber gunyah!*" The term is of eastern origin, as appears from the derivation.

گبر *Giber* (in Arabic), a hump on a camel's back; a rock. *Giber*, altar, Gibraltar.

گنّ و *Gunn* (in Arabic), preserving; covering; shading from the sun; a veil; court or middle of a house.

That these sculptures are of remote origin, is also corroborated by the fact that these carvings, or outline tracings, are on promontories and peninsulas.

Promontories, islands, and peninsulas, high lands overlooking the sea, were sacred in the far East and in Western Europe. A chapel is erected on Cape Finisterre, the farthest land then known; whence named *Finis-terræ*, or the land's end. A chapel, dedicated to "St. Aldhelm," stood on the summit of the high promontory, St. Alban's Head, well-known to the homeward bound traveller.

Pan was worshipped by fishermen, who inhabited promontories washed by the sea. The Athenian maidens were accustomed to leave propitiatory offerings to the gods, for a good husband, on the east bank of the Ilissus, near the Stadium, on the first evenings of a new moon. Byron and Hobhouse, when Galt informed them of this, remarked, that on the promontory above that spot, it is recorded that a statue of Venus formerly stood.—*See Galt.*

The natives of New South Wales have some superstitious feelings relative to the moon, by which they count their time, and an eclipse of the moon throws them all into an awful state of consternation. It is also during the full of the moon that they hold their dances or *corrobories*.—*See Corybant.*

Relative to these tracings, or carvings, upon the surface rocks of projecting headlands, their uses or intention are now only legendary. The natives say, that "black fellow made them long ago;" and, to convey an idea of remote antiquity, they hold up their fingers and hands, elevate the face, shut the eyes, and say "Murrey—murrey—*murrey*—long time ago"—shaking the head each time they pronounce the word "*murrey*."

They agree in stating that the tribes did not reside upon these spots, assigning as a reason—"Too much dibble-dibble walk about;" for they greatly fear meeting the "dibble" or some evil spirit in their rambles, and never leave their camp at night. They state that these places were all sacred to the priest, doctor, or conjurer—for the one is the other among

these tribes. A man potent in spells and of great dread, is the Ko-ra-gee—*χίραργος*—Chiruga. The oldest person in the Sydney tribe, is the widow of the chief who ruled when the first fleet arrived, and whose name was "Bungaree;" thence dignified as "King Bungaree." He lived, poor fellow, for some years, and saw the kangaroos and opossums chased from his domains; but he gloried in a cocked hat, excelled in a bow, knew a fresh arrival instinctively, and welcomed him to "his country" with all the form of a master of the ceremonies, and concluded by begging a dump (a small silver coin then current) to drink the stranger's health. His queen has survived her glories, and she now totters about, very aged and decrepit, known as "Old Gooseberry;" but her memory is still good.

In her statements she says she was no eye-witness—"Bel I see it, my father tell me"—so that all is a matter of legend relating to these carvings.

Though the tribes did not reside on those places, I am informed that they used to have mystic dances* or festivals on this Ko-ra-jee land, and that they used to fight as well as dance. Poor old "Gooseberry" said in a mysterious tone, "drag gin," which means, run off with the women. It is customary with the natives to take the women of another tribe by force; stunning them, and then actually dragging them into the bush. One chattering native added very seriously, "Pi, fellow,"† "Kill fellow;" but a look of anger from the more cautious "Gooseberry" prevented further information as to *human sacrifices*.

The early mysteries of the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and even the Romans, were of a libidinous though less ferocious character. The custom of the Roman youth running naked, and chasing women with thongs of leather, is analogous to the similar early practice of "dragging the *gins*." The *g* is pronounced hard by the natives—*γιν*.

* See the ancient dances of the Corybantes. They were a sort of Cory-beri (corrobory) perhaps.

† "Pi, fellow," "pi-mooden," in Persian is to slay or kill *پیمنون*

The orgies which, as legends tell, were once celebrated on the promontories of Port Jackson, also partake of the character of the Buddha mysteries, the Singam of the East, and the Priapus worship of the West.

One rock or hill at Spring Cove is called "*Ky-hy-Giber*," the rock or hill of lewdness. There is no reason to doubt the truth of what the fathers have told their children, or their children (now aged people) have told to us.

I have copied the rude outlines of these primitive engravings as they now exist, and noted down the legends of the natives; but the question has yet to be answered, *Who* introduced these ceremonies, and chose rocks, and promontories, and caves—as in the old world they have been known to exist thousands of years ago—sacred to Priests or Ko-ra-jee?

And who taught these savages to call what we suppose they never saw, and assuredly never constructed, viz., a vessel, by the same name now in use in India, and in the Celtic dialect of the Welsh, "*Náo*," a ship? ناو

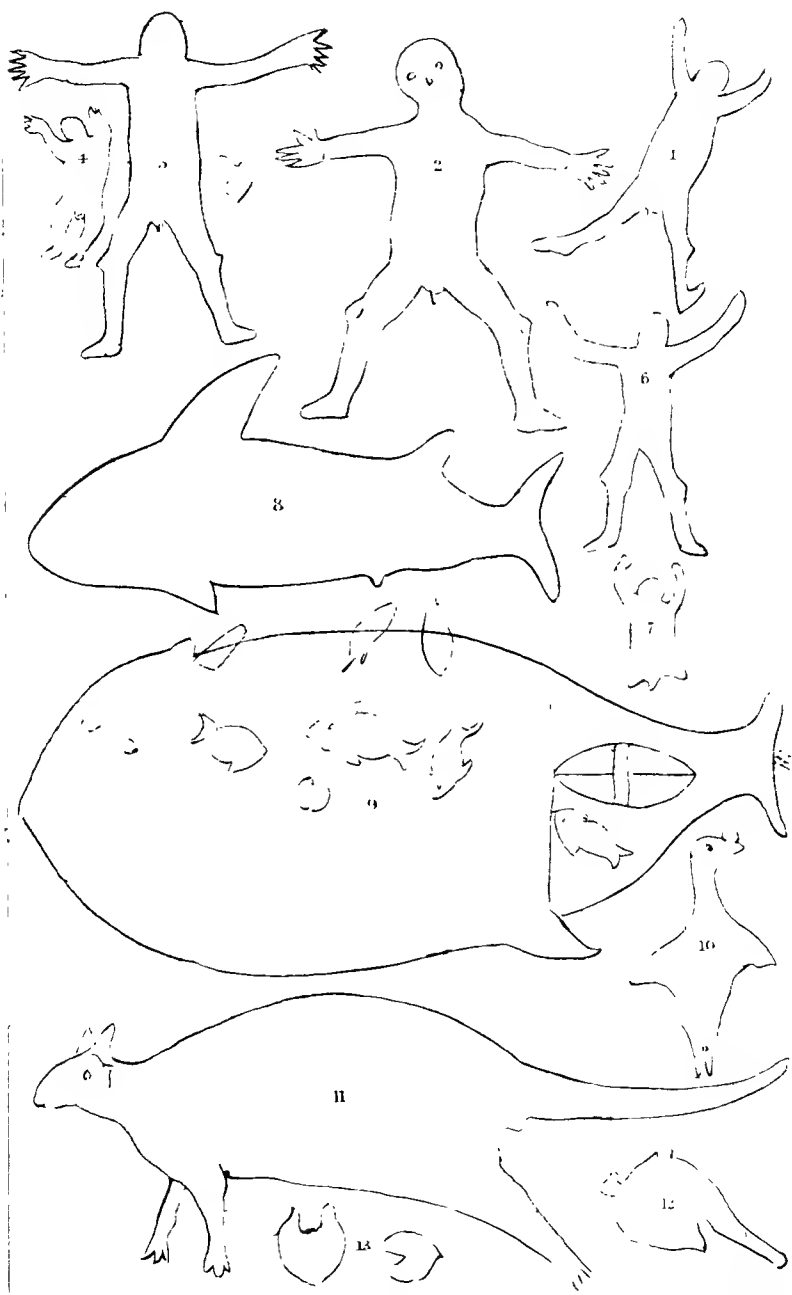
Who taught them the use of the *Boomerang*, which is depicted in the tombs of Egypt, and called by Wilkinson the *Throw-stick*?

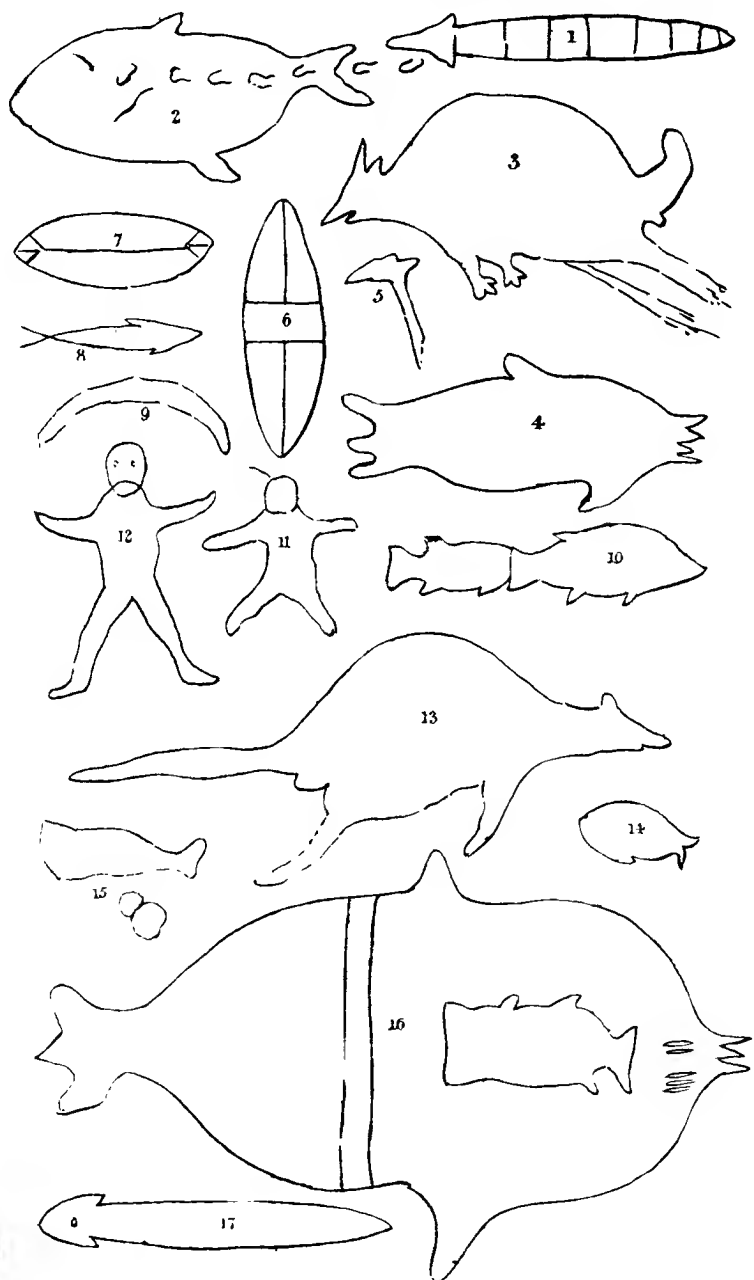
Are not these all evidences of the Asiatic origin of this people? But by what event or means, or at what period, New Holland was peopled by this now degenerate race, still remains clouded in obscurity; the people themselves, unlike the New Zealanders, having no legends whatever of their former origin.

DESCRIPTION OF ABORIGINAL CARVINGS.

Plate I.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Representations of the human figure carved on a flat rock at the extremity of Point Piper, on the property of D. Cooper, Esq. The attitudes are those of the *corrobory* at the present day. Length of large figure, 5 feet; small figure, 3½ feet.





Figs. 3, 4, and 5.—A group carved upon a flat rock at Camp Cove. Length of large figure, 5 feet 6 inches. Coryberi, or invocation, or perhaps both? So in other representations of the human figure—

“*Duplices palmas ad sidera tendens.*”

Near the figure (No. 5) is a *heart-shaped* object.

Fig. 6.—A similar outline of the human form in the usual attitude, at Middle Head.

Fig. 7.—Flying squirrel, at Point Piper. Length, 18 inch.

Fig. 8.—A fish, probably a shark, at Middle Head. Length, 18 feet.

Fig. 9.—A whale at Point Piper. Length, 27 feet. The shield and small fish are carved upon it in the attitudes represented in the Plate.

Fig. 10.—Black swan. Two feet in length. Also at Point Piper.

Fig. 11.—A kangaroo. Nearly 9 feet in length. At Point Piper.

Fig. 12.—Probably a parrot. One foot.

Fig. 13.—Heart-shaped figure, not unlike the cockle that forms part of the food of the natives. Length of the largest one, 10 inches.

Plate II.

Fig. 1.—At Point Piper. Six feet in length.

Fig. 2.—A fish at Point Piper. Length, 6½ feet.

Fig. 3.—An animal, 6 feet 2 inches in length. At South Reef Promontory.

Fig. 4.—A fish, 12 feet long. At Middle Head.

Fig. 5.—The *Mogo* or stone axe. South Reef Promontory.

Fig. 6.—The *Hieleman* or shield. Precisely similar to that in use at the present day amongst the people about Port Stephen, and many places along the coast.

Fig. 7.—Another shield. At Woodford, on the estate of Mr. Kirk, at Lane Cove. Two feet 4 inches.

Fig. 8.—A fish. Two feet in length. Also at Lane Cove.

Fig. 9.—The *Boomerang*. One foot 7 inches. Lane Cove.

A representation of the boomerang is found in the tombs at Thebes.—See *Wilkinson*. There are also at Lane Cove, besides kangaroos, shields the same as those here represented, and numerous carvings of small fish, but no large ones.

Fig. 10.—Two fishes. Five feet in length. At Middle Head.

Fig. 11.—A human figure. At Lane Cove. Three feet 2 inches.

Fig. 12.—Another figure. At same place. Four feet 10 inches.

Fig. 13.—A kangaroo. Eight feet long. At South Reef Promontory.

Fig. 14.—A small fish. At Point Piper. One foot.

Fig. 15. do. do. do.

Fig. 16.—A fish, 27 feet in length; and a smaller one, 3 feet in length. At Middle Head.

Fig. 17.—At Point Piper. Six feet in length.

NOTE 2.

CAVES OR GUNYAHS.

Porphyry tells us, that in Arcadia was a cave sacred to Pan and the *moon*.

Mithratic Caves.—Wherever the rites of the ancient Cabiri prevailed, we always find them in some manner or other connected with *caverns*; and the most mysterious rites of the Samothracian Cabiri were performed within the dark recesses of the cave Zerinthus.—See Faber on the Cimbri.

The Cabiric cavern was symbolical of the Hades of the *Epoptæ*, or the vast central cavity of the earth. The Noetic gods, worshipped within these sacred caverns, were termed *Patari*, which appellation is derived from *Patar*, to *dismiss* or *open*, and alludes to the egress of the Noachidæ from the ark.

The carvings of the natives along the east coast of New South Wales, are all near the water, and probably may have

had some connection with water worship. Demeter and Kora were worshipped at the Charonian cavern mentioned by Strabo.—*Strabo*, l. 12, p. 869.

The oracular shrine of Apollo was held in a mighty chasm in a hill side, known as the Delphic Oracle.

Amongst the Persians, most of their temples were caverns in rocks; either formed by nature or artificially produced. In Chusistan there are, at this day, many remains of such sacred caverns, and in the front of them are representations of various characters.

Painted caverns occur in sandstone rock, on the north-west coast of Australia; many of which were discovered by Capt. Grey, during his expeditions along that coast in 1838. The figures were principally men and kangaroos; the human figures, like those carved on the rocks at Point Piper, being all destitute of mouths.

Hands in Caves.—In his narrative of the journey along the north-west coast of Australia, Capt. Grey remarks,—“Another very striking piece of art was exhibited in the little gloomy cavities situated at the back of the main cavern. In these instances some rock at the sides of the cavity had been selected, and the stamp of a hand and arm by some means transferred to it,—this outline of the hand and arm was then painted black, and the rock around it white, so that on entering that part of the cave, it appeared as if a human hand and arm were projecting through some crevice admitting light.—*Grey*, vol. i. p. 204.

Intaglio hands are formed on rocks in various parts of the east coast of New South Wales, as at Port Aiken, and also near Lake Macquarrie.

NOTE 3.

BOOMERANG.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions this instrument as occurring in the tombs at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. It is also distinctly delineated in one of the fresco paintings illustra-

tive of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, now in the British Museum, where a figure is represented in the act of flinging a *boomerang* or "throw-stick" at a number of ducks and aquatic fowl, as they are in the act of escaping from amongst the papyrus rushes.

NOTE 4.

CORROBORY.

The dances or corrobories (*quasi* Corybantes) have some reference to mystic rites; and are usually held at night, and by moonlight. "The earliest people in the north, the Celts, had no fixed habitation, knew not how to read, learned hymns or songs by heart, sang and danced to music, holding their meetings by moonlight, and had a solemn annual meeting."—*Fasbroke*, p. 527.

There were sacred hills in Persia, where, as people passed by, there were heard shouts as of a multitude of people; also hymns and exultations, and other uncommon noises. These sounds proceeded from the priests at their midnight worship, whose voices were reverberated by the mountains.—See *Bryant*.

It seems probable that the *corrobory* dances are remains of this *midnight* and noisy worship, and were originally derived from these religious ceremonies; although the natives have no such meaning attached to them at the present day.

Cannibalism.—"The horrible custom of eating their own dead was common to the ancient Irish, and the Massagetæ, a Scythian nation.—See *Archæologia*, vol. v. p. 276. Also *Herod.* i. 216.

NOTE 5.

MFM. RELATIVE TO WORDS USED BY THE SYDNEY TRIBE.

Ship. Sydney tribe, Naowi. Welsh, Nâo. Greek, *ναυς*. Latin, *Navis*. Persian, *نَؤ* Nao.

A stone—a rock. Sydney tribe, Keba or Giber. Arabic, *غبر* or *گبر*—so *Gibraltar*.

To go. Sydney tribe, Yan. Hindostanee, Jan-na. Latin, An-dare. Scotticé, Gang.

Water. Sydney tribe, Aba. Persian, Ab, *آب* Latin, Aqua.

Strike. Sydney tribe, Mah. So when spearing fish, one who sees the fish near the spear will call out “Strike, strike, now,” “Mah, Mah.” Hindostanee, imperative from Mahna, to strike.

Woman. Sydney tribe, Gin (*g* pronounced hard). Greek, *γυναι γονη*.

A Man. Sydney tribe, Joen. Persian, *جوان* Juvan Latin, Juven-is.

Where? Persian, *کُو* Koo. Where are you? *کُوئی* Koo-i. The native call in the bush.

A cave. Sydney tribe, Gunyah. Arabic, *گسن* a covering from the shade.

A village or settlement in Hindostanee is “*Gong*.” Thus, Mitta-gong, sweet or delightful village, is a common name for places in the Deccan : so, “Mitta-gong,” in Australia, Woollon-gong, and other places ending in “gong.”

To make marks, or to write, Sydney tribe, Calama. Persian, kullum. Hindostanee, Callam. Greek, *καλαμος*, a reed, a pen. Latin, Calamus.

Beautiful. Sydney tribe, Kalia. Greek *καλος*, *καλα*, *καλου*.

Sun. Sydney tribe, “Noall.” See *Faber*, or *Bryant*, who state that the sun was so called in the most ancient times.

To kill. Sydney tribe, Pi. Persian, I think, Pi-mooden, to kill *پیمون*

NOTE 6.

BURIAL.

Burial in a sitting posture. The Carib Indians bury in a sitting position.—*Hodgson*, vol. i. p. 260.

Burials under tumuli are common in every part of the northern world. So here at the Clarence river.

The tombs of the ancients were left in repair. Games were instituted by Æneas at the tomb of his father Anchises. A woman at the Clarence river neglected to trim and weed the tumulus of her late husband, and she was put to death in consequence of her neglect.

The blacks at Clarence river mark the burial-place by placing stones in a circle, and a large upright slab in the centre, even to the present day. They give no other reason for this than that it "belong to black fellow;" "black fellow make it so."

Some tribes throw the corpse into the branches of a tree for the birds to devour it. So the Persians, at the present time, expose their dead upon iron gratings, surrounded by an enclosed wall, but open to the skies, and birds feed upon the corpses.

Anciently the Sydney tribe burned their aged dead, but the young ones they buried. The three spots for burning were three bays, now known as Rose Bay, Chowder Bay, and Shell Cove.

Weapons are buried here with the dead, as in Tartary; also among the American Indians, and the early British. Cæsar speaks of this custom.

At Clarence river, when an old man is sick, he lets himself down into a hollow tree to perish.

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